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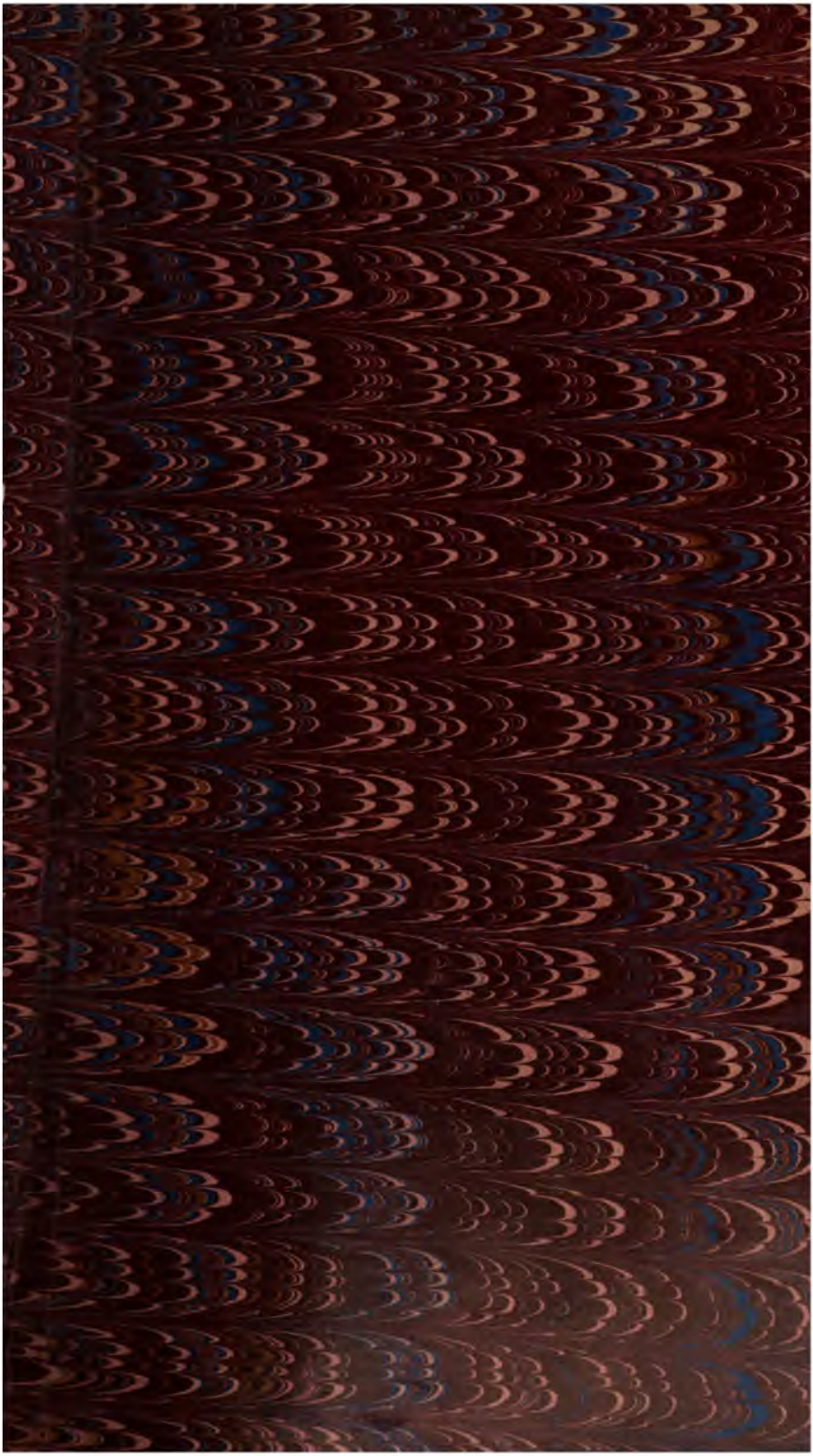

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THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Ballantyne Press
BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE TEXT REVISED

BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. IX.

FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:
BICKERS & SON, 1 LEICESTER SQUARE.
1881.

CONTENTS OF VOL. IX.

	PAGE
PERICLES	1
THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN	105
VENUS AND ADONIS	219
LUCRECE	265
SONNETS	329
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT	411
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM	427
THE PHŒNIX AND TURTLE	443

PERICLES.

PERICLES.

THOUGH this play, under the title of "The booke of Pericles, Prynce of Tyre," was entered by Blount in the Stationers' Registers, May 20th, 1608, it was not first published by him, but by Gosson in 1609, 4to.—The text of *Pericles* is miserably corrupted and mangled throughout: the later impressions differ from the first edition only in being more incorrect.—That it was first brought on the stage either in 1607 or 1608 we have evidence in the title-page of a very curious prose tract entitled *The Painfull Aduentures of Pericles Prince of Tyre. Being The true History of the Play of Pericles*, as it was lately presented *by the worthy and ancient Poet Iohn Gower. At London Printed by T. P. for Nat: Butter*, 1608; written by George Wilkins from notes taken down during the acting of the play, and with the aid of Twine's version of the story, which will be presently mentioned. (This tract was reprinted in 1857 by Professor Tycho Mommsen from a copy in the public library of Zurich).—The greater part of *Pericles* is undoubtedly by some very inferior dramatist: but here and there, more particularly towards the close, the hand of Shakespeare is plainly seen, and the scenes and shorter passages in which we trace him manifestly belong to his latest style of composition. Whether it had ever been acted before it received these vivifying touches from our poet, we cannot determine,—perhaps it was the "*Pericles*" in which Alleyn wore the "spangled hoes" mentioned in an inventory of his theatrical apparel (vide Collier's *Memoirs of Alleyn*, p. 21): we at least may be sure that it was originally composed at a period long antecedent to its appearance at the Globe in 1607 or 1608; and we may conjecture that Shakespeare bestowed on it certain additions and improvements for the benefit of that theatre.—*Pericles* is mainly founded on *The Patterne of painefull Aduentures: Containing the most excellent, pleasant and variable Historie of the strange accidents that befell vnto Prince Apollonius, the Lady Lucina his wife, and Tharsia his daughter. Wherein the vncertaintie of this world and the fickle state of mans life are liuely described. Gathered into English by Lawrence Twine Gentleman*,—first printed in 1576. The old playwright had also an eye to that portion of Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, Book Eighth, which treats of King Appolin of Tyre. (Both Twine's novel and Gower's poetical version of the same incidents are included in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. i.—On the story of King Apollonius of Tyre see Douce's *Illustr. of Shakespeare*, vol. ii. p. 135, and Mommsen's Preface to the reprint above mentioned.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTIOCHUS, king of Antioch.
PERICLES, prince of Tyre.
HELICANUS, } two lords of Tyre.
ESCANES, }
SIMONIDES, king of Pentapolis.
CLEON, governor of Tharsus.
LYSIMACHUS, governor of Mytilene.
CERIMON, a lord of Ephesus.
THALIARD, a lord of Antioch.
PHILEMON, servant to Cerimon.
LEONINE, servant to Dionyza.
Marshal.
A Pander.
BOULT, his servant.

The Daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYZA, wife to Cleon.
THAISA, daughter to Simonides.
MARINA, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.
LYCHORIDA, nurse to Marina.
A Bawd.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

DIANA.

GOWER, as Chorus.*

SCENE—*Dispersedly in various countries.*

* "*Cerimon* in *Pericles* is, I imagine, *Cæremon*. *Lychorida* is of course *Lycoris*. . . . . *Thaliard* seems to have been originally a slip of the pen for *Thaliarch*. . . . . *Escanes* is *Æschines* . . . . and *Philoten*, the daughter of Cleon [see the speech of Gower which introduces the 4th act], may have originated in *Philotin*, the accusative of *Philotis*." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 30.

PERICLES.

ACT I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holy-ales;[1]
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase[2] is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat;
The fairest in all Syria,—

(1) *holy-ales;*] So Farmer.—The old eds. have "*holy* dayes."
(2) *purchase*] *i.e.* gain, profit. (Here Steevens's emendation, "purpose," seems unnecessary.)

I tell you what mine authors say:
This king unto him took a fere,[3]
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:—
Bad child; worse father! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none:
But custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin.[4]
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent he made a law,—
To keep her still, and men in awe,—
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *Antioch. A room in the palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, *and* Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul

(3) *fere,*] The old eds. have "Peere" [and "Peer"]; a misprint for "Pheere," more correctly written "*fere.*"

(4) *But custom what they did begin*
Was with long use account no sin.]

Is usually altered to "By *custom,*" &c.; the modern editors perhaps not making sufficient allowance for the inaccurate style of the unknown author.—The old eds. have "—— account'd ["accounted," and "counted"] *no sinne.*"

Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.
Ant. Bring in our daughter,[5] clothèd like a bride,
For the[6] embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Music. Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever raz'd, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.[7]
You gods that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless[8] happiness!
Ant. Prince Pericles,—
Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.
Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;

(5) *Bring in our daughter,*] The old eds. have "Musicke *bring in,*" &c.; a stage-direction having here (as is frequently the case) crept into the text.—This "Music" (a puzzle to the modern editors) was evidently intended to accompany the entrance of the Daughter of Antiochus:—it was set down thus early in the prompter's book that the musicians might be in readiness. See note 5 on *Romeo and Juliet*, vol. vi. p. 379.—1865. Here Mr. Grant White and the Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) follow my arrangement.

(6) *the*] Not in the old eds.

(7) *her mild companion.*] *i.e.*, as Mason rightly explains it, the companion of her mildness;—which I mention lest any one should suppose that "*mild*" is a misprint for "vild" (vile).

(8) *boundless*] The old eds. have "bondlesse."

For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:[9]
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.[10]
Yon sometime famous princes like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale,
That, without covering, save yon field of stars,
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must;
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,

(9) *for death-like dragons here affright thee hard:*] "Certainly wrong. ['*Affright*' should be] '*affront*,' I think, *i.e. confront*." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 245.

(10) *all thy whole heap must die.*] The old eds. have "*all* the *whole*," &c.—Mr. Collier in the second edition of his *Shakespeare* substitutes "*all thy whole* head *must die;*" and remarks as follows; "Commentators have been sorely puzzled by the word *heap*, as it stands in the early impressions: it is merely a misprint for 'head' by the accidental turning of the last letter in *heap:* the antithesis is between 'eye' and 'head,' and Antiochus immediately afterwards refers to the 'heads' of 'yond sometime famous princes.' On the next page but one Pericles says, 'Then, give my tongue like leave to save my *head*.'"

1. I know not Mr. Collier's authority for asserting that the "commentators have been sorely puzzled by the word *heap*,"—I believe they never questioned it: the only note on the passage in the *Varior. Shakespeare* is the following one by Malone; "all thy whole HEAP must die,] *i.e.* thy whole mass must be destroyed. There seems to have been an opposition intended. 'Thy whole heap,' thy body, must suffer for the offence of a *part*, thine *eye*. The word *bulk*, like *heap* in the present passage, was used for *body* by Shakespeare and his contemporaries."

2. Does Mr. Collier see nothing extraordinary in a "*head* dying"?

3. The reply of Pericles to the above speech opposes Mr. Collier's alteration;

> "Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
> My frail mortality to know itself,
> And by those fearful objects to prepare
> This *body*, like to them, to what I must," &c.

I am not sure if, in the next line, all the old editions have not "sometimes."

Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it error.
I'll make my will, then; and, as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;—
But my unspotted fire of love to you.
[*To the Daughter of Antiochus.*
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.[11]

Ant. Scorning advice,—read the conclusion, then:
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all say'd yet,[12] mayst thou prove prosperous!
Of all say'd yet, I wish thee happiness!

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage. [*Reads the riddle.*

"I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father:
He's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be,[13] and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you."

Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,

(11) *I wait the sharpest blow,* &c.] The quartos have

"*I wayt the sharpest blow* (Antiochus)
Scorning aduice: read the conclusion then:
Which read," &c.

The third folio prefixes "*Ant.*" to the last of these lines.

(12) *Of all say'd yet,*] *i.e.* of all who have yet assayed.—(Mason would read, both here and in the next line, "In *all* save that.")

(13) *How they may be,*] "In Wilkins' novel, 'How *this* may be,' which is probably the genuine reading." STAUNTON. See Introd. to the present play, p. 3.

If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?—
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,
[*Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.*
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you,—now my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods, to hearken;
But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd:
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown:
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't.
Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. [*aside*] Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found the meaning:
But I will gloze with him.—Young Prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,

Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honour and your worth.

[*Exeunt all except Pericles.*

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you're both a father and a son
By your untimely claspings with your child,—
Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father;
And she an eater of her mother's flesh
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun[14] no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke:
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which[15] we mean

(14) *shun*] So Malone.—The old eds. have "shew."
(15) *for the which*] The old eds. omit "*the*:" but compare, in the preceding speech, "*The which* is good in nothing;" and afterwards, p. 15, "The thing *the which* is flatter'd."

To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathèd manner;
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.—
Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call?
Ant. Thaliard,
You're of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy:
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?
Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.
Ant. Enough.

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
Mess. My lord, Prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit.*
Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after; and, like an arrow shot[16]
From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return
Unless thou say "Prince Pericles is dead."
Thal. My lord,
If I can get him within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your highness.
Ant. Thaliard, adieu! [*Exit Thal.*] Till Pericles be dead
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

[16] *like an arrow shot*] Here "*like*" was altered to "as" in the folio of 1664. But on "*Like* in the sense of *as*," see Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 117, and his Editor's note there.

SCENE II. *Tyre. A room in the palace.*

Enter PERICLES.

Per. [*to those without*] Let none disturb us.—Why should
this charge of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
Be my so-us'd a guest as not an hour,[17]
In the day's glorious walk or peaceful night,—
The tomb where grief should sleep,—can breed me quiet?
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger, which I fear'd, 's at Antioch,[18]
Whose aim seems far too short to hit me here:[19]
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me:—the great Antiochus—
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great can make his will his act—
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say I honour him,[20]

(17) *Why should this charge of thoughts,*
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
Be my so-us'd a guest as not an hour,]

The old eds. have

"*why shold this* chāge [and "change"] *of thoughts,*
The sad companion dull eyde melancholie,
By me *so vsde a guest, as not an houre.*"

(Here "*charge*," as Steevens observes, means "weight, burden, pressure."

(18) *fear'd, 's at Antioch,*] So Walker, *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c., p. 100.—Old eds. "*fear'd*, is *at Antioch.*"

(19) *Whose aim seems far too short to hit me here:*] The old eds. have "*Whose* arme *seemes*," &c.—Compare *Coriolanus*, act i. sc. 2, "We shall be *shorten'd* in our *aim*," &c.; and *Troilus and Cressida*, act ii. sc. 3, "which *short-aimed* ignorance," &c., where the old eds. have "*which short*-arm'd *ignorance*," &c.

(20) *him,*] Not in the old eds.

If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known;
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with th' ostent of war will look so huge,[21]
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,—
Who am no more[22] but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,—
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter HELICANUS *and other* Lords.[23]

First Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

Sec. Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.[24]
They do abuse the king that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;

(21) *And with th' ostent of war will look so huge,*] Tyrwhitt's correction. —The old eds. have "*And with the* stint *of warre,*" &c., which Mr. Knight retains; "*stint,*" he says, "is synonymous with *stop* in the old writers" (and I wonder that he did not cite from *Timon of Athens*, act v. sc. 4, "Make war breed peace; make peace *stint war,*" &c.): but he takes no notice of the immediately following words, "*will* LOOK SO HUGE," which fully confirm Tyrwhitt's emendation. (Steevens adduces from Chapman's *Homer's Batrachomuomachia*,

"Both heralds bearing *the ostents of war;*"

and from Dekker's *Entertainment of James I.*, 1604,

"And why you bear, alone, *th' ostent of warre.*")

(22) *Who am no more*] Farmer's correction: but qy. if the true reading?—The old eds. have "*Who* once *no more.*"

(23) Enter HELICANUS and other Lords.] At the commencement of this scene the quarto of 1609 has "Enter Pericles with his Lords;" and here it has "Enter all the Lords to Pericles."—The other old eds. have the former stage-direction (the third folio slightly varying it), but they omit the latter one.—Undoubtedly the first speech of Pericles is spoken to himself.

(24) *Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.*] The modern emendation is "*Peace, peace,* my lords, *and give experience tongue.*"

The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that blast gives heat[25] and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a[26] peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus, thou
Hast movèd us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I've power
To take thy life from thee.

Hel. [*kneeling*] I've ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee, rise.
Sit down: thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and heaven[27] forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults chid![28]

(25) *To which that blast gives heat*] The quarto of 1609 has "*To which that* sparke *gives heate;*" and so the later eds., except that they corrupt "*heate*" into "heart."—Here the transcriber or compositor by mistake repeated the word "sparke" from the preceding line.—Steevens would substitute "wind;" Malone printed "breath;" Mason proposed "blast," which I adopt.—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 315) says, "I doubt whether '*breath*' or '*blast*' be the true emendation."

(26) *a*] Omitted in the old eds.

(27) *Sit down: thou art no flatterer:*
I thank thee for it; and heaven]

Has been amended to

"*Sit down*, sit down: *thou art no flatterer:*
I thank thee for it; and high *heaven.*"

(28) *That kings should let their ears hear their faults chid!*] Here, of course, "*let*" means "hinder."—The old eds. have "—— *their faults* hid;" which Malone gravely explains "their secret faults:"—but "hid" is a manifest error for "*chid.*"

Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?
Hel. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.[29]
Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me, then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.[30]
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest:
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,
Bethought me what[31] was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears

(29) *To bear with patience*
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.]

The modern correction is

"With patience bear
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself."

(30) *From whence an issue I might propagate,*
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.]

Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 75) conjectures that, between these two lines, a line, somewhat to the following effect, has been omitted;

"Worthy to heir my throne; for kingly boys," &c.—

"The meaning of this passage," says Mason, "is clearly this; 'From whence I might propagate such issue, as bring additional strength to princes and joy to their subjects.' The expression is certainly faulty; but it seems to be the fault of the author, not the printer. I believe it was written as it stands."

(31) *Bethought me what*] The old eds. omit "*me;*" which the author doubtless wrote. ("I have *bethought me* of another fault." *Measure for Measure*, act v. sc. 1.)

Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:[32]
And should he doubt it,—as[33] no doubt he doth,—
That I should open to the listening air
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call't[34] offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all,—of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st[35] me for it,—

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you've given me leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

(32) *and tyrants' fears*
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:]
All the old eds. have
"*and tyrants* feare
Decrease not, but grow faster then the *yeares;*"
except the fourth folio, where "feare" is corrected to "*fears.*"

(33) *And should he doubt it,—as*] So Malone.—The old eds. have "*And shold he* doo't, *as,*" and "*And should he* thinke, *as.*"

(34) *call't*] The old eds. have "call."

(35) *reprov'st*] The old eds. have "reprouedst."

Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.
Per. Tyre, I now look from thee, then, and to Tharsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both:
But in our orbs we'll live [36] so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Tyre. An ante-chamber in the palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets: now do I see he had some reason for't; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, *and other* Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your king's departure:
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.
Thal. [*aside*] How! the king gone!
Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch,—
Thal. [*aside*] What from Antioch?
Hel. Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know not—

[36] *we'll live*] The old eds. have "will *liue*" and "we *liue*."

Took some displeasure at him,—at least he judg'd so;
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.
Thal. [*aside*] Well, I perceive
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he's gone, the king's ears it must please,—
He scap'd the land, to perish at the seas.[37]
I'll present myself.—Peace to the lords of Tyre!
Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.
Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood[38]
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.
Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—[39]
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Tharsus. A room in the* Governor's *house.*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, *and* Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,

(37) *the king's ears it must please,—*
. . . . . *at the seas.*]

The old eds. have

"*the King's* Seas *must please:*
. . . . . *at the* Sea."

The emendation now introduced is at least better than nonsense.

(38) *But since my landing I have understood*] The modern reading is "*But, since my landing*, as *I have understood.*" The old text, however, has the same meaning.

(39) *We have no reason to desire it,*
. . . . . .
this we desire,—]

Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 310) thinks that the first "*desire*" should perhaps be "*inquire.*"

See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressèd lord, even such our griefs are;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,[40]
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs
Fetch breath[41] that may proclaim them louder; that,
If heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps[42] to comfort them.
I'll, then, discourse our woes, felt several years,
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have the government,
A city on whom Plenty held full hand,
For Riches strew'd herself even in the streets;[43]

([40]) *and seen with mischief's eyes,*] Malone prints "unseen *with mischief's eyes.*"—Steevens reads "*and seen with* mistful *eyes.*"—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 333) conjectures "*and seen with* misery's *eyes.*"

([41]) *Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes*
Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs
Fetch breath]

Mr. Collier (note *ad l.*) calls this passage "somewhat obscure:" it is, in fact, corrupted into little better than nonsense.—In the first line the quarto of 1609 alone has "—— to *sound deepe;*" in the second line all the old eds. have "—— *our eyes* to *weepe.*"—In the second line I follow Steevens in altering "tongues" to "*lungs*" (though in *Richard II.* act i. sc. 3, we find

"Which robs my *tongue from breathing* native breath").

([42]) *If heaven slumber while their creatures want,*
They may awake their helps]

The old eds. have "—— *their* helpers."—We have already more than once had "*heaven*" used as a plural: see note 90 on *Othello.*

([43]) *For Riches strew'd herself even in the streets;*] *i.e.* "For Riches poured herself out even in the streets."—Steevens altogether misunderstood the plain meaning of the line. (I need hardly notice that this

Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
Those mouths who but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:
Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,[44]
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Those mothers who, to nousle up their babes,
Thought naught too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall

speech comes under the head of τὸ ἀνακόλουθον.)—1865. "I know not whether it is necessary to observe, that *Riches* was then a singular noun; the French *richesse*, in fact. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit without Money*, near the beginning, 'a common *riches*.' Shakespeare, *Sonnet* lxxxvii.,

'For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that *riches* where is my deserving?'

In Shirley's *Contention for Honour and Riches*, Gifford and Dyce, vol. vi. p. 287 sqq., *Riches* is one of the Dramatis Personæ." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 334.

(44) *not yet two summers younger,*] The old eds. have "*not* yet too [and "to"] sauers younger."—"The reading in the text was suggested by Mason long before the discovery of Wilkins' novel [see Introd. to this play, p. 3], which in the corresponding scene contains the very expression pre-supposed: 'the ground of which forced lamentation was to see the power of change, that this their city, *who not two summers younger*, did so excell in pompe,' &c." STAUNTON.—In the second line of this speech all the old eds. have, I believe, "These *mouths*."

Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear[45] these tears!
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.
Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us t' expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these[46] hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,[47]
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat:
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will and what they can,
What need we fear?
The ground's the lowest, and we're half-way there.
Go tell their general we attend him here,

(45) *hear*] Mr. Collier substitutes "heed."—Qy. may not "*hear*" be equivalent to *hear of*?

(46) *Hath stuff'd these*] The old eds. have "That *stuff't* the."

(47) *of unhappy me,*] Malone conjectures that "*me*" should be "men;" Steevens that it should be "we" (as in *Coriolanus*, act v. sc. 3, "to poor *we*," &c.); and some critic (I forget who) proposes "O *unhappy me.*"

To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES *with* Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be, like a beacon fir'd, t' amaze your eyes.
We've heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,[48]
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within
With bloody veins,[49] expecting overthrow,
Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starv'd half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Rise, I pray you, rise:[50]
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be seen,—

([48]) *tears,*] "*Papæ!* '*Hearts,*' I conclude." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 334.

([49]) *Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within*
With bloody veins,]

i.e. Are like the Trojan horse, which was stuff'd, &c.—Steevens reads

"*Are, like the Trojan horse,* war-stuff'd *within,*
With bloody views."

([50]) *Rise, I pray you, rise:*] The quarto of 1609 has "Arise, *I pray you, rise.*"—The later old eds. have "Arise, *I pray you,* arise." (Compare, in p. 15, "*Rise,* prithee, *rise.*")

Your grace is welcome to our town and us.
Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here awhile,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet, then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation—
To whom I give my benison—
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken[51] can;
And, to remember what he does,
Build[52] his statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

DUMB-SHOW.

Enter, from one side, PERICLES, *talking with* CLEON; *their Trains with them. Enter, from the other side, a* Gentleman, *with a letter to* PERICLES; *who shows the letter to* CLEON; *then gives the* Messenger *a reward, and knights him. Exeunt severally* PERICLES *and* CLEON, *with their Trains.*

Good Helicane, that[53] stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone

(51) *spoken*] Mr. Grant White substitutes "speken."
(52) *Build*] "Read 'Gild.' So, in Gower [*Confessio Amantis*]; 'It was of laton over-*gylte*.' Again, in *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510; 'in remembraunce they made an ymage or statue of *clene gold*,' &c." STEEVENS.
(53) *that*] Steevens reads "hath:" but the whole passage is unintelligible.

From others' labours; for though[54] he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word[55] of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And hid intent to murder him;[56]
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, doing so,[57] put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe is wreck'd and split;[58]
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen[59] but himself;
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower,—this longs the text. [*Exit.*

(54) *for though*] Steevens reads "forth;" and Singer substitutes "forthy."

(55) *Sends word*] So Steevens.—The old eds. have "Sau'd one."

(56) . . . . . *sin*
. . . . . *him;*]

An instance of the license which our early poets sometimes allowed themselves to take with the rhyme. See note 106 on *Troilus and Cressida.*

(57) *He, doing so,*] Does this mean, "He, acting on the advice of Helicanus"?—Steevens reads "*He*, knowing *so.*"

(58) . . . . . *ship*
. . . . . *split;*]

No misprint.—See note 56.

(59) *escapen*] Here the old eds. have "escapend," most probably by the transcriber's or printer's mistake, since our author writes "perishen" in the preceding line.

SCENE I. *Pentapolis. An open place by the sea-side.*

Enter PERICLES, *wet.*

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you:
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me[60] breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

First Fish. What, ho, Pilch!

Sec. Fish. Ho, come[61] and bring away the nets!

First Fish. What, Patch-breech, I say!

Third Fish. What say you, master?

First Fish. Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wanion.

Third Fish. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

First Fish. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

Third Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they say they're

[60] *me*] The old eds have "my."

[61] First Fish. *What, ho, Pilch!*
Sec. Fish. *Ho, come*]
The old eds. have
"1. *What*, to pelch?
2. Ha, *come.*"

("*Pilch*," Tyrwhitt's emendation, means a leathern coat; used here as a nickname.)

half-fish, half-flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

First Fish. Why, as men do a-land,—the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful: such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've[62] swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. [*aside*] A pretty moral.

Third Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

Sec. Fish. Why, man?

Third Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

Per. [*aside*] Simonides!

Third Fish. He[63] would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [*aside*] How from the finny[64] subject of the sea
These fishers tell th' infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect!—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

Sec. Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

Per. May see the sea hath cast upon your coast.[65]

(62) *they've*] The old eds. have "they."
(63) *He*] The old eds. have "We."
(64) *finny*] The old eds. have "fenny."

(65) *Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.*
Sec. Fish. *Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.*
Per. *May see the sea hath cast upon your coast.*]

That this is sadly mutilated, admits of no doubt.—"It should seem that

Sec. Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

First Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? Here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

Sec. Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

Sec. Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on:
A man throng'd up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

the prince had made some remark on the badness of the day. Perhaps the dialogue originally ran thus;

> 'Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen;
> *The day is rough and thwarts your occupation.*
> 2 *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be *not* a day fits you, *scratch it* out of the calendar, and nobody *will* look after it.'

The following speech of Pericles is equally abrupt and inconsistent;

> '*May* see the sea hath cast upon your coast.'

The folio [1664] reads

> '*Y*' may see the sea hath cast *me* upon your coast.'

I would rather suppose the poet wrote

> '*Nay*, see the sea hath cast upon your coast—'

Here the *fisherman* interposes. The prince then goes on;

> 'A man,' &c." STEEVENS.—

As to the words, "*May see the sea hath cast upon your coast*," they are only unintelligible because the rest of the speech has dropped out: the reading of the third folio is an arbitrary attempt, in disregard of metre (for Pericles is now speaking in blank verse), to make the line convey a complete sense.

First Fish. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er[66] puddings and flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

Sec. Fish. Hark you, my friend,—you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

Sec. Fish. But crave! Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped, then?

Sec. Fish. O, not all,[67] my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle.—But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[*Exit with Third Fisherman.*

Per. [*aside*] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

First Fish. Hark you, sir,—do you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.

First Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

Per. The good King Simonides, do you call him?

First Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

First Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

(66) *flesh for holidays, fish . . . moreo'er*] The old eds. have "*flesh for* all day, *fish* . . . . more; or."

(67) *O, not all,*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 257) would read "*O*, no, *not all.*"

First Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.[68]

Re-enter Second *and* Third Fishermen, *drawing up a net.*

Sec. Fish. Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.—
Thanks, fortune, yet, that, after all my[69] crosses,
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself;
And though[70] it was mine own, part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, even as he left his life,
"Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death;"—and pointed to this brace;—
"For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity—
The which the gods protect thee from!—'t may defend thee."[71]
It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd have given't again:
I thank thee for't; my shipwreck now's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in's will.

First Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it;

[68] *and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.*] More mutilation. The attempts made to explain and to amend the passage are alike ridiculous.

[69] *my*] Added by Malone.

[70] *And though*] "Perhaps '*An though.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 157.

[71] *The which the gods protect thee from!—'t may defend thee.*] The old eds. have "*The which the Gods protect thee*, Fame *may defend thee.*"—Malone altered "Fame" to "*from.*"—"Being certain that the metre throughout this play was once regular, I correct the line in question thus; 'Which gods *protect thee from! it may defend thee.*'" STEEVENS.

And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortunes better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

First Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

First Fish. Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't!

Sec. Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.(72)

Per. Believe't, I will.
By your furtherance(73) I am cloth'd in steel;
And, spite of all the rapture of the sea,
This jewel holds his building on my arm:(74)
Unto the value(75) I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—

(72) *it.*] The old eds. have "them;" which perhaps might be retained, as meaning the various pieces which compose the armour, if we had not had above "An armour,"—"this coat of worth,"—"this garment,"—and "it" repeatedly applied to the said armour.

(73) *By your furtherance*] In all probability "Now, *by your furtherance*," as Steevens conjectured.

(74) *And, spite of all the rapture of the sea,*
This jewel holds his building on my arm:]

The old eds. have "—— *all the* rupture *of the sea*," &c.—Here "*building*" is usually altered to "biding." (Mr. Collier remarks *ad l.*; "The novel founded upon 'Pericles' shows that the two words ['*rapture*' and 'biding'], which in our text vary from the original copies, have been rightly changed by the commentators: Pericles, we are informed in the novel, got to land 'with a jewel, whom all the *raptures* of the sea could not bereave from his arm.' Sewel recommended 'rapture' for *rupture*, and Malone substituted 'biding' for *building*." How the passage cited from the novel proves that "*building*" should be altered to "biding," I am unable to discover. It is, in fact, a wanton and unnecessary change: "his *building* on my arm" is "his fixture on my arm.")—1865. In the second edition of his *Shakespeare* Mr. Collier is very severe on me for defending the old lection "*building:*" I therefore notice that it is retained by Mr. Staunton, Mr. Grant White, and the Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*).

(75) *Unto the value*] The old eds. have "*Unto* thy *value.*"—"Why should he apostrophize the jewel?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 231.

Only, my friends,[76] I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

Sec. Fish. We'll sure provide thee:[77] thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal[78] to my will,
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A public way or platform leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

First Lord. They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here,[79] like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a Lord.*

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less,

Sim. It's fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,

(76) *my friends,*] The old eds. have "*my* friend:" but compare the words of Pericles above, "An armour, *friends!*"—"To beg of you, kind *friends*," &c.

(77) *thee:*] Added by Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 264); either that word or "them" having undoubtedly dropt out.

(78) *a goal*] Mr. Staunton proposes "equal." (Qy. "— *be but goal* unto *my will*"?)

(79) *and our daughter,*
. . . . . .
Sits here,]

The old eds. have

"*and our daughter* heere,
. . . . . .
Sits heere."

So princes their renown if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain[80]
The labour of each knight in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight; *he passes over, and his* Squire *presents his shield to the* Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renownèd father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.

[*The Second Knight passes over.*

Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady;
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu*[81] *por dulzura que por fuerza.*

[*The Third Knight passes over.*

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;
The word, *Me pompæ provexit apex.*

[*The Fourth Knight passes over.*

(80) *So princes their renown if not respected.*
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain," &c.]

The old eds. have

"*So Princes their* Renownes, *if not respected:*
'Tis now your honour (*Daughter*) *to* entertaine," &c.

The second correction was made by Steevens.—(Qy. if in this passage two words have been accidentally transposed;

"*'Tis now your* labour, *daughter, to explain*
The honour *of each knight in his device*"?)—

1865. Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 315) marks the word "*honour*" in this passage as corrupt.

(81) Piu] That the author should commence his *Spanish* motto with an *Italian* word will appear strange only to such readers as are not aware how frequently our early writers jumble those languages together.

Sim. What is the fourth?
Thai. A burning torch that's turnèd upside down;
The word, *Quod me*[82] *alit, me extinguit.*
Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his[83] power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.
[*The Fifth Knight passes over.*
Thai. The fifth, an hand environèd with clouds,
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*
[*The Sixth Knight* (*Pericles*) *passes over.*
Sim. And what's
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?
Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*
Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.
First Lord. He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend;
For, by his rusty outside, he appears
T' have practis'd more the whipstock than the lance.
Sec. Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnishèd.
Third Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.
Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.[84]

(82) Quod me] The old eds. have "*Qui* me:" but see (among other works which might be referred to) Daniel's translation of P. Jovius's *Discourse of Impreses*, 1585, sig. H 7.
(83) *his*] Perhaps "her:" but "*his*" was often equivalent to "its."
(84) *Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan*
The outward habit by the inward man.]
"*i.e.* that makes us scan the inward man by the outward habit. This kind of inversion was formerly very common." MALONE.—"Why should we not read

But stay, the knights are coming: we'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts within, all crying* "The mean knight!"

SCENE III. *The same. A hall of state; a banquet prepared.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Ladies, Lords, Knights, *and* Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you're welcome were superfluous.
To place[85] upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you're her labour'd scholar.—Come, queen o' the feast,—
For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We're honour'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days: honour we love;
For who hates honour hates the gods above.

Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

'The *inward* habit by the *outward* man'?

The words were accidentally misplaced. In the prose romance already quoted [*The Patterne of painefull Aduentures*, &c.—see Introd. to this play, p. 3], the King says, 'the habyte maketh not the relygious man.'" STEEVENS.—"In my copy this line is quoted in an old hand as Mr. Steevens reads." FARMER.

(85) *To place*] So the fourth folio.—The earlier eds. have "I *place*."

Per. Some other is more fit.

First Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir, sit.—
By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.[86]

Thai. By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all viands that I eat
Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat.
Sure, he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman;
Has done no more than other knights have done;
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yon king's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence;
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy:
Where now his son's like glow-worm in the night,[87]
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:

(86) *By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,*
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.]

Qy. "*he* but *thought upon*"?—In my former edition I gave these lines to *Pericles*, with the reading "she but *thought upon*." But I had not then carefully examined Wilkins's novel (see Introd. to the present play, p. 3), from which we learn that neither the father nor the daughter could attend to the good things at table for admiration of Pericles; "In the end, all being seated by the Marshall at a table, placed directly ouer-against where the king and his daughter sate, as it were by some diuine operation *both king and daughter at one instant were so strucke in loue with the noblenesse of his woorth, that they could not spare so much time to satisfie themselues with the delicacie of their viands for talking of his prayses:* while Pericles on the other side obseruing the dignity wherein the king sate, that so many princes came to honour him, so many peeres stoode ready to attend him, hee was strucke with present sorrow by remembring the losse of his owne."

(87) *Where now his son's like glow-worm in the night,*] The old eds. have "*Where now his* sonne *like* a *Glo-worme in the night.*"—Malone gave "*Where now his son's* a *glow-worm in the night.*"

Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.
Sim. What, are you merry, knights?
First Knight. Who can be other in this royal presence?
Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd[88] unto the brim,—
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,—
We drink this health to you.
Knights. We thank your grace.
Sim. Yet pause awhile:
Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,[89]
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?
Thai. What is it
To me, my father?
Sim. O, attend, my daughter:
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them:
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.
Therefore to make his entertain[90] more sweet,
Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.
Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.
Sim. How!
Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.
Thai. [*aside*] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

(88) *stor'd*] The old eds. have "stur'd" and "stirr'd."
(89) *Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,*] Has been amended to "*Yon knight*, methinks, *doth sit too melancholy.*"
(90) *entertain*] The old eds. have "enterance" and "entrance now." —Corrected by Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 318), who compares an earlier passage, act i. sc. 1;

> "And until then your *entertain* shall be
> As doth befit," &c.

Sim. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence[91] he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre,—my name, Pericles;
My education been in arts and arms;
Who, looking for adventures in the world,—
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.[92]

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.—
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying this

(91) *And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,*
Of whence]

The modern correction is

"*And further tell him we desire to know*
Of whence;"

which most probably the author wrote.

(92) *A gentleman of Tyre,*
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.]

So all the old eds., except that those subsequent to the first quarto have "*cast on* the *shore.*"—"This speech," says Mr. Collier (note *ad l.*), "is perfectly intelligible;" which is true enough: but it is also manifestly mutilated.—The modern reading is;

"*A gentleman of Tyre, who only by*
Misfortune of the seas has been *bereft*
Of ships and men, and *cast* upon *this shore.*"

Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.
[*The Knights dance.*
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.—
Come, sir;
Here is a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have heard, you knights of Tyre[93]
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them they are, my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much as you would be denied
Of your fair courtesy. [*The Knights and Ladies dance.*
Unclasp, unclasp:
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
[*To Pericles*] But you the best.—Pages and lights, to conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings!—[*To Pericles*]
Yours, sir,
We've given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love;
And that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Tyre. A room in the* Governor's *house.*

Enter HELICANUS *and* ESCANES.

Hel. No, Escanes; know this of me,—
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free:
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,

(93) *And I have heard, you knights of Tyre*] Here Malone's emendation, "*And I have* often *heard*," is silently adopted by Mr. Collier, though in his note on the preceding speech he observes; "If we are to add or withdraw words *ad libitum*, there can be no end of alteration, according to the pleasure or taste of critics."

When he was seated in a chariot
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,
A fire[94] from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Their[95] bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes ador'd them ere their fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but justice; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

First Lord. See, not a man in private conference
Or council has respect with him but he.

Sec. Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

Third Lord. And curs'd be he that will not second it.

First Lord. Follow me, then.—Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome:—happy day, my lords.

First Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to the top
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not the prince you love.[96]

First Lord. Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;

(94) *When he was seated in a chariot*
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,
A fire]

This corrupt passage is usually altered to

"*When he was seated*, and his daughter with him,
In a chariot of inestimable value,
A fire;"

which refiction is silently given even by Mr. Collier.

(95) *Their*] The old eds. have "Those;" a mistake occasioned by "those" in the next line.

(96) *wrong not the prince you love.*] The old eds. have "*wrong not* your *prince you* [and *your*] *love;*" the Ms. having had "$\overset{e}{y}$ *prince,*" which was mistaken for "$\overset{r}{y}$ *prince.*"

If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolv'd he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves[97] us to our free election.

Sec. Lord. Whose death's[98] indeed the strongest in our censure:
And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,—
Like goodly buildings left without a roof,—
Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,[99]
That best know'st how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. For honour's cause,[100] forbear your suffrages:
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.[101]
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you

(97) *leaves*] The old eds. have "leaue."
(98) *death's*] The old eds. have "death."

(99) *And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,—*
Like goodly buildings left without a roof,—
Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,]

The old eds. have

"*And knowing this Kingdome* is *without a head,*
Like goodly buildings left without a Roofe,
Soone fall to ruine: *your noble selfe.*"

"They did not *know* that the kingdom had absolutely lost its governor; for in the very preceding line this Lord observes that it was only more *probable* that he was dead than living. I therefore read with a very slight change '*if* without a head.' The old copy for '*if*' has '*is*.' In the next line but one by supplying the word '*will*,' which I suppose was omitted by the carelessness of the compositor, the sense and metre are both restored. The passage, as it stands in the old copy, is not, by any mode of construction, reducible to grammar." MALONE.

(100) *For honour's cause,*] The old eds. have "Try *honours cause.*"—Steevens suggested "Try *honour's* course:" but the error does not lie in the word "*cause.*" The right reading is evidently "*For honour's cause:*" afterwards, p. 44, we find "I came unto your court *for honour's cause,*" &c.

(101) *Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,*
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.]

Malone reads "—— *I leap into the* seat," &c.; but he allows "that a line in *Hamlet*, 'Or to take arms against a *sea of troubles*,' as well as the

To forbear the absence of your king;[102]
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

First Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;
And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.[103]

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Pentapolis. A room in the palace.*

Enter SIMONIDES, *reading a letter: the* Knights *meet him.*

First Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I get.

Sec. Knight. May we not get access to her, my lord? [104]

Sim. Faith, by no means: she hath so strictly tied her

rhyme, add some support to the old reading;" which I have no doubt is the true one. (We have had before, p. 25,

"He, doing so, put forth to *seas*,
Where when men been, there's seldom *ease*," &c.)

[102] *To forbear the absence of your king;*] "Some word," says Steevens, "being omitted in this line, I read

'To forbear *choice o'* the absence of your king.'"

[103] *it*] Not in the old eds.—The Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) add "us."

[104] *by no means can I get.*
Sec. Knight. *May we not get access to her, my lord?*]

The second "*get*," says Walker, should be, "'*have*,' I think." *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 290.

To her chamber, that it is impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

Third Knight. Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves.
[*Exeunt Knights.*

Sim. So,
They're well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I do commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.—
Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, sir! I'm beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask you one thing:
What do you think of my daughter, sir?

Per. A most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer,—wondrous fair.

Sim. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.

Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. [*aside*] What's here?
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!

'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life.—
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,[105]
A stranger and distressèd gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not:
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat—unless it be the king—
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. [*aside*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;[106]
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No?
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you.

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,[107]

(105) *me, gracious lord,*] Malone prints "my *gracious lord.*"

(106) *to her state;*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 300) would read "*to* your *state.*"

(107) *Why, sir, say if you had,*" &c.] Mr. Knight arranges;

"Why, sir, say if you had, who takes offence
At that would make me glad?"

to the destruction of the rhyme, which was manifestly intended here.

Who takes offence at that would make me glad?
Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so perémptory?—
[*Aside*] I am glad on't with all my heart.—
I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger?—[*aside*] who, for aught I know,
May be—nor can I think the contrary—
As great in blood as I myself.—
Therefore hear you, mistress; either frame
Your will to mine,—and you, sir, hear you,
Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you—
Man and wife:—
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too;
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—
And for a[108] further grief,—God give you joy!—
What, are you both pleas'd?
Thai. Yes,—if you love me, sir.
Per. Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.[109]
Sim. What, are you both agreed?

I have already observed that our early writers, when they introduced a couplet, did not always think it necessary that the first line should be as long as the second.

[108] *a*] Omitted in the old eds.

[109] *Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.*] On this line in the second edition of his *Shakespeare* Mr. Collier writes thus; "The meaning, says the Rev. Mr. Dyce, is 'even as my life, or as my blood that fosters my life:' it would, we apprehend, be difficult to make any other meaning out of it; and we only give the explanation as a sample of the manner in which time and words are sometimes wasted upon what, in fact, requires no elucidation. We formerly printed '*my* blood' from the 4to, 1609, but the meaning was not thereby in any respect altered: *or* was to be understood."

A very striking specimen of Mr. Collier's dishonesty as a literary adversary.

Mr. Collier in his first edition having printed (ridiculously enough)

"Even as my life, *my* blood that fosters it,"

I observed; "Read, by all means, with the quarto of 1619,

'Even as my life, *or* blood that fosters it,'

which Mr. Knight gives, and rightly explains, 'Even as my life, or as my blood that fosters my life.'" *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 264.

Both. Yes, if't please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed;
And then with what haste you can get you to bed. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslakèd hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about,[110]
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
Aye the blither for their drouth.[111]
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded.—Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent
With your fine fancies quaintly eche:
What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

[110] *the house about,*] The old eds. have "about the house."

[111] *Now couches fore the mouse's hole;*
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
Aye the blither for their drouth.]

The old eds. have

"*Now couches* from *the Mouses hole;*
And Cricket *sing at the ouens mouth,*
Are *the blyther for their drouth.*"

Malone says that "from *the mouse's hole*" may mean "at some little distance from the mouse's hole;" which it could hardly do.—The author, I presume, would not have used "cricket" as a plural, though earlier in this play he has written (if indeed he did write) "the finny *subject* [*i.e.* subjects] of the sea."—According to Boswell, "Are *the blither*" is equivalent to "Which are *the blither*," &c.: I believe that no such ellipsis was intended here, and that "Are" is a misprint (not, as I once supposed, for "E'er," but) for "*Aye.*" (Afterwards, p. 51, the old eds. have "ayre *remaining*" instead of "*aye-remaining.*")

DUMB-SHOW.

Enter, from one side PERICLES *and* SIMONIDES *with* Attendants; *a* Messenger *meets them, kneels, and gives* PERICLES *a letter: he shows it to* SIMONIDES; *the* Lords *kneel to* PERICLES. *Then enter* THAISA *with child, and* LYCHORIDA. SIMONIDES *shows his daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and* PERICLES *take leave of her father, and depart with* LYCHORIDA *and their* Attendants. *Then exeunt* SIMONIDES *and the rest.*

By many a dern and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coigns[112]
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expense
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre—
Fame answering the most strange inquire—
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenour these:—
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Yravishèd the regions round,
And every one with claps can[113] sound,
"Our heir-apparent is a king!
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"

[112] *coigns*] The old eds. have "Crignes."

[113] *can*] Usually altered by the modern editors to "'gan;" wrongly: see note 90 on *Love's Labour's Lost*, vol. ii. p. 207.—1865. Mr. Grant White prints "'gan;" observing, "The old copies '*can* sound,' which mere phonographic irregularity of spelling I am surprised to find Dr. Richardson regarding as a variation in usage."—Qy. is Mr. Grant White aware that the passages of our early poets where "*can*" occurs are "in number numberless"?

Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child makes her desire—
Which who shall cross?—along to go:—
Omit we all their dole and woe:—
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their[114] vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood[115]
Varies again; the grisly north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives:
The lady shrieks, and, well-a-near,
Does fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell storm[116]
Shall for itself itself perform.
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey;
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost[117] Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, *on shipboard.*

Per. Thou[118] god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast

(114) *Their*] So the copy of the quarto of 1609 in the British Museum; which copy differs in several readings from the other copies I have seen (alterations having been introduced as the edition was passing through the press).—The subsequent old eds. have "then."

(115) *but fortune's mood*] The correction of Steevens (who cites from *All's well that ends well*, act v. sc. 2, "mudded in *fortune's mood*").—The old eds. have "*but* fortune mou'd" (and "moou'd").

(116) *this fell storm*] According to Mr. Collier (note *ad l.*), "all modern editors corrupt the ancient text of the quartos and folios to '*fell* storm.'" But so reads the copy of the quarto of 1609 in the British Museum (see note 114).—The other old eds. have "selfe" instead of "*fell.*"

(117) *The sea-tost*] The old eds. have "*The* seas *tost.*"

(118) *Thou*] The old eds. have "The."

Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having recall'd them from the deep! O, still
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently quench[119]
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes!—O, how, Lychorida,
How does my queen?—Thou stormest venomously;
Wilt thou spit all thyself?[120]—The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife[121] gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travail![122]

Enter LYCHORIDA, *with an Infant.*

Now, Lychorida!

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I

(119) *Having recall'd them from the deep! O, still*
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently quench]

The old eds. have "cald" instead of "*recall'd*," which is demanded both by the sense and the metre.—Mr. Collier prints "duly *quench*," and observes, "'*Daily* quench' in the old copies: modern editors, without notice, alter it to '*gently* quench.'" But the copy of the quarto 1609 in the British Museum (see note 114) has "*gently quench.*"—1865. Mr. Collier in the second edition of his *Shakespeare* gives "*gently quench.*"

(120) *Thou stormest venomously;*
Wilt thou spit all thyself?]

The old eds. have

"Then storme *venomously*,
Wilt thou," &c.—

Malone prints

"Thou storm, thou! *venomously*
Wilt thou," &c.

which is bad enough; and certainly not improved when altered by Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier to

"Thou storm, *venomously*
Wilt thou," &c.

(121) *midwife*] Steevens's correction.—The old eds. have "my wife."
(122) *travail!*] The old eds. have "trauaylea."

Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

Per. How, how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie[123] honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blusterous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world[124]
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here.—Now, the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon't!

Enter two Sailors.

First Sail. What courage, sir? God save you!

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new seafarer,
I would it would be quiet.

(123) *Vie*] So Steevens, Mason, and Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 335).—The old eds. have "vse."—Compare, in p. 63, "*Vie* feathers white."

(124) *the rudeliest welcome to this world*] Here Malone altered "*welcome*" to "welcom'd." But Wilkins's novel (see Introd. to this play, p. 3) has "thou art as rudely *welcome* to the world," &c.

First Sail. Slack the bolins there!—Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

Sec. Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

First Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

First Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed; and we are strong in custom.[125] Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet.—Most wretched queen![126]

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: th' unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;[127]
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining[128] lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells.—O Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander

(125) *custom.*] Boswell's correction, and an obvious one.—The old eds. have "easterne."

(126) *Therefore briefly yield her: for she must overboard straight.*
Per. *As you think meet.—Most wretched queen!*]

The old eds. have

> "*therefore briefly yeeld 'er* [and "*her*"].
> Per. *As you thinke meet,* for she must ouer [and "o're"] board straight;
> *Most wretched Queene.*"

(127) *in the ooze;*] The old eds. have "*in* oare."—The correction was made by Steevens (who compares "my son *i' the ooze* is bedded," &c. *Tempest*, act iii. sc. 3).

(128) *And aye-remaining*] Malone's emendation.—The old eds. have "The ayre *remayning lampes.*" (I may notice that Florio in his *Dict.* renders "*Eternale*" by "aie-during.")

Bring me[129] the satin coffer:[130] lay the babe
Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.
[*Exit Lychorida.*

Sec. Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee.—Mariner, say what coast is this?

Sec. Sail. We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

Sec. Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tharsus!—
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it
At careful nursing.—Go thy ways, good mariner:
I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Ephesus. A room in* CERIMON'S *house.*

Enter CERIMON, *a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

(129) *Bid Nestor bring me . . . .*
. . . . . and bid Nicander
Bring me]

"Perhaps, 'Bid Nestor *fetch* me,' &c." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 286.

(130) *coffer:*] The old eds. have "Coffin," which is retained by Mr. Knight, who observes, "*Coffin* and *coffer* are words of the same original meaning. Subsequently [p. 60] Cerimon says to Thaisa,

'Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your *coffer*.'"

But here at least (where Pericles is not speaking of the chest in which his queen was to be buried) I feel confident that the author wrote "*coffer;*" and I strongly suspect that in the passage cited by Mr. Knight "*coffer*" should be "coffin," since we find, p. 56,

"If e'er this *coffin* drive a-land," &c.

and, p. 101

"I op'd the *coffin*," &c.

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men:
'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I've been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature
That can recover him.—[*To Philemon*] Give this to the pothecary,
And tell me how it works. [*Exeunt all except Cerimon.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Good morrow.[131]

Sec. Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?

First Gent. Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend,
And all to-topple: pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

Sec. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well.

First Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
'Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held[132] it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater

(131) *Good morrow.*] To this speech is usually added in the modern editions (including both those of Mr. Collier) "sir."

(132) *held*] The old eds. have "hold."

Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have—
Together with my practice—made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I[133] can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure[134] up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.[135]

Sec. Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never raze.[136]

(133) *I*] A modern insertion.—In the next line "*doth*" seems to be an intruder.

(134) *treasure*] Steevens's correction.—"The old copies have *pleasure*; but no doubt a misprint, the compositor having caught the commencement of the word from ['*please*' in] the next line." COLLIER.

(135) *To please the fool and death*, &c.] "Is not something lost? Arrange nearly thus;

> 'To please the fool and death.
> 2 *Gent.* Your honour has
> Through Ephesus pour'd forth your charity;
> And hundreds call themselves your creatures, who
> By you have been restor'd; and not your knowledge
> [
>] personal pain, but e'en your purse, still open,
> Hath built Lord Cerimon such strong renown
> As time shall never ——' &c."

Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 335. (Walker, reading this speech only in the *Varior. Shakespeare*, did not know that the old eds. have "*your* personal pain.")

(136) *Such strong renown as time shall never raze.*] The quarto of 1609 has "*Such strong renowne as time shall neuer*" (a reading usually given in the modern editions, with a break after "*never*," as if the entrance of the Servants prevented the Gentleman from adding *the one little word*

Enter two or three Servants *with a chest.*

First Serv. So; lift there.
Cer. What is that?
First Serv. Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:[137]
'Tis of some wreck.
Cer. Set't down, let's look upon't.
Sec. Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.
Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.[138]
Sec. Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.
Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd![139]
Did the sea cast it up?
First Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.
Cer. Wrench it open;
Soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.
Sec. Gent. A delicate odour.
Cer. As ever hit my nostril.—So, up with it.—
O you most potent gods! what's here? a corse!
First Gent. Most strange!
Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreasur'd

necessary to complete the sentence:—which word, it is quite plain, has been accidentally omitted in the first quarto).—The other old eds. have "*Such strong renowne as* neuer shall decay."—1865. That the word omitted in the first quarto was "*raze*" is shown, I think, by the preceding "built."—The Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) give a line compounded of the reading of the first quarto and of the sophistication of the later eds.; "*Such strong renown as time shall* ne'er decay."

[137] *Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:*] The old eds. have "—— *tosse* vp *vpon our shore*," &c.:—but the same speaker presently says "As *toss'd* it *upon shore*."

[138] *'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.*] Corrupted. —The modern emendation (which restores the metre, but not the sense) is

> "It is *a good constraint of fortune*, that
> *It belches upon us*."

[139] *bitum'd!*] The old eds. have "bottomd."—We have already had "caulked and *bitumed*," p. 52.

With full bags of spices![140] A passport too!—
Apollo, perfect me in the characters! [*Reads from a scroll.*

"Here I give to understand,—
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,—
I, King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!"

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe!—This chanc'd to-night.
Sec. Gent. Most likely, sir.
Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks!—They were too rough
That threw her in the sea.—Make a fire within:
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.— [*Exit a Servant.*
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliances recover'd.[141]

(140) *With full bags of spices!*] The usual modern alteration, "*With bags* of spices full!" is most probably what the author wrote.

(141) *And yet the fire of life kindle again*
The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliances recover'd.]

So the old eds., except that in the last line they have "appliance."—Mr. Collier observes, note *ad l.*; "The words of the novel founded upon 'Pericles' show that this passage is corrupt, and that Cerimon means, that he has heard of an Egyptian who possessed the power of restoring those who had for nine hours lain in a state of apparent death. The words are; 'I have read of some Egyptians, who after four houres death (if a man may call it so) have raised impoverished bodies, like to this, unto their former health.'"—The usual modern refiction of the passage is;

"*And yet the fire of life kindle again*
The over-pressed *spirits. I* have *heard*
Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
By good appliance was *recovered.*"

Re-enter a Servant, *with boxes, napkins, and fire.*

Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.—[142]
The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The viol[143] once more:—how thou stirr'st, thou block!—
The music there!—I pray you, give her air.—
Gentlemen, this queen will live: nature awakes;
A warmth breathes out of her:[144] she hath not been
Entranc'd above five hours: see how she gins
To blow into life's flower again!

First Gent. The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She's alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part
Their fringes of bright gold; the diamonds
Of a most praisèd water do appear,
To make the world twice rich.—O, live, and make
Us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,[145]
Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

[142] *and cloths.*—] Most probably "*and* the *cloths.*"

[143] *The viol*] The first quarto has "*The Violl;*" the other old eds. have "*The* Viall;" hence it has been disputed whether Cerimon is speaking here of a small bottle or of a musical instrument. From the context I think he means the latter.

[144] *nature awakes;*
A warmth breathes out of her:]

Mr. Collier says, note *ad l.*, "Malone states that 'the old copies read—a *warmth* breath out of her.' This should seem to be a mistake: the text is simply, 'nature awakes a warm breath out of her.'" But the copy of the first quarto in the British Museum (see note 114) has distinctly "*Nature awakes a warmth* breath *out of her;*" which Steevens altered, and I believe rightly, as above.

[145] *O, live, and make*
Us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,]

The "*O*" is a modern addition. Walker, whose arrangement I follow here, seems to be right in regarding "*creature*" as a trisyllable: see his *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 20.

Sec. Gent. Is not this strange?
First Gent. Most rare.
Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours!
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;[146]
And Æsculapius guide us! [*Exeunt, carrying out Thaisa.*

SCENE III. *Tharsus. A room in the* Governor's *house.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, *and* LYCHORIDA *with* MARINA *in her arms.*

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!
Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.[147]
Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict Fates had pleas'd you had brought her hither,
T' have bless'd mine eyes with her!
Per. We cannot but obey

(146) *Come, come;*] Most probably "*Come, come,* come."

(147) *Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,*
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.]

Steevens's correction.—The old eds. have

"*Your* shakes *of fortune, though they* hant [and "haunt" and "hate"] *you mortally,*
Yet glaunce full wondringly *on vs.*"—

"Arrange;

'The gods
Make up the rest upon you!
Cleon. Your shafts of fortune
[Al]though they hurt you mortally, yet glance
Full wand'ringly on us.
Dionyza. O your sweet queen!'"
Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 336.

The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina,—whom,
For she was born at sea, I've nam'd so,—here
I charge your charity withal, leaving her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,—
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,—
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to't,
Without your vows.—Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in't.[148] So I take my leave.

(148) *By bright Diana, whom we honour, all*
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in't.]

The old eds. have

"*by bright Diana, whom we honour,*
All vnsisterd *shall this hayre* [and "*shall* his heyres"] *of*
mine remayne,
Though I shew will *in't.*"

Here the modern editors wrongly point;

"*By bright Diana, whom we honour all,*
Unscissar'd," &c.,

and retain the old corruption "*shew* will" (the original compositor having by mistake repeated the *w*), though a passage towards the close of the play, p. 103, so clearly proves what the true reading is;

"And now,
This ornament
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form," &c.—

1865. "*Unscissar'd*" is Steevens's emendation.—The reading "*show ill*"

Good madam, make me blessèd in your care
In bringing up my child.
Dion. I've one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect
Than yours, my lord.
Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.
Cle. We'll bring your grace e'en to the edge o' the shore,
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven.(149)
Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Ephesus. A room in* CERIMON'S *house.*

Enter CERIMON *and* THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are now(150)
At your command. Know you the character?
Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning time; but whether there
Deliver'd, by the holy gods,

is mine, and has been adopted by Mr. Collier in his second edition, by Mr. Staunton, by Mr. Grant White, and by the Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*).

(149) *Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and*
The gentlest winds of heaven.]

According to Steevens, "*the mask'd Neptune*" means "insidious waves that wear a treacherous smile:" but would Cleon couple *the insidious waves* with "the gentlest winds of heaven"? or would he, on such an occasion, allude at all to *the insidiousness of the waves*?—Is not the right reading, "*the* vast *Neptune*"? Compare *Timon of Athens*, act v. sc. 4, "Taught thee to make *vast Neptune* weep for aye," &c.—1865. Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 336) conjectures "*the* moist *Neptune*."

(150) *Lay with you in your coffer: which are now*] See note 130.—The "*now*" was added here by Malone.

I cannot rightly say.[151] But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till[152] your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.
His woful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there[153] a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music,[154] letters; who hath gain'd

(151) *Even on my eaning time; but whether there*
Deliver'd, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say.]

The quartos have "—— *my* learning *time*," &c., which was amended in the third folio to "—— *my* eaning *time*," &c., the true word doubtless; though Steevens asserted that "*eaning* is a term applicable only to sheep," and devised the ridiculous reading, "—— *my* yearning *time*," &c.—The second line ought perhaps to stand

"I was *deliver'd, by the holy gods*," &c.

The modern reading is,

"*Delivered* or no, *by the holy gods*," &c.

(152) *abide till*] Most probably "bide until."
(153) *there*] The old eds. have "ther's" and "there's."
(154) *music,*] The old eds. have "musicks" and "musickes."

Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place[155]
Of general wonder. But, alack,
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earnèd praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage-rite; this maid[156]
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be't when she[157] weav'd the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp neeld[158] wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird[159] mute,
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen

(155) *Which makes her both the heart and place*] The old eds. have "*Which makes* hie [and "high"] *both the* art *and place.*"—Corrected by Steevens.

(156) *And in this kind hath our Cleon*
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage-rite; this maid]

The old eds. have

"*And in this kinde* our Cleon hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,
Euen right [and "*ripe*"] *for marriage* sight: *this Maid.*"

The necessary transpositions were made by Steevens.—He, Malone, and Mr. Knight agree in printing "*marriage* fight;" which they explain "Cupid's wars" and the "combats of Venus" (though, if it meant any thing, it would mean "*matrimonial quarrels*").—Mr. Collier retains "*marriage* sight," *i.e.*, he says, "the sight of marriage,—*a very clear reading:*" he adds, however, that probably "in the manuscript *rite* was spelt *right* and misprinted '*sight*';" which I hold for certain.—1865. "Here I think we ought to read '*rites.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 337.—Mr. Collier in the second edition of his *Shakespeare* prints "*rite.*"

(157) *she*] The old eds. have "they."

(158) *neeld*] The old eds. have "needle." See note 59 on *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*"

(159) *night-bird*] The old eds. have "*night* bed."

Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow[160]
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer[161] does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And cursèd Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. Th' unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry[162] wingèd time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *Tharsus. An open place near the sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA *and* LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do't:
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,

(160) *With the dove of Paphos might the crow*] Mason's correction.—The old eds. have "The Doue of Paphos might with *the crow.*"

(161) *murderer*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 201) would read "murder."

(162) *carry*] The old eds. have "carried" (the Ms. perhaps having had "*carrie*").

Which is but cold, inflaming love in thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely;[163] nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should have her.—Here
She comes weeping for her only mistress' death.—[164]
Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, *with a basket of flowers.*

Mar. No,[165] I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers; the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,

(163) *Let not conscience,*
Which is but cold, inflaming love in thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely;]

The old eds. (giving this speech, and nearly the whole of the present scene, as prose) have "*let not conscience, which is but cold,* in flaming, thy loue *bosome*" [and "*inflaming* thy love bosome"], &c.—The passage is evidently so mutilated as to defy any satisfactory restoration. ("The sentiment originally expressed," says Malone, "probably was this: 'Let not conscience, which is but a cold monitor,'" &c.—"Let not conscience," says Steevens, "which in itself is of a cold nature," &c.—CONSCIENCE *a cold monitor, and of a cold nature!*)—1865. Mr. Collier conjectures "infusing *love in thy bosom*," and prints "Inform *too nicely*."

(164) *Here*
She comes weeping for her only mistress' death.—]

Corrupted.—Percy conjectured "*Here* comes she *weeping for her* old nurse's *death:*" which has been further amended to

"*Here*
Weeping she comes *for her* old nurse's *death.*"—

1865. "Perhaps we should arrange and write;

'—— but be
A soldier to thy purpose.
Leon. I'll do't, but yet
She is a goodly creature.
Dion. The fitter then
The gods *above* should have her.—Here she comes weeping
For her *old nurse's* death.—Thou art resolv'd?
Leon. I am resolv'd.'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 337.

(165) *No,*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 145) reads "*No,* no."

While summer-days do last.—Ay me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?[166]
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
A nurse of me. Lord, how your favour's chang'd
With this unprofitable woe! Come,
Give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.[167]
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.—Come,
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,

(166) *keep alone?*] Mr. Collier observes, note *ad l.*, "Malone tells us that the earliest copies read *keep* for 'weep.' Such is not the case with the quarto 1609, the property of the Duke of Devonshire, which, like all the subsequent impressions, has '*weep* alone.'"—The copy of the first quarto in the British Museum (see note 114) has "*keep alone.*"

(167) *Come,*
Give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.]
More corruption.—This has been altered to

"*Come,* come,
Give me your wreath of *flowers, ere the sea mar it.*"

and more recently by Mr. Knight to

"*Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar* them."—

1865. "I think we should arrange and read;

'Come, give me
Your *wreath* of flowers, ere the sun [?] *mar't:* walk *forth*
With Leonine; the air is quick there, and
Pierces and *sharps* the stomach. Come; Leonine,
Take her by th' hand, walk with her.
Mar. No, I pray you,' &c."
Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 112;

where he cites examples of the verb *sharp* from Sackville, Spenser, &c.

He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve[168]
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I've no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come,
I know 'tis good for you.—
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least:
Remember what I've said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while:
Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have a care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.—
[*Exit Dionyza.*
Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said,[169] did never fear,
But cried "Good seamen!" to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands, haling ropes;[170]
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off

[168] *reserve*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 239) would read "preserve."—"To *reserve* is here to *guard*, to *preserve carefully*. So in Shakespeare's 32d *Sonnet;*

'*Reserve* them for my love, not for their rhyme.'" MALONE.

[169] *said,*] The old eds. have "ses" and "saith."

[170] *His kingly hands, haling ropes;*] Amended by Malone to "*His kingly hands* with *hauling* of the *ropes.*"

A canvas-climber. "Ha!" says one, "wilt out?"
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern:[171] the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.
Leon. Come, say your prayers.
Mar. What mean you?
Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious, for
The gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.
Mar. Why will you kill me?
Leon. To satisfy my lady.
Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life:
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm once 'gainst my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?[172]
Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.
Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

(171) *From stem to stern.*] Malone's correction.—The old eds. have "*from* sterne *to sterne.*"

(172) *Wherein my death might yield her any profit,*
Or my life imply her any danger?]

The usual modern reading, and probably nearly the right one, is,

"*Wherein my death might yield her profit, or*
My life imply her danger?"

Leon. I am sworn,
And will dispatch.

Enter Pirates, *whilst* MARINA *is struggling.*

First Pirate. Hold, villain! [*Leonine runs away.*

Sec. Pirate. A prize! a prize!

Third Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have her aboard suddenly. [*Exeunt Pirates with Marina.*

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further:
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Mytilene. A room in a brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, *and* BOULT.

Pand. Boult,—

Boult. Sir?

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mytilene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and with[173] continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou sayest true: 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought up some eleven,—

(173) *and with*] "Old copies, 'and *they* with,' &c. The word 'they' was evidently repeated by the carelessness of the compositor." MALONE.

Boult. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again.—But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou sayest true; they're too[174] unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms.—But I'll go search the market. [*Exit.*

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling. —But here comes Boult.

Re-enter BOULT, *with* MARINA *and the* Pirates.

Boult. [*to Marina*] Come your ways.—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

First Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through[175] for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes: there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

(174) *they're too*] The old eds. have "ther's [and "there's"] two."
(175) *through*] Usually altered by the modern editors to "thorough:" but the sense is the same with either form of the word.

Boult. I cannot be bated[176] one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently.—Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her,—the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, "He that will give most shall have her first." Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit.*

Mar. Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates—
Not enough barbarous—had not o'erboard thrown me
For to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault
To scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions: you shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

(176) *I cannot be bated*, &c.] "This speech should seem to suit the *Pirate*. However, it may belong to Boult:—I cannot *get them to bate me* one doit of a thousand pieces." MALONE.—The preceding speech proves that Boult is the speaker here: but qy. "It *cannot be bated*," &c.?

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's returned.

Re-enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who, Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. [*to Mar.*] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly; to[177] despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these

[177] *to*] Not in the old eds.

blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it?—Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Tharsus. A room in the* Governor's *house.*

Enter CLEON *and* DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed.—O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess

To equal any single crown o' th' earth
I' the justice of compare!—O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison'd too:
If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact:[178] what canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the Fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent,[179]
And for an honest attribute cry out
"She died by foul play."

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think
The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his prime consent[180] he did not flow

([178]) *thy fact:*] The old eds. have "*thy* face;" which Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight retain.—The usual modern reading (Mason's) is "*thy* feat." But here surely "face" is an error for "*fact:*"

"and a fouler *fact*
Did never traitor in the land commit."
Sec. Part of Henry VI. act i. sc. 3.

"damnèd *fact*." *Macbeth*, act iii. sc. 6.—

1865. Mr. Collier in the second edition of his *Shakespeare* adopts my correction, "*thy fact.*"

([179]) *pious innocent,*] "It stands '*impious* innocent' in the quarto 1609, and all the later impressions omit the incongruous epithet. Monck Mason proposed to read '*pious* innocent,' and his conjecture is fully confirmed by Wilkins' novel [see Introd. to this play, p. 3]; for there Dionyza says to her husband, 'If such a *pious innocent* as yourselfe do not reveale it unto him.'" COLLIER.

([180]) *his prime consent,*] The quarto of 1609 has "*his* prince *consent;*" the other old eds. have "*his* whole *consent.*"—The usual modern reading (Steevens's) is "*his* pre-*consent.*"—1865. The Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) adopt my emendation, "*prime.*"

From honourable sources.[181]

Dion. Be't so, then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know now,[182] Leonine being gone.
She did distain my child,[183] and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to our sole daughter.[184]

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs

(181) *sources.*] The old eds. have "courses;" which the modern editors do not even question. (In *All's well that ends well*, act ii. sc. 1, we find

"great floods have *flown*
From simple *sources*," &c.).—

1865. The Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) adopt my emendation, "*sources;*" and Mr. Collier now queries if it be not the right reading.

(182) *now,*] Added by Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 263), who justly observes that the *logic* of the passage, as well as the rhythm, requires it.

(183) *She did distain my child,*] The old eds. have "—— disdaine *my childe;*" which the modern editors retain, though Steevens had suggested the true reading,—though Marina is so far from *disdaining* any one that she is represented as meekness itself,—though our old writers so frequently use *distain* in the sense (absolutely required here) of *sullying by contrast*,—and though in the Induction to this act Gower has said,

"Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so *darks*
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife," &c.—

1865. The editions of *Shakespeare* published since the appearance of this note have the reading "*distain.*"

(184) *our sole daughter.*] The old eds. have "your *sole daughter*" (in consequence of "*your* child" in the line but one above).—Corrected by Walker, *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 9.

In glittering golden characters express[185]
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.
Cle. Thou'rt like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.[186]
Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies:
But yet I know you'll do as I advise.[187] [*Exeunt.*

(185) *And as for Pericles,*
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express]

In the third line the modern reading (which Mr. Collier silently adopts) is "*And* even *yet we mourn*," &c.—The quarto of 1619 alters "*epitaphs*" to "epitaph" (but in *Much Ado about Nothing*, act iv. sc. 1, the Friar, speaking of Hero, says,

"Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful *epitaphs*," &c.).—

The third folio (giving, like the other old eds., this speech in prose) has

"*And as for Pericles, what should he say?*
We wept after her hearse, and yet we mourn:
Her monument almost finished, and her Epitaph
In glittering," &c.

(186) *talons.*] The old eds. have "talents;" "talent" being an old form of "*talon:*" compare *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv. sc. 2, where it is absolutely necessary to retain that form on account of the quibble; "If a *talent* be a claw, look how he claws him with a *talent*." In the present passage, however, it is better to print, with the modern editors, "*talons.*"

(187) *You are like one that superstitiously*
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies:
But yet I know you'll do as I advise.]

"*Here* the rhyme is out of place. We should read and arrange, I imagine;

'You are like one
That superstitiously doth swear to th' gods
That winter kills the flies; but yet, I know,
You'll do as I advise *you*.'"
Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 338.

Enter GOWER, *before the monument of* MARINA *at Tharsus.*

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for't;
Making—to take your[188] imagination—
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps[189] to teach you,
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships[190] and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tharsus—think his[191] pilot thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on—[192]
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.

[188] *your*] The old eds. have "our."
[189] *i' the gaps*] The quarto of 1609 has "with *gappes;*" the other old eds. substitute "in" for "with."

[190] *Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late*
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships]

So Steevens.—The old eds. have

"Old Helicanus goes along behind,
Is left to gouerne it, you beare in mind.
Old Escenes, whom Hellicanus late
Aduancde in time to great and hie estate.
Well sayling ships."

Here Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 308) conjectures "*Advanc'd* in Tyre *to*," &c., and "Good *Helicanus goes*," &c.
[191] *his*] The old eds. have "this."
[192] *grow on—*] So Malone.—The old eds. have "grone."

Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

DUMB-SHOW.

Enter, from one side, PERICLES *with his Train; from the other,* CLEON *and* DIONYZA. CLEON *shows* PERICLES *the tomb of* MARINA; *whereat* PERICLES *makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt* CLEON *and* DIONYZA.

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through and biggest tears o'ershower'd,
Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs:
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.*

"The fairest, sweet'st, and best lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud,[193] swallow'd some part o' th' earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does—and swears she'll never stint—
Make raging battery upon shores of flint."

No visor doth become black villany
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered

(193) *Thetis, being proud,*] "Every old copy," says Mr. Collier, "corruptly reads '*That is* being proud.'" Not so: the copy of the quarto of 1609 in the British Museum (see note 114) has the true reading.

By Lady Fortune; while our scene[194] must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
In her unholy service. Patience, then,
And think you now are all in Mytilen. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Mytilene. A street before the brothel.*

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

Sec. Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

First Gent. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

Sec. Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses:—shall's go hear the vestals sing?

First Gent. I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. A room in the brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, *and* BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she's able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

(194) *scene*] The old eds. have "steare." (Mr. Knight substitutes "tears;" without any regard to the sense.)

Bawd. Faith, there no way to be rid on't but by the way to the pox.—Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity! Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mytilene.

Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness,[195] thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir,[196] white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, prithee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.[197] [*Exit Boult.*

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk,—never plucked yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter BOULT *with* MARINA.

Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you:—leave us.

([195]) *the deed of darkness,*] So the quarto of 1630.—The other old eds. have "*the* deedes [and "deeds"] *of*," &c.

([196]) Boult. *For flesh and blood, sir*, &c.] Mr. Grant White assigns this speech and the next but one to "*Bawd.*"

([197]) *a number to be chaste.*] Mr. Collier prints (what cannot possibly be right) "*a number* of the *chaste.*"—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 200) proposes "*a* murderer *to be chaste.*"

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. [*to Marina*] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Ha' you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet: you must take some pains to work her to your manage.—Come, we will leave his honour and her together.—Go thy ways.(198)

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and Boult.*

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.(199)

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to't so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

(198) *Go thy ways.*] These words are only in the quarto of 1609.—Malone made them the commencement of the next speech.—Steevens observes that they "may signify only 'Go back again;' and might have been addressed by the Bawd to Marina, who had offered to quit the room with her." (The Bawd, p. 72, says to Marina, "Come your ways," &c.)

(199) *Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.*] So the third folio.—The earlier eds. have "*Why, I cannot* name *but*," &c.—Steevens reads "What *I cannot* name *but I shall offend.*"

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into't? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof[200] for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage.

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Have plac'd me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,—
O, that the gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:
Persever in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The good gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—
Hold, here's more gold for thee.—

[200] *aloof*] The old eds. have "aloft."

A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter BOULT.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damnèd doorkeeper!
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink, and overwhelm you. Away! [*Exit.*

Boult. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She[201] makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her! Would she had

(201) *She*] The old eds. have "He."

never come within my doors!—Marry, hang you!—She's born to undo us.—Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit.*

Boult. Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou art the damnèd doorkeeper to every
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib;
To the choleric fisting of every rogue
Thy ear is liable; thy food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, or common shores, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
Any of these ways are yet better than this;
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear.[202]—O, that the gods

(202) *Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty*
. . . . . .
Would own a name too dear.]

Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 27) proposes to read and arrange as follows;

"*Do any thing*
But this thou dost. Empty old receptacles,
Or common sewers, of filth; serve by indenture

Would safely from this place deliver me!—[203]
Here, here's gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain by me,[204]
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;
And I[205] will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admirèd lays;

> *To th' common hangman: any of these ways*
> *Are* better yet *than this; for* that which *thou*
> *Professest* here, *a bâboon, could he speak,*
> *Would own a name too dear.*"

([203]) *Would safely from this place deliver me!—*] The old eds. have "*Would safely* deliuer me from this place."

([204]) *would gain by me,*] The modern reading is "*would gain* aught *by me;*" which at least restores the metre.

([205]) *I*] Not in the old eds.

Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her neeld[206] composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses;
Her inkle, silk, twin[207] with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the cursèd bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost:
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd[208]
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His[209] banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight
Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark:[210]
Where what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark. [*Exit.*

(206) *neeld*] See note 158.
(207) *twin*] The old eds. have "Twine."
(208) *Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost: Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd*]

So Malone.—The quarto of 1609 has

"*Where wee left him on the Sea, wee there him* left,
Where *driuen before the windes, he is arriude.*"

The second quarto and all the subsequent old eds. have

"*Where we left him at sea,* tumbled and tost,
And *driuen before the* winde, *he is arriude.*"

(209) *His*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 229) would read "Her," —rightly perhaps: but see note 83.

(210) *In your supposing once more put your sight Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark:*]

So all the old eds., except the third folio, which has "On *heavy Pericles,*" &c.: but here the "*Of*" of the earlier eds. is (as in some other passages of these plays) equivalent to "On;" and the meaning is,—"In your imagination once more fix your eyes on heavy Pericles," &c.—The usual modern alteration is,

"*In your supposing once more put your sight; Of heavy Pericles think this* the *bark.*"

SCENE I. *On board* PERICLES' *ship, off Mytilene. A pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it;* PERICLES *within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.*

Enter two Sailors, *one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them* HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. [*to the Sailor of Mytilene.*] Where is Lord Helicane?[211] he can resolve you.
O, here he is.—
Sir, there's a barge put off from Mytilene,
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

First Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen, there's some of worth would come aboard: I pray ye, greet them fairly.[212]

[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.*

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS *and* Lords, *with the* Gentlemen *and the two* Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,

[211] *Where is Lord Helicane?*] The quarto of 1609 has "*Where is Lord* Helicanus?"—The other old eds. have "*Where is* the *Lord* Hellicanus?"—Compare, p. 42, "*Lord Helicane.*"

[212] *Gentlemen, there's some of worth would come aboard:*
I pray ye, greet them fairly.]

The quarto of 1609 alone has "*greet* him *fairely;*" which Mr. Collier retains, understanding "*some of worth*" in the preceding line to mean "some person of worth:" but the reading of the later old eds. is the more natural one:—Lysimachus comes accompanied by his *Lords* (as is proved by the prefix "*Lord.*" to one of the speeches in this scene).—Here Mr. Knight unscrupulously prints "*some* one *of worth* . . . him *fairly.*" 1865. Mr. Collier in the second edition of his *Shakespeare* prints "*Greet them fairly.*"

Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir,[213] to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the governor
Of this place you lie before.[214]

Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance
But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. 'Twould be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss[215]
Of a belovèd daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hel. You may;
But bootless is your sight,—he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him [*Draws the curtain, and discovers Pericles*]. This was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,[216]
Drove him to this.

(213) *sir,*] Not in the old eds.

(214) *what is your place?*
. . . . . .
Of this place you lie before.]

This repetition of the word "*place*" is noticed as suspicious by Walker, *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 308.

(215) *But the main grief springs from the loss*] Corrupted.—Most modern editors (even Mr. Collier) silently print "*But the main grief* of all *springs*," &c.

(216) *night,*] The old eds. have "wight."

Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

First Lord. Sir,
We have a maid in Mytilen, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,[217]
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And, with her fellow maids, is now upon[218]
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side. [*Whispers First Lord; who goes off in the barge of Lysimachus.*

Hel. Sure, all's[219] effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you[220]
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy
Which if we should deny, the most just gods[221]

(217) *deafen'd parts,*] Mr. Collier is mistaken in saying that "the old copies all read '*defended* parts':"—the copy of the quarto of 1609 in the British Museum (see note 114) has "defend *parts.*"—1865. Steevens conjectures "*deafen'd* ports," *i.e.* gates, doors of hearing.

(218) *She is all happy as the fairest of all,*
And, with her fellow maids, is now upon]

In the second line the old eds. omit "*with*" and "*is.*"—Steevens printed

"*She,* all as *happy as* of all the fairest,
Is, *with her fellow* maidens, *now upon.*"

(219) *all's*] The old eds. have "all."

(220) *beseech you*] The modern reading is "*beseech you* further."

(221) *gods*] The old eds. have "God;" which the modern editors retain. But (though Simonides, p. 45, uses the common expression, "*God* give you joy!" and again, p. 50, the Sailor says, "*God* save you!") there are numerous passages in the play which prove that here the old eds. are in error.—1865. Mr. Staunton and the Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) print "*gods.*"—"Certainly '*gods.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 225.

For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so afflict[222] our province.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir; I will recount it to you:—
But, see, I am prevented.

Re-enter, from the barge, First Lord, *with* MARINA *and a young* Lady.

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for.—Welcome, fair one!—
Is't not a goodly presence?[223]

Hel. She's a gallant lady.

Lys. She's such a one,[224] that, were I well assur'd

(222) *afflict*] The old eds. have "inflict;" which, though the modern editors retain it, I believe to be one of the host of errors which vitiate the text of this unfortunate drama.—1865. Mr. Collier in the second edition of his *Shakespeare* and the Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) print "*afflict.*"—"For '*inflict*' read with Dyce '*afflict.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 225.

Here, in his second edition, Mr. Collier takes occasion to observe that "in 'No Wit, no Help like a Woman's' (Dyce's Middleton, vol. v. p. 97) Mr. Dyce most unaccountably prints 'fection' (which he pleases to construe *affection*, although the word was never before so spelt or printed) for *fiction*, elaborately defending the absurdity, we must call it, in a note. Mr. Dyce ought, therefore, to be a most forbearing, instead of a most eager censurer of the lapses of other people."

No, no; "the absurdity" lies, not in my having printed "*'fection*," but in Mr. Collier's confidently asserting that it should be altered to "fiction." The passage of Middleton stands in my edition thus;

> "*L. Twi.* Here, take her then, and set thine arms a-work;
> There needs no *'fection*, 'tis indeed thy sister."

and the note on it is,

> "*'fection*] So old ed.,—a contraction of *affection, i.e.* affectation."

Will any body, except Mr. Collier, doubt that the "*'fection*" of the old copy was intended for the abbreviation of "*affection*"? and Mr. Collier has himself observed (vol. v. p. 524) that "'*affection*' was used by Shakespeare and other writers for 'affectation.'" The meaning of the passage is; "Here, take her then, and embrace her heartily; and you may do so with unaffected warmth, for she is indeed thy sister."

(223) *presence?*] The old eds. have "present?"

(224) *She's such a one*, &c.] The modern alteration is;

> *She's such, that, were I well assur'd* she *came*
> *Of gentle kind and noble stock, I'd wish*
> *No better choice, and think me rarely wed.*"

Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.—
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty (225)
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous-artificial feat (226)
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him. (227)

Lys. Come, let's leave her;
And the gods make her prosperous! [*Marina sings.* (228)

(225) *bounty*] The old eds. have "beauty."

(226) *thy prosperous-artificial feat*] The old eds. have "*thy prosperous* and *artificiall* fate."—Percy suggested "*feat.*"—We owe "*prosperous-artificial*" to Steevens; who observes, "Our author has many compound epithets of the same kind; for instance, 'dismal-fatal,' 'mortal-staring,' 'childish-foolish,' 'senseless-obstinate,' &c., in all of which the first adjective is adverbially used."—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 96) adopts Steevens's correction, explaining it, "*the successful exertion of thy art.*"

(227) *My utmost skill in his recovery,*
Provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him.]

The modern amended text (given silently by Mr. Collier) is,

"*My utmost skill in his recovery,*
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him."—

Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 212) proposes,

"*My utmost skill in his* recure, *provided*
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him."—

I doubt, however, if there be any corruption in the word "*recovery;*" which, be it observed, occurs a few speeches earlier;

"yet nothing we'll omit
That bears *recovery's* name."

(228) [Marina sings.] In the printed copies of early dramas the songs are frequently omitted; and here the old eds. have merely a stage-direc-

Lys. Mark'd he your music?
Mar. No, nor look'd on us.
Lys. See, she will speak to him.
Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.
Per. Hum, ha!
Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on like a comet: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude.—[*Aside*] I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, "Go not till he speak."
Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—

tion, "*The Song.*"—In Wilkins's novel founded on the present play (to which see Introd. p. 3) Marina sings the following song;

"Amongst the harlots foule I walke,
Yet harlot none am I:
The rose amongst the thornes doth grow,
And is not hurt thereby.
The thiefe that stole me, sure I thinke,
Is slaine before this time.
A bawde me bought, yet am I not
Defilde by fleshly crime.
Nothing were pleasanter to me
Then parents mine to know:
I am the issue of a king;
My blood from kings dooth flow.
In time the heauens may mend my state,
And send a better day;
For sorrow addes vnto our griefes,
And helps not any way.
Shew gladnesse in your countenaunce,
Cast vp your cheerefull eies:
That God remaines that once of nought
Created earth and skies."

This song, with the exception of a couplet at the end, agrees nearly with the song translated from the *Gesta Romanorum* by Twine in his *Patterne of Painefull Aduentures*, &c., on which the present play is mainly founded.

To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?
Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.
Per. I do think so.—Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.[229]
You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?
Mar. No, nor of any shores:[230]
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.
Per. I'm great with woe,[231] and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly; in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?
Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.
Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?

[229] *I do think so.—Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.*] The usual modern alteration (which Mr. Collier silently adopts) is,

"*I do think so.*
I *pray you, turn your eyes* again *upon me.*"

[230] *What countrywoman?*
Here of these shores?
Mar. *No, nor of any shores:*]

Lord Charlemont's correction.—The old eds. have

"*what Country*-women heare *of these* shewes?
Mar. No, nor of any shewes."

[231] *I'm great with woe*, &c.] "The flow is not Shakespeare's. Qu.;

'I am great with woe,
And shall deliver weeping. My dear'st wife
[Methinks?] was like this maid, and such a (*an*) one
My daughter might have been.'

'*Dear'st*' for '*dearest*' is frequent (perhaps the more frequent of the two) in Shakespeare." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 338.

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.[232]
Per. Prithee, speak:
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say,[233] when I did push thee back,—
Which was when I perceiv'd thee,—that thou cam'st
From good descending?
Mar. So indeed I did.
Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.
Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.
Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou'rt a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name,[234] my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.
Mar. My name is Marina.
Per. O, I am mock'd,

(232) *If I should tell my history, it would seem*
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.]

The author's text was perhaps something like this;

"*If I should tell*
My history, 'twould seem to you *like lies*
Disdain'd in the reporting."

(233) *say,*] The old eds. have "stay."
(234) *How lost thou them? Thy name,*] So Malone.—The old eds. have "*how lost thou thy name.*"

And thou by some incensèd god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.
Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.
Per. Nay, I'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.
Mar. The name[235]
Was given me by one that had some power,—
My father, and a king.
Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?
Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.
Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion!—Well; speak on.[236] Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?

(235) *The name*, &c.] "We should perhaps arrange;

'The name was given me
By one that had some power;
My father and a king;'

i.e. that had some *right* to name me, I think." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 339.

(236) *Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?*
Motion!—Well; speak on.]

The various punctuation of the old eds. is,

"—— *and are no Fairie?*
Motion well, speake on."
"—— *and are no Fairy?*
Motion well speake on."
"—— *and are no Fairy?*
Motion? well, speak on."

Steevens reads,

"No *motion?*" &c.

i.e. "no puppet dressed up to deceive me:" Mr. Knight adopts Mason's conjecture,

"*Have you a working pulse? and are no* fairy-motion?
Well; speak on."

and Mr. Collier gives,

Mar. Call'd Marina
For I was born at sea.
Per. At sea! what mother?
Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very[237] minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.
Per. O, stop there a little!—
[*Aside*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:
My daughter's[238] buried.—Well:—where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.
Mar. You'll scarce believe me;[239]
'Twere best I did give o'er.
Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?
Mar. The king my father did in Tharsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A crew of pirates came and rescu'd me;
Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be,
You think me an impostor: no, good faith;

> "*Have you a working pulse? and are no* fairy
> Motion? *Well; speak on.*"—

But all the commentators, I believe, have misunderstood the passage. "*Motion!*" is the exclamation of Pericles, after he has felt Marina's pulse, and has ascertained by its beating that she really is a creature of flesh and blood.—1865. The Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) adopt my punctuation.

(237) *very*] Which, no doubt, the author wrote, was added by Malone.

(238) *daughter's*] The old eds. have "daughter."

(239) *You'll scarce believe me;*] The old eds. have "You scorne, *beleeue me.*"—"The reply of Pericles ['I will believe you by the syllable,' &c.] induces me to think the author wrote '*You'll scarce* believe me.' Pericles had expressed no *scorn* in the preceding speech; but, on the contrary, great complacency and attention . . . . The false prints in this play are so numerous, that the greatest latitude must be allowed to conjecture." MALONE.

I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be.
Per. Ho, Helicanus!
Hel. Calls my lord?
Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor:
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?
Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene
Speaks nobly of her.
Lys. She would never[240] tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.
Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness.—O, come hither,
Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again!—O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank th' holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.
Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?
Per. I'm Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name,—as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect,—
The heir of kingdoms, and another like
To Pericles thy father.[241]

([240]) *would never*] The old eds. have "neuer would."

([241]) *Thou hast been godlike perfect,—*
The heir of kingdoms, and another like
To Pericles thy father.]

A passage apparently mutilated.—Malone prints

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child.—
Give me fresh garments.—Mine own, Helicanus,—
She is not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mytilene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, sir.[242]
Give me my robes.—I'm wild in my beholding.—
O heavens bless my girl!—But, hark, what music?—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But, what music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None!
The music of the spheres!—List, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rar'st sounds! Do ye not hear?

> "*Thou hast been godlike perfect,—the heir of kingdoms,*
> *And* a mother *like to Pericles thy father.*"—

Mason conjectures

> "*Thou hast been godlike perfect,*—thou'rt *heir of kingdoms,*
> *And another* life *to Pericles thy father.*"

(and the alteration of "*like*" to "life" may be right: in his preceding speech Pericles addresses Marina as

> "Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget;"

and afterwards,—see note 245,—the old eds. have, by mistake, "like" for "*life*").—Mr. Collier in the second edition of his *Shakespeare* gives

> "*Thou hast been godlike perfect*) thou *heir of kingdoms,*
> *And another* life *to Pericles, thy father.*"

(242) *sir.*] A modern addition,—the word having as certainly been omitted here by mistake as in p. 87: see note 213.—In the last line but one of this speech the old eds. have the misprint "doat" and "dote" for "*doubt.*"

Lys. My lord, I hear.[243] [*Music.*

Per. Most heavenly music!
It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [*Sleeps.*

Lys. A pillow for his head:—
So, leave him all.—Well, my companion friends,[244]
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you. [*Exeunt all except Pericles.*

DIANA *appears.*

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.[245]
Or perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe;
Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!
Away, and tell thy dream.[246] [*Disappears.*

(243) *My lord, I hear.* [Music.] The old eds. have "Musicke *my Lord, I heare.*" But in this speech, as in an earlier one (see note 5), "Musicke" is a stage-direction crept into the text. The author evidently intended that the *Music* (a prelude to the appearance of Diana), which had already been ringing in the ears of Pericles, should now be heard by the audience, though those on the stage with Pericles were supposed not to hear it. (The usual modern reading is strange enough;

"Music? My lord, I hear—")

(244) *Well, my companion friends,*] Malone would read "*Well, my companion* friend," making this a speech of Marina to her female companion; or else, retaining the old text here with the prefix *Marina*, he would read in a former speech, p. 90, "*my companion* maids,"—since we have been told, p. 88, that Marina was "with her fellow *maids*," &c.

(245) *to the life.*] The old eds. have "*to the* like;" which Mr. Knight retains! and which Mr. Collier (though he prints "*life*") says "was *most probably* an error of the press;" as if there could be any doubt of it, a rhyme being required to "wife."—The earlier part of this speech is mutilated; the whole having been originally in rhyme.

(246) *Or perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe;*
Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!
Awake, and tell thy dream.]

In the first line the usual modern reading is "*Perform my bidding,*"—

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee.—Helicanus!

Re-enter HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS, MARINA, *&c.*

Hel. Sir?
Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
Th' inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—
[*To Lysimachus*] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?
Lys. Sir,
With all my heart; and, when you come ashore,
I have another suit.[247]
Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.
Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.
Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER, *before the temple of* DIANA *at Ephesus.*

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.[248]

rightly perhaps; in the second, "*Do't, and* be *happy*,"—quite wrong, for the context shows that "*and happy*" is equivalent to "*and* thou liv'st *happy*."—Mr. Knight's punctuation,

"*by my silver bow*
Awake, and tell thy dream,"

destroys all meaning. Diana declares, "*by her silver bow*," that Pericles shall be either wretched or happy, as he disobeys or obeys her bidding.

[247] *suit*] So Malone.—The old eds. have "sleight."

[248] *then dumb*] Rowe printed "*then* done."—"There are many as imperfect rhymes in this play [and in the much earlier writers who are imitated in Gower's speeches] as that of the present couplet. So, in a former chorus, *moons* and *dooms*. Again, at the end of this, *soon* and *doom*." MALONE. And see notes 56, 58.

This, my last boon, give me,—
For such kindness must relieve me,[249]
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,[250]
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mytilin,
To greet the king. So he thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancies' thankful doom.[251] [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The temple of* DIANA *at Ephesus;* THAISA *standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side;* CERIMON *and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

Enter PERICLES, *with his Train;* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and a* Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;

(249) *This, my last boon, give me,—*
For such kindness must relieve me,]

Steevens reads "*This*, as *my last*," &c.; an addition which, as he himself confesses, only partially assists the metre. (What the author wrote was perhaps not unlike "*This, my last boon*, deign to *give me.*")

(250) *What pageantry, what feats, what shows,*] Here Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 339) bids us alter "*feats*" to "feasts:" but "*feats*" seems to stand between "*pageantry*" and "*shows*" with more propriety than "feasts" would do.

(251) *Is by your fancies' thankful doom.*] So the old eds.—The modern editors alter "*fancies'*" to "fancy's."—"The old grammar requires '*fancies*,' the persons spoken of being plural." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*,

Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.[252]
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who,[253] O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon; who at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mytilene; 'gainst whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!—
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— [*Faints.*

Per. What means the nun?[254] she dies! help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'erjoy'd.—
Early in[255] blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I op'd the coffin,
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her
Here in Diana's temple.

&c., vol. ii. p. 101. Compare "fine *fancies*," p. 46.—Steevens, for the rhyme, gives "boon," and cites in support of the change the third line of this speech: see, however, note 248.

(252) *At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.*] Usually altered by the modern editors to "The fair Thaisa at Pentapolis."

(253) *who,*] With the exception of the fourth folio, the old eds. have "whom;" which as a nominative is much less endurable in a modern edition than "*who*" (see the next line but one) as an accusative.

(254) *nun?*] So Mr. Collier.—The first quarto has "mum;" the later eds. have "woman."—To show that "mum" is a misprint for "*nun*," Mr. Grant White quotes from Wilkins' tale [see Introd. to the present play, p. 3]; "Hauing thus left the recouered Thaysa amongst the holy *Nunnes* in the Temple of Diana at Ephesus," &c., chap. viii.; "for in this temple was she [Thaysa] placed to be a *Nunne*," &c., chap. xi.: and he also adduces passages from Twine's *Patterne of Painefull Aduentures*, &c., to the same effect.

(255) *in*] Malone substituted "one,"—rightly perhaps.

Per. May we see them?
Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you.—Look, Thaisa is
Recover'd.
Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing.—O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?
Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!
Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposèd dead
And drown'd.
Per. Immortal Dian!
Thai. Now I know you better.—
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring. [*Shows a ring.*
Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sport: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen.—O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.
Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
[*Kneels to Thaisa.*
Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.
Thai. Bless'd, and mine own!
Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!
Thai. I know you not.
Per. You've heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute:
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I've nam'd him oft.
Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.
Per. Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserv'd; and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this is the man,[256]
Through whom the gods have shown their power, that can
From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placèd here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian,[257] bless thee for thy vision! I
Will offer night-oblations to thee.—Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothèd of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis.—And now,
This ornament
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,
My father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves

[256] *this is the man,*] So Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 339), whose correction undoubtedly restores the true reading.—The old eds. have "*this man.*"

[257] *Pure Dian*, &c.] A speech so corrupted that it admits of no tolerable arrangement.—I follow here the quarto of 1609, except that in the first line I have added the pronoun "I."—The usual modern refiction is;

"*Pure* Diana,
I *bless thee for thy vision*, and [so the sec. quarto] *will offer*
My *night oblations to thee. Thaisa,*
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now
This ornament, that [so the sec. quarto] *makes me look* so *dismal,*
Will I, my lov'd Marina, *clip to form*," &c.

Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.—
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold: sir, lead's the way. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserv'd[258] from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last:
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learnèd charity aye wears:
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursèd deed, and[259] honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city[260] turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn;
The gods for murder seemèd so content
To punish them,[261]—although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.
[*Exit.*

([258]) *preserv'd,*] The old eds. have "preferd."
([259]) *and*] So the third folio.—The earlier eds. have "the."
([260]) *the city*] "Is here used for *the collective body of the citizens.*" MALONE.
([261]) *them,—*] Added by Malone, and required both for sense and metre.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

THE title-page of the original edition runs as follows;

The Two Noble Kinsmen: Presented at the Blackfriers by the Kings Maiesties servants, with great applause: Written by the memorable Worthies of their time;

Mr. John Fletcher, and Mr. William Shakespeare. } *Gent.*

Printed at London by Tho. Cotes, for John Waterson: and are to be sold at the signe of the Crowne in Pauls Church-yard. 1634. 4to.

It is printed also in the folios of Shakespeare, 1664 and 1685, and in the folio of Beaumont and Fletcher, 1679.

The story of this tragedy (as the Prologue states) is derived from the well-known *Knightes Tale* of Chaucer, which is founded on the *Teseide* of Boccaccio.*

Though perfectly convinced that portions of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* are from Shakespeare's pen, I did not originally intend that it should be inserted in the present edition; but I now reprint it in deference to the opinion of more than one literary friend, who think that the works of the great dramatist can hardly be considered as complete without it.—Both Coleridge and Walker have unhesitatingly expressed their belief that Shakespeare was concerned in the composition of this play. The former says; "I have no doubt whatever that the first act and the first scene of the second act of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* are Shakespeare's" (*Table-Talk*, vol. ii. p. 119, ed. 1835; where the reporter of Coleridge's conversation has made a mistake, "the first scene of the second act" being manifestly Fletcher's). The latter observes that "the whole [of the first] act bears indisputable marks of Shakespeare's hand" (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 227); that in the first scene of that act we have "surely *aut Shakespearius aut diabolus!*" (*Id.* vol. ii. p. 75); and that the first scene of the fifth act "surely is Shakespeare's also" (*Id.* vol. i. p. 227). See, too, the elaborate *Letter on Shakespeare's Authorship of the Two Noble Kinsmen* by a very acute critic, Mr. Spalding; who declares that "the whole of the first act may be safely pronounced to be Shakespeare's,"—that "in the second act no part seems to have been taken by Shakespeare,"—that "nothing in the third act can with confidence be attributed to Shakespeare, except the first scene,"—that "the fourth act may safely be pronounced wholly Fletcher's,"—that "in the fifth act we again feel the presence of the master of the spell. Several passages in this portion are marked by

* Every lover of Italian poetry must regret that there is no good critical edition of the *Teseide*. Now that Mr. Panizzi has resigned the office which he has so long and so ably filled, could he employ his leisure more pleasantly to himself or more usefully to the public than in doing for that fine poem of Boccaccio what he did in former years for the *Orlandos* of Bojardo and Ariosto?

as striking tokens of his art as any thing which we read in *Macbeth* or *Coriolanus*. The whole act, a very long one, may be boldly attributed to him, with the exception of one episodical scene."* For my own part, I believe that Shakespeare wrote all those portions of the play which Mr. Spalding assigns to him, though I conceive that in some places they may have been altered and interpolated by Fletcher.—I must now be allowed to quote from the *Account of the Lives and Writings of Beaumont and Fletcher*, which is prefixed to my edition of their works; "The tale of Chaucer on which *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is founded, had been dramatised at a much earlier period. A play called *Palamon and Arcyte*† (by Richard Edwards) was performed before Queen Elizabeth in the hall of Christ-Church, Oxford, in 1566; and we learn from Henslowe's *Diary* that a piece entitled *Palamon and Arsett* was acted several times at the Newington theatre in 1594.‡ Mr. Collier conjectures that the last-mentioned piece may have been a rifacimento of Edwards's play, and that in 1594 Shakespeare may have introduced into *Palamon and Arsett* those alterations and additions which afterwards 'were employed by Fletcher in the play as it was printed in 1634.'§ But I suspect that the *Palamon and Arsett* of 1594 was a distinct piece from the academical drama of 1566; and I cannot persuade myself that the 'Shakespearian' portions of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* were composed so early as 1594,—stamped as they every where are with the manner of Shakespeare's later years." p. lxxxv. I feel assured, however, that they existed before Fletcher contributed any thing to the play; in other words, that the two poets did not work on it simultaneously. Fletcher's contributions "include the distraction of the Gaoler's Daughter, which in some points is a direct plagiarism of Ophelia's madness in *Hamlet;* and it is highly improbable that, if the two dramatists had worked together on the tragedy, Fletcher would have ventured to make so free with the poetical property of Shakespeare: indeed, I fully assent to the truth of Mr. Knight's remark, that 'the underplot, the love of the Gaoler's Daughter for Palamon, her agency in his escape from prison, her subsequent madness, and her unnatural and revolting union with one who is her lover under these circumstances,—is of a nature not to be conceived by Shakespeare, and further not to be tolerated in any work with which he was concerned.'" p. lxxxvi. Fletcher died in August 1625: but how long previous to the close of his career he was employed on *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, we are unable to determine: nor are we less uncertain at what date it was originally brought upon the stage.

* *i.e.*, according to the present edition, the second scene of act five. Mr. Spalding (following Weber's division of scenes) mentions it as scene 4.

† This piece has perished. Weber, Spalding, and others (deceived by that arch-inventor of editions, Chetwood) mention it as having been printed in 1585.

‡ Henslowe's *Diary*, pp. 41, 43, 44, ed. Shake. Soc. § *Id.* p. 41.

PROLOGUE. [*Flourish.*

NEW plays and maidenheads are near akin;
Much follow'd both, for both much money gi'en,
If they stand sound and well: and a good play,
Whose modest scenes blush on his marriage-day,
And shake to lose his honour, is like her
That, after holy tie and first night's stir,
Yet still is modesty, and still retains
More of the maid to sight than husband's pains.
We pray our play may be so; for I'm sure
It has a noble breeder and a pure,
A learnèd, and a poet never went
More famous yet 'twixt Po and silver Trent:
Chaucer, of all admir'd, the story gives;
There constant to eternity it lives.
If we let fall the nobleness of this,
And the first sound this child hear be a hiss,
How will it shake the bones of that good man,
And make him cry from under ground, "O, fan
From me the witless chaff of such a writer
That blasts my bays, and my fam'd works makes lighter
Than Robin Hood!" This is the fear we bring;
For, to say truth, it were an endless thing,
And too ambitious, to aspire to him.
Weak as we are, and almost breathless swim
In this deep water, do but you hold out
Your helping hands, and we shall tack about,
And something do to save us: you shall hear
Scenes, though below his art, may yet appear
Worth two hours' travail. To his bones sweet sleep!
Content to you!—If this play do not keep
A little dull time from us, we perceive
Our losses fall so thick, we must needs leave. [*Flourish.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, duke of Athens.
PIRITHOUS, an Athenian general.
ARTESIUS, an Athenian captain.
PALAMON, ARCITE, } nephews to Creon king of Thebes.
VALERIUS, a Theban nobleman.
Six Knights.
Herald.
Gaoler.
Wooer to the Gaoler's Daughter.
Doctor.
Brother, Friends, } to the Gaoler.
Gentleman.
GERROLD, a schoolmaster.

HIPPOLYTA, an Amazon, bride to Theseus.
EMILIA, her sister.
Three Queens.
Gaoler's Daughter.
Waiting-woman to Emilia.

Countrymen, Messengers, a man personating Hymen, Boy, Executioner, Guard, and Attendants. Country wenches, and women personating Nymphs.

SCENE—*Athens and the neighbourhood, except in part of the first act, where it is Thebes and the neighbourhood.*

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens. Before a temple.*

Enter Hymen *with a torch burning; a* Boy, *in a white robe, before, singing and strewing flowers; after* Hymen, *a* Nymph, *encompassed in her tresses, bearing a wheaten garland; then* THESEUS, *between two other* Nymphs *with wheaten chaplets on their heads; then* HIPPOLYTA, *the bride, led by* PIRITHOUS,[1] *and another holding a garland over her head, her tresses likewise hanging; after her,* EMILIA, *holding up her train;* ARTESIUS *and* Attendants.

SONG *by the Boy.*

Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true;

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on deathbeds blowing,
Larks'-heels trim;

(1) PIRITHOUS,] The old eds. have "Theseus."

All dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense! [*Strewing flowers.*
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious or bird fair,
Be[2] absent hence!

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,[3]
Nor chattering pie,
May on our bride-house perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly![4]

Enter three Queens, *in black, with veils stained, and wearing imperial crowns. The first* Queen *falls down at the foot of* THESEUS; *the second falls down at the foot of* HIPPOLYTA; *the third before* EMILIA.

First Queen. For pity's sake and true gentility's,
Hear, and respect me!
Sec. Queen. For your mother's sake,
And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair ones,
Hear, and respect me!
Third Queen. Now, for the love of him whom Jove hath mark'd
The honour of your bed, and for the sake
Of clear virginity, be advocate
For us and our distresses! This good deed
Shall raze you out o' the book of trespasses
All you are set down there.
Thes. Sad lady, rise.
Hip. Stand up.
Emi. No knees to me:
What woman I may stead that is distress'd
Does bind me to her.

(2) *Be*] The old eds. have "Is."
(3) *chough hoar,*] The old eds. have "Clough hee" (and "he").—Corrected by Seward.
(4) *But from it fly!*] "Is the epithalamium broken off by the entrance of the Queens? It *seems* unfinished; and it is more natural, I think, that it should be interrupted." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 340.

Thes. What's your request? deliver you for all.

First Queen. We are three queens, whose sovereigns fell before
The wrath of cruel Creon; who endure[5]
The beaks of ravens, talons[6] of the kites,
And pecks of crows, in the foul fields[7] of Thebes:
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,
To urn their ashes, nor to take th' offence
Of mortal loathsomeness from the blest eye
Of holy Phœbus, but infects the winds
With stench of our slain lords. O, pity, duke!
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd sword,
That does good turns to the world; give us the bones
Of our dead kings, that we may chapel them;
And, of[8] thy boundless goodness, take some note
That for our crownèd heads we have no roof
Save this, which is the lion's and the bear's,
And vault to every thing!

Thes. Pray you, kneel not:
I was transported with your speech, and suffer'd
Your knees to wrong themselves. I've heard the fortunes
Of your dèad lords, which gives me such lamenting
As wakes my vengeance and revenge for 'em.
King Capanëus[9] was your lord: the day
That he should marry you, at such a season
As now it is with me, I met your groom
By Mars's altar; you were that time fair,
Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses,
Nor in more bounty spread her; your wheaten wreath
Was then nor thrash'd nor blasted; Fortune at you
Dimpled her cheek with smiles; Hercules our kinsman—
Then weaker than your eyes—laid by his club;
He tumbled down upon his Nemean[10] hide,

(5) *endure*] The old eds. have "endured."
(6) *talons*] The old eds. have "Tallents." See note 186 on *Pericles*.
(7) *fields*] Seward silently printed "field;" rightly perhaps.
(8) *of*] "*i.e.* out of." MASON.
(9) *Capanëus*] The reader need hardly be reminded that this classical name is properly a trisyllable.
(10) *Nemean*] The old eds. have "Nenuan."—"Arrange;

And swore his sinews thaw'd. O, grief and time,
Fearful consumers, you will all devour!

First Queen. O, I hope some god,
Some god hath put his mercy in your manhood,
Whereto he'll infuse power, and press you forth
Our undertaker!

Thes. O, no knees, none, widow!
Unto the helmeted Bellona use them,
And pray for me, your soldier.—
Troubled I am. [*Turns away.*

Sec. Queen. Honour'd Hippolyta,
Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain
The scythe-tusk'd boar; that, with thy arm as strong
As it is white, wast near to make the male
To thy sex captive, but that this thy lord—
Born to uphold creation in that honour
First Nature styl'd it in—shrunk thee into
The bound thou wast o'erflowing, at once subduing
Thy force and thy affection; soldieress,
That equally canst poise sternness with pity;
Who[11] now, I know, hast much more power on him
Than e'er he had on thee; who ow'st his strength
And his love too, who is a servant for[12]
The tenor of thy[13] speech; dear glass of ladies,
Bid him that we, whom flaming War doth scorch,
Under the shadow of his sword may cool us;
Require him he advance it o'er our heads;
Speak't in a woman's key, like such a woman
As any of us three; weep ere you fail;
Lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time

> 'He tumbled down upon his Nemean hide,
> And own'd [swore] his sinews thaw'd.
> Oh, grief and time, fearful consumers, you
> Will all devour.
> 1 *Queen.* Oh, I hope some god,
> Some god,' &c."
>
> Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 340.

(11) *Who*] The old eds. have "Whom."
(12) *for*] Seward substituted "to;" rightly perhaps.
(13) *thy*] The old eds. have "the."

Than a dove's motion, when the head's pluck'd off;
Tell him, if he i' the blood-siz'd field lay swoln,
Showing the sun his teeth, grinning at the moon,
What you would do!

Hip. Poor lady, say no more:
I had as lief trace this good action with you
As that whereto I'm going, and ne'er yet
Went I so willing way. My lord is taken
Heart-deep with your distress: let him consider;
I'll speak anon.

Third Queen. [*to Emilia*] O, my petition was
Set down in ice, which, by hot grief uncandied,
Melts into drops; so sorrow, wanting form,
Is press'd with deeper matter.

Emi. Pray, stand up:
Your grief is written in your cheek.

Third Queen. O, woe!
You cannot read it there; there, through my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
You may behold it.[14] Lady, lady, alack,
He that will all the treasure know o' th' earth
Must know the centre too; he that will fish
For my least minnow, let him lead his line

(14) *You cannot read it there; there, through my tears,*
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
You may behold it.]

The old eds. have

"..... *in a* glasse (*and* Glass) *streame*
You may behold 'em."

Seward, with the approbation of Sympson, printed "here *through my tears*," &c., "as she evidently points at her heart, and so explains herself in the sequel;" and so the modern editors, Weber excepted.—"But though she speaks of her heart afterwards, she alludes in this place to her eyes, which she compares to pebbles viewed through a glassy stream; a description which would not apply to her heart." MASON.—The meaning, says Heath (*Ms. Notes*) is, "You cannot read my griefs [grief] there in my countenance; indeed, you may behold them [it] there dimly, and through a troubled medium, my tears, just like pebbles that appear wrinkled and distorted through the curling waters that cover them."—(I formerly thought that the plural "'em" might be retained in the third line; but the preceding "*read it*" shows that the author must have written "*behold it.*")

To catch one at my heart. O, pardon me!
Extremity, that sharpens sundry wits,
Makes me a fool.
Emi. Pray you, say nothing; pray you:
Who cannot feel nor see the rain, being in't,
Knows neither wet nor dry. If that you were
The ground-piece of some painter, I would buy you,
T' instruct me 'gainst a capital grief indeed;—
Such heart-pierc'd demonstration!—but, alas,
Being a natural sister of our sex,
Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me,
That it shall make a counter-reflect 'gainst
My brother's heart, and warm it to some pity,
Though it were made of stone: pray, have good comfort.
Thes. Forward to the temple! leave not out a jot
O' the sacred ceremony.
First Queen. O, this celebration
Will longer[15] last, and be more costly, than
Your suppliants' war! Remember that your fame
Knolls in th' ear o' the world: what you do quickly
Is not done rashly; your first thought is more
Than others' labour'd meditance; your premeditating
More than their actions; but—O Jove!—your actions,
Soon as they move, as ospreys do the fish,
Subdue before they touch: think, dear duke, think
What beds our slain kings have!
Sec. Queen. What griefs our beds,
That our dear lords have none!
Third Queen. None fit for the dead!
Those that with cords, knives, drams, precipitance,[16]
Weary of this world's light, have to themselves
Been death's most horrid agents, human grace

(15) *longer*] The old eds. have "long."

(16) *Those that with cords, knives, drams, precipitance,*] Here "*precipitance*" means the act of precipitation, the throwing oneself down a precipice. (Mr. Knight gives the line thus;

"*Those that with* cords', knives', drams' *precipitance;*"

observing, "We receive '*cords,*' &c., as genitive cases to '*precipitance.*'")

Affords them dust and shadow.
First Queen. But our lords
Lie blistering 'fore the visitating sun,
And were good kings when living.
Thes. It is true;
And I will give you comfort,
To give your dead lords graves: the which to do
Must make some work with Creon.
First Queen. And that work
Presents itself to the doing:
Now 'twill take form; the heats are gone to-morrow;
Then bootless toil must recompense itself
With its own sweat; now he is secure,
Not dreams we stand before your puissance,
Rinsing[17] our holy begging in our eyes,
To make petition clear.
Sec. Queen. Now you may take him
Drunk with his victory.
Third Queen. And his army full
Of bread and sloth.
Thes. Artesius, that best know'st
How to draw out, fit to this enterprise
The prim'st for this proceeding, and the number
To carry such a business; forth and levy
Our worthiest instruments; whilst we dispatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deed
Of fate in wedlock.
First Queen. Dowagers, take hands;
Let us be widows to our woes; delay
Commends us to a famishing hope.
All the Queens. Farewell!
Sec. Queen. We come unseasonably; but when could grief
Cull forth, as unpang'd judgment can, fitt'st time
For best solicitation?
Thes. Why, good ladies,
This is a service, whereto I am going,

[17] *Rinsing*] The old eds. have "Wrinching." See note 12 on *King Henry VIII.*—Qy. in the preceding line "Nor *dreams*," &c.?

Greater than any war;[18] it more imports me
Than all the actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.
First Queen. The more proclaiming
Our suit shall be neglected: when her arms,
Able to lock Jove from a synod, shall
By warranting moonlight corslet thee, O, when
Her twinning cherries shall their sweetness fall
Upon thy tasteful lips, what wilt thou think
Of rotten kings or blubber'd queens? what care
For what thou feel'st not, what thou feel'st being able
To make Mars spurn his drum? O, if thou couch
But one night with her, every hour in't will
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou shalt remember nothing more than what
That banquet bids thee to!
Hip. Though much unlike [*Kneeling.*
You should be so transported, as much sorry
I should be such a suitor; yet I think,
Did I not by th' abstaining of my joy,
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit
That craves a present medicine, I should pluck
All ladies' scandal on me: therefore, sir,
As I shall here make trial of my prayers,
Either presuming them to have some force,
Or sentencing for aye their vigour dumb,
Prorogue this business we are going about, and hang
Your shield afore your heart, about that neck
Which is my fee, and which I freely lend
To do these poor queens service.
All the Queens. [*to Emilia*] O, help now!
Our cause cries for your knee.
Emi. If you grant not [*Kneeling.*
My sister her petition, in that force,
With that celerity and nature, which
She makes it in, from henceforth I'll not dare
To ask you any thing, nor be so hardy

(18) *war;*] So Theobald.—The old eds. have "was."

Ever to take a husband.

Thes. Pray, stand up: [*Hip. and Emil. rise.*
I am entreating of myself to do
That which you kneel to have me.—Pirithous,
Lead on the bride: get you and pray the gods
For success and return; omit not any thing
In the pretended celebration.[19]—Queens,
Follow your soldier.—[*To Artesius*] As before, hence you,
And at the banks of Aulis[20] meet us with
The forces you can raise, where we shall find

(19) *In the pretended celebration.*] Here Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 240), forgetting that "*pretended*" meant "intended," proposes to substitute the latter word.

(20) *Follow your soldier.*—[To Artesius] *As before, hence you, And at the banks of Aulis*, &c.]

The old eds. have

"*Follow your Soldier* (*as before*) *hence you*
And at the banckes of Anly," &c.

"*Aulis*" for "Anly" is Theobald's correction, which has been adopted by his successors.—I have given (with Weber) the punctuation proposed by Mason, who observes that "the first three words are addressed to the Queens; the remainder to Artesius, whom he had before desired to draw out troops for the enterprize."—Mr. Knight points the passage thus;

"*Follow your soldier, as before; hence you,*
And at the banks of Aulis," &c.—

One of Heath's *Ms. Notes* is as follows; "A full stop, or at least a colon, ought to be placed after the words '*as before.*' Theseus, addressing himself to Hippolyta and Emilia, directs them to follow their soldier Pirithous, as they had done hitherto; then turning himself to Artesius, he orders him to assemble one part of his forces, while he himself is going to assemble the other part. The place appointed for their conjunction in the former editions is called '*the banks of* Anly,' a nonsensical name, to which nothing in nature corresponds: the new editions have substituted '*Aulis*;' but, besides that this is a sea-port, not a river, it is as far beyond Thebes to the north as Athens itself is to the south of Thebes. I have no doubt but the poets wrote 'Ilisse' for the river Ilissus."—But Theseus certainly addresses the word "*Queens*" to the *three suppliant Queens;* and that by the expression "*your soldier*" he means himself, is plain from what he has already said (p. 114);

"O, no knees, none, widow!
Unto the helmeted Bellona use them,
And pray for *me, your soldier.*"

As to "Anly," it is more likely to be a blunder (perhaps of the transcriber or compositor) for "*Aulis*" than for "Ilisse:" our old poets were not nice geographers.

The moiety of a number, for a business
More bigger-look'd.—Since that our theme is haste,
I stamp this kiss upon thy currant lip; [*Kisses Hippolyta.*
Sweet, keep it as my token.—Set you forward;
For I will see you gone.— [*Exit Artesius.*
Farewell, my beauteous sister.—Pirithous,
Keep the feast full; bate not an hour on't.
Pir. Sir,
I'll follow you at heels: the feast's solemnity
Shall want[21] till your return.
Thes. Cousin, I charge you
Budge not from Athens; we shall be returning
Ere you can end this feast, of which, I pray you,
Make no abatement. Once more, farewell all.
[*Hippolyta, Emilia, Pirithous, Hymen, Boy, Nymphs, and Attendants enter the temple.*
First Queen. Thus dost thou still make good
The tongue o' the world.
Sec. Queen. And earn'st a deity
Equal with Mars.
Third Queen. If not above him; for
Thou, being but mortal, mak'st affections bend
To godlike honours; they themselves, some say,
Groan under such a mastery.
Thes. As we are men,
Thus should we do; being sensually subdu'd,
We lose our human title. Good cheer, ladies!
Now turn we towards your comforts. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Thebes. The court of the palace.*

Enter PALAMON *and* ARCITE.

Arc. Dear Palamon, dearer in love than blood,
And our prime cousin, yet unharden'd in
The crimes of nature; let us leave the city
Thebes, and the temptings in't, before we further

(21) *want*] "'Wait,' I think." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 342.

Sully our gloss of youth:
And here to keep in abstinence we shame
As in incontinence; for not to swim
I' th' aid o' the current,[22] were almost to sink,
At least to frustrate striving; and to follow
The common stream, 'twould bring us to an eddy
Where we should turn or drown; if labour through,
Our gain but life and weakness.
Pal. Your advice
Is cried up with example: what strange ruins,
Since first we went to school, may we perceive
Walking in Thebes! scars and bare weeds,
The gain o' the martialist, who did propound
To his bold ends honour and golden ingots,
Which, though he won, he had not; and now flurted
By peace, for whom he fought! Who, then, shall offer
To Mars's so-scorn'd altar? I do bleed
When such I meet, and wish great Juno would
Resume her ancient fit of jealousy,
To get the soldier work, that peace might purge
For her repletion, and retain[23] anew
Her charitable heart, now hard, and harsher
Than strife or war could be.
Arc. Are you not out?
Meet you no ruin but the soldier in
The cranks and turns of Thebes? You did begin
As if you met decays of many kinds:
Perceive you none that do arouse your pity,
But th' unconsider'd soldier?
Pal. Yes; I pity
Decays where'er I find them; but such most

(22) *I' th' aid o' the current,*] Theobald proposed to read "*I' th'* head *o' the current;*" which, though rejected by Seward, was adopted by the editors of 1778.—This alteration, observes Mason, "entirely destroys the sense of the passage. What Arcite means to urge as a reason for their quitting Thebes is, that if they struggled against the current of the fashion, their striving would answer no purpose; and that, if they followed the common stream, it would lead them to an eddy where they should either be drowned or reap no advantage from their labouring through it but life and weakness."

(23) *retain*] Heath (*Ms. Notes*) would read "reclaim."

That, sweating in an honourable toil,
Are paid with ice to cool 'em.
Arc. 'Tis not this
I did begin to speak of; this is virtue
Of no respect in Thebes: I spake of Thebes,
How dangerous, if we will keep our honours,
It is for our residing; where every evil
Hath a good colour; where every seeming good's
A certain evil; where not to be even jump
As they are here, were to be strangers, and
Such things to be mere monsters.
Pal. 'Tis in our power—
Unless we fear that apes can tutor 's—to
Be masters of our manners: what need I
Affect another's gait, which is not catching
Where there is faith? or to be fond upon
Another's way of speech, when by mine own
I may be reasonably conceiv'd, sav'd too,
Speaking it truly? why am I bound
By any generous bond to follow him
Follows his tailor, haply so long until
The follow'd make pursuit? or let me know
Why mine own barber is unblest, with him
My poor chin too, for 'tis not scissar'd just
To such a favourite's glass? what canon is there
That does command my rapier from my hip,
To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip-toe
Before the street be foul? Either I am
The fore-horse in the team, or I am none
That draw i' the sequent trace. These poor slight sores
Need not a plaintain; that which rips my bosom,
Almost to th' heart, 's—
Arc. Our uncle Creon.
Pal. He,
A most unbounded tyrant, whose successes
Make heaven unfear'd,[24] and villany assur'd

(24) *whose successes*
Make heaven unfear'd, &c.]
So Seward rightly pointed the passage, though the editors of 1778

Beyond its power there's nothing; almost puts
Faith in a fever, and deifies alone
Voluble chance; who only attributes
The faculties of other instruments
To his own nerves and act; commands men's[25] service,
And what they win in't, boot and glory too;[26]
That fears not to do harm; good dares not: let
The blood of mine that's sib to him be suck'd
From me with leeches; let them break and fall
Off me with that corruption!

Arc. Clear-spirited cousin,
Let's leave his court, that we may nothing share
Of his loud infamy; for our milk
Will relish of the pasture, and we must
Be vile or disobedient; not his kinsmen
In blood, unless in quality.

Pal. Nothing truer:
I think the echoes of his shames have deaf'd
The ears of heavenly justice: widows' cries
Descend again into their throats, and have not
Due audience of the gods.—Valerius!

Enter VALERIUS.

Val. The king calls for you; yet be leaden-footed,
Till his great rage be off him: Phœbus when
He broke his whipstock, and exclaim'd against

adopted, and endeavoured to defend, the punctuation of the old eds., which have

> "*whose successes*
> Makes *heaven unfeard, and villany assured*
> *Beyond its power: there's nothing, almost puts*
> *Faith in a feavour*," &c.—

Heath (*Ms. Notes*) proposes

> "*whose* success
> Makes *Heaven unfear'd*," &c.;

a reading which Mr. Knight has given. But "a most unbounded tyrant, who" is understood as the nominative to "*almost puts*," as appears from what follows,—"*who* only attributes."

(25) *men's*] The old eds. have "men."

(26) *too;*] Seward's correction.—The old eds. have "on."

The horses of the sun, but whisper'd, to
The loudness of his fury.
Pal. Small winds shake him:
But what's the matter?
Val. Theseus—who where he threats appals—hath sent
Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces
Ruin to Thebes; who is at hand to seal
The promise of his wrath.
Arc. Let him approach:
But that we fear the gods in him, he brings not
A jot of terror to us: yet what man
Thirds his own worth—the case is each of ours—
When that his action's dregg'd with mind assur'd
'Tis bad he goes about?
Pal. Leave that unreason'd;
Our services stand now for Thebes, not Creon:
Yet, to be neutral to him were dishonour,
Rebellious to oppose; therefore we must
With him stand to the mercy of our fate,
Who hath bounded our last minute.
Arc. So we must.—
Is't said this war's afoot? or it shall be,
On fail of some condition?
Val. 'Tis in motion;
Th' intelligence of state came in the instant
With the defier.
Pal. Let's to the king; who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honour which
His enemy comes[27] in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health; which were not spent,
Rather laid out for purchase: but, alas,
Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will
The fall o' the stroke do damage?
Arc. Let th' event,
That never-erring arbitrator, tell us
When we know all ourselves; and let us follow
The becking of our chance. [*Exeunt.*

([27]) *comes*] The quarto has "come."—The folio of 1679 has "came."

SCENE III. *Before the gates of Athens.*

Enter PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, *and* EMILIA.

Pir. No further!
Hip. Sir, farewell: repeat my wishes
To our great lord, of whose success I dare not
Make any timorous question; yet I wish him
Excess and overflow of power, an't might be,
To dare[28] ill-dealing fortune. Speed to him;
Store never hurts good governors.
Pir. Though I know
His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they
Must yield their tribute there. My precious maid,
Those best affections that the heavens infuse
In their best-temper'd pieces, keep enthron'd
In your dear heart!
Emi. Thanks, sir. Remember me
To our all-royal brother; for whose speed
The great Bellona I'll solicit; and
Since, in our terrene state, petitions are not
Without gifts understood, I'll offer to her
What I shall be advis'd she likes. Our hearts
Are in his army, in his tent.
Hip. In's bosom.
We have been soldiers, and we cannot weep

[28] *dare*] The old eds. have "dure;" and so Weber and Mr. Knight. —Seward printed "cure;" and so the editors of 1778.—Sympson proposed "*dare*."—"'*Dare*' would be better than 'cure;' but no amendment should be admitted." MASON.—In act iii. sc. 6, Palamon says,

"and I feel myself
With this refreshing, able once again
To *out-dure* danger."

But in the present passage I have no doubt that the author wrote "*dare*." "The words '*excess and overflow of power*' relate not to the success of Theseus just before mentioned, but to the reinforcement Pirithous was on the point of leading to join his army. And the sense is; Though I dare not question the success of my lord even with the troops he has, yet I wish him rather excess and overflow of power, more force than is necessary, that, if possible, he may defy fortune to disappoint him. It is evident from this that the true reading is '*dare*.'" HEATH (*Ms. Notes*).

When our friends don their helms, or put to sea,
Or tell of babes broach'd on the lance, or women
That have sod their infants in—and after eat them—
The brine they wept at killing 'em: then, if
You stay to see of us such spinsters, we
Should hold you here for ever.

Pir. Peace be to you,
As I pursue this war! which shall be then
Beyond further requiring.[29] [*Exit.*

Emi. How his longing
Follows his friend! since his depart, his sports,[30]
Though craving seriousness and skill, pass'd slightly
His careless execution, where nor gain
Made him regard, or loss consider; but
Playing one[31] business in his hand, another
Directing in his head, his mind nurse equal
To these so differing twins. Have you observ'd him
Since our great lord departed?

Hip. With much labour;
And I did love him for't. They two have cabin'd
In many as dangerous as poor a corner,
Peril and want contending; they have skiff'd
Torrents, whose roaring tyranny and power
I' the least of these was dreadful;[32] and they have

[29] *Peace be to you,*
As I pursue this war! which shall be then
Beyond further requiring.]

"This passage is oddly expressed; but the meaning is, Peace be to you as long as I pursue this war! when that is ended, we shall not need to pray for it." MASON.

[30] *sports,*] "I conjecture 'imports,' that is, duties or offices of importance. The flow of the versification in this speech seems to demand the trochaic ending ⏑⏑; while the text blends jingle and *hisses* to the annoyance of less sensitive ears than Fletcher's—not to say, Shakespeare's." COLERIDGE'S *Remains*, vol. ii. p. 321. A wretched conjecture!

[31] *one*] Mason's correction (anticipated by Heath, *Ms. Notes*).—The old eds. have "ore" and "o'er;" and so Seward and the editors of 1778.

[32] *they have skiff'd*
Torrents, whose roaring tyranny and power
I' the least of these was dreadful;

"*i.e.* they have passed in a slight bark over torrents whose roaring tyranny and power, even when at the minimum of fury, were dread-

Fought out together, where death's self was lodg'd;
Yet faith hath brought them off. Their knot of love
Tied, weav'd, entangled, with so true, so long,
And with a finger of so deep a cunning,
May be out-worn, never undone. I think
Theseus cannot be umpire to himself,
Cleaving his conscience into twain, and doing
Each side like justice, which he loves best.
Emi. Doubtless
There is a best, and reason has no manners
To say it is not you. I was acquainted
Once with a time, when I enjoy'd a playfellow;
You were at wars when she the grave enrich'd,
Who made too proud the bed, took leave o' the moon—
Which then look'd pale at parting—when our count
Was each eleven.
Hip. 'Twas Flavina.[33]
Emi. Yes.
You talk of Pirithous' and Theseus' love:
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely season'd,
More buckled with strong judgment, and their needs
The one of th' other[34] may be said to water
Their intertangled roots of love; but I,
And she I sigh and spoke of, were things innocent,
Lov'd for we did, and like the elements
That know not what nor why, yet do effect
Rare issues by their operance, our souls
Did so to one another: what she lik'd
Was then of me approv'd; what not, condemn'd,
No more arraignment;[35] the flower that I would pluck

ful." WEBER; whose explanation I believe is right: but he, and the other modern editors, point the earlier part of the passage erroneously.

(33) *Flavina.*] Here the old eds. have "Flauia;" but afterwards "*Flavina.*"

(34) *The one of th' other*, &c.] "The following marginal direction [here] in the quarto proves that the play was printed from the prompter's book; '2. *Hearses ready with Palamon: and Arcite: the* 3. *Queenes. Theseus: and his Lordes ready.*'" WEBER.—The same direction is also found in the folio of 1679, but at the commencement of this speech.

(35) *No more arraignment;*] "*i.e.*, says Dr. Dodd, 'her not liking it was sufficient to condemn it, without any further arraignment, or bringing it to its trial.'" *Ed.* 1778.

And put between my breasts—then[36] but beginning
To swell about the blossom—she would long
Till she had such another, and commit it
To the like innocent cradle, where, phenix-like,
They died in perfume; on my head no toy
But was her pattern; her affections—pretty,
Though happily her careless wear—I follow'd[37]
For my most serious decking; had mine ear
Stol'n some new air, or at adventure humm'd one[38]
From musical coinage, why, it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn,—rather dwell on,—
And sing it in her slumbers: this rehearsal—
Which, every innocent wots well, comes in
Like old importment's bastard—has this end,
That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex dividual.[39]

(36) *my breasts—then*] The old eds. have "*my breasts*, oh (*then.*"—"Dele 'O.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 342.

(37) *her affections—pretty,*
Though happily her careless wear—I follow'd]

—her affections, "*i.e.* what she affected—liked." KNIGHT.—The old eds. have

"*her affections* (*pretty*
Though happely, her careles, were, *I followed*;"

which Seward violently altered.—I give (with Weber and Mr. Knight) the reading of the editors of 1778.

(38) *one*] Seward's correction (*Postscript* to vol. x. ed. 1750).—The old eds. have "on."

(39) *this rehearsal—*
Which, every innocent wots well, comes in
Like old importment's bastard—has this end,
That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex dividual.]

The old eds. have

"*This rehearsall*
(*Which* fury-*innocent wots well*) *comes in*
Like old importments bastard, has this end,
That the true love tweene Mayde, and mayde, may be
More then in sex individuall."—

Seward gave Sympson's conjecture, "(*Which* surely Innocence *wots well*)," and rightly altered "individual" to "*dividual.*" He was followed by the editors of 1778.—"Instead of '*importment*' I should read 'emportment,' from the French *emportement*, which signifies passion

Hip. You're out of breath;
And this high-speeded pace is but to say,
That you shall never, like the maid Flavina,
Love any that's call'd man.
Emi. I'm sure I shall not.
Hip. Now, alack, weak sister,
I must no more believe thee in this point—
Though in't I know thou dost believe thyself—
Than I will trust a sickly appetite,
That loathes even as it longs. But, sure, my sister,
If I were ripe for your persuasion, you
Have said enough to shake me from the arm
Of the all-noble Theseus; for whose fortunes
I will now in and kneel, with great assurance
That we, more than his Pirithous, possess
The high throne in his heart.
Emi. I am not[40]
Against your faith; yet I continue mine. [*Exeunt.*

or transport; and instead of '*wots well*' I should read 'wot I *well*;' and then it will run thus;

'*This rehearsal*
(*Which* fury *innocent*, wot I *well*, *comes in*
Like old emportment's *bastard*) *has this end*,' &c.

And Emilia's meaning is this; 'This recital, the innocent enthusiasm of which, I well know, comes in like the spurious offspring, the faint resemblance of the passion I formerly felt for Flavina, is intended to prove that love between maid and maid may be stronger than that between persons of different sexes.' This conjecture, however, is offered with much diffidence; but some explanation is better than none." MASON.—Lamb (*Spec. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 416) silently printed

"*this rehearsal*
(*Which every innocent wots well*) *comes in*," &c.;

and his alteration of "fury" into "*every*," which certainly seems to restore the genuine reading, has been adopted by Weber and Mr. Knight. Weber's interpretation of the passage is: "This rehearsal of our affections (which every innocent soul well knows comes in like the mere bastard, the faint shadow of the true import, the real extent of our natural affections) has this end or purpose, to prove that the love between two virgins may be stronger than that between persons of different sexes."

Seward compares the present description with the well-known passage in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, act iii. sc. 2;

"We, Hermia, like two artificial gods," &c.

[40] *I am not*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 343) marks this hemistich as imperfect.

SCENE IV. *A field before Thebes. Dead bodies lying on the ground; among them* PALAMON *and* ARCITE.

A battle struck within; then a retreat; then a flourish. Then enter THESEUS (*victor*), Herald, *and* Attendants. *The three* Queens *meet* THESEUS, *and fall on their faces before him.*

First Queen. To thee no star be dark!
Sec. Queen. Both heaven and earth
Friend thee for ever!
Third Queen. All the good that may
Be wish'd upon thy head, I cry Amen to't!
Thes. Th' impartial gods, who from the mounted heavens
View us their mortal herd, behold who err,
And in their time chastise. Go, and find out
The bones of your dead lords, and honour them
With treble ceremony: rather than a gap
Should be in their dear rites, we would supply't.
But those we will depute which shall invest
You in your dignities, and even each thing
Our haste does leave imperfect. So, adieu,
And heaven's good eyes look on you! [*Exeunt Queens.*
What are those?
Herald. Men of great quality, as may be judg'd
By their appointment; some of Thebes have told's
They're sisters' children, nephews to the king.
Thes. By th' helm of Mars, I saw them in the war—
Like to a pair of lions smear'd[41] with prey—
Make lanes in troops aghast: I fix'd my note
Constantly on them; for they were a mark
Worth a god's view. What was't that prisoner told me[42]
When I inquir'd their names?
Herald. We learn[43] they're call'd

([41]) *smear'd*] So the folio of 1679. (Qy. if rightly?)—The quarto has "succard."

([42]) *What was't that prisoner told me*] The old eds. have "*what* prisoner was't that *told me.*"

([43]) *We learn*] So Heath (*Ms. Notes*).—The old eds. have "*We* leaue."—The modern editors print "With leave."

Arcite and Palamon.

Thes. 'Tis right; those, those.
They are not dead?

Herald. Nor in a state of life:[44] had they been taken
When their last hurts were given, 'twas possible
They might have been recover'd; yet they breathe,
And have the name of men.

Thes. Then like men use 'em:
The very lees of such, millions of rates
Exceed the wine of others: all our surgeons
Convent in their behoof; our richest balms,
Rather than niggard, waste: their lives concern us
Much more than Thebes is worth: rather than have 'em
Freed of this plight, and in their morning state,
Sound and at liberty, I would 'em dead;
But, forty thousand fold, we had rather have 'em
Prisoners to us than death. Bear 'em speedily
From our kind air,—to them unkind,—and minister
What man to man may do; for our sake, more:
Since I have known fight's fury, friends' behests,
Love's provocations, zeal in a mistress' task,
Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
'T hath set a mark which nature could not reach to
Without some imposition, sickness in will,
Or wrestling strength in reason. For our love,[45]

(44) *Nor in a state of life*, &c.] "Here we have another stage-direction in the old quarto [and in the folio too],—'3. *Hearses ready.*'" WEBER.

(45) *Since I have known fight's fury, friends' behests,*
Love's provocations, zeal in a mistress' task,
Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
'T hath set a mark which nature could not reach to
Without some imposition, sickness in will,
Or wrestling strength in reason. For our love, &c.]

The old eds. have

"*Since I have knowne* frights, fury, friends, beheastes,
Loves, provocations, zeale, a mistris Taske,
Desire of liberty, a feavour, madnes,
Hath *set a marke which nature could not reach* too
Without some imposition, sicknes in will
Or wrastling strength in reason, for our Love," &c.

Seward printed

And great Apollo's mercy, all our best
Their best skill tender!—Lead into the city;
Where, having bound things scatter'd, we will post
To Athens 'fore our army. [*Flourish. Exeunt; Attendants carrying Palamon and Arcite.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the same, more remote from Thebes.*

Enter the three Queens *with the hearses of their husbands in a funeral solemnity, &c.*

SONG.

Urns and odours bring away!
Vapours, sighs, darken the day!
Our dole more deadly looks than dying;
Balms, and gums, and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials fill'd with tears,
And clamours through the wild[46] air flying!

Come, all sad and solemn shows,
That are quick-ey'd pleasure's foes:
We convent naught else but woes:
We convent, &c.

Third Queen. This funeral path brings to your household's grave:[47]

"*Since I have known* frights, fury, *friends' behests,*
Love's provocations, zeal, a mistress' task,
Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
Sickness in will, or wrestling strength in reason;—
'T hath set a mark which Nature could not reach to
Without some imposition. *For our Love*," &c.—

The editors of 1778 adopted Seward's transposition and his reading "'*T hath set a mark*," &c.: in other respects they followed the old eds.—Weber gave the passage as Seward had done, bating the transposition.—Mr. Knight follows Seward in the first two lines, the old eds. in the remainder.—Heath (*Ms. Notes*) would read in the first line "fights, fury, friend's *behests;*" and in the fourth, "Have *set a mark*," &c.—The explanations which have been offered of this very difficult passage appear to me so unsatisfactory that I omit them.

(46) *wild*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 279) would read "wide."

(47) *household's grave:*] Altered silently to "household graves" by Seward; and so the editors of 1778 and Weber.—"Each king," observes Mr. Knight, "had *one* grave."

Joy seize on you again! Peace sleep with him!

Sec. Queen. And this to yours.

First Queen. Yours this way. Heavens lend
A thousand differing ways to one sure end.

Third Queen. This world's a city full of straying streets,
And death's the market-place, where each one meets.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Athens. A garden, with a castle in the background.*

Enter Gaoler *and* Wooer.

Gaoler. I may depart with little, while I live; something I may cast to you, not much. Alas, the prison I keep, though it be for great ones, yet they seldom come: before one salmon, you shall take a number of minnows. I am given out to be better lined than it can appear to me report is a true speaker: I would I were really that I am delivered to be. Marry, what I have—be it what it will—I will assure upon my daughter at the day of my death.

Wooer. Sir, I demand no more than your own offer; and I will estate your daughter in what I have promised.

Gaoler. Well, we will talk more of this when the solemnity is past. But have you a full promise of her? when that shall be seen, I tender my consent.

Wooer. I have, sir. Here she comes.

Enter Gaoler's Daughter *with strewings.*

Gaoler. Your friend and I have chanced to name you here, upon the old business; but no more of that now: so soon as the court-hurry is over, we will have an end of it: i' the mean time, look tenderly to the two prisoners; I can tell you they are princes.

(45) *with strewings*] Not in the old eds.—Weber gave "*with* rushes;" observing that the "*strewings*" mentioned in the first speech of the Gaoler's Daughter might be flowers, but that they were more likely to be rushes, with which the floors of apartments used formerly to be strewed.

Daugh. These strewings are for their chamber. 'Tis pity they are in prison, and 'twere pity they should be out. I do think they have patience to make any adversity ashamed: the prison itself is proud of 'em; and they have all the world in their chamber.

Gaoler. They are famed to be a pair of absolute men.

Daugh. By my troth, I think fame but stammers 'em; they stand a grise[49] above the reach of report.

Gaoler. I heard them reported in the battle to be the only doers.

Daugh. Nay, most likely; for they are noble sufferers. I marvel how they would have looked, had they been victors, that with such a constant nobility enforce a freedom out of bondage, making misery their mirth, and affliction a toy to jest at.

Gaoler. Do they so?

Daugh. It seems to me they have no more sense of their captivity than I of ruling Athens: they eat well, look merrily, discourse of many things, but nothing of their own restraint and disasters. Yet sometime a divided sigh, martyred as 'twere i' the deliverance, will break from one of them; when the other presently gives it so sweet a rebuke, that I could wish myself a sigh to be so chid, or at least a sigher to be comforted.

Wooer. I never saw 'em.

Gaoler. The duke himself came privately in the night, and so did they:[50] what the reason of it is, I know not.

PALAMON *and* ARCITE *appear at a window of a tower.*

Look, yonder they are? that's Arcite looks out.

Daugh. No, sir, no; that's Palamon: Arcite is the lower of the twain; you may perceive a part of him.

[49] *grise*] *i.e.* step. So the quarto ("*greise*"); and so Seward.—The folio of 1679 has "grief;" and so the editors of 1778, Weber, and Mr. Knight,—wrongly, as the context proves. *Grise* (spelt variously) is common in our old writers: we have had it thrice in the preceding plays.

[50] *and so did they:*] These words puzzled Seward. "The Jailer, in order to account to the Wooer for his (the Wooer's) not having seen the prisoners, tells him that Theseus had returned to Athens privately in the night-time, and his two prisoners with him." HEATH (*Ms. Notes*).

Gaoler. Go to! leave your pointing: they would not make us their object: out of their sight!

Daugh. It is a holiday to look on them. Lord, the difference of men! [*Exit with Gaoler and Wooer.*

Pal. How do you, noble cousin?

Arc. How do you, sir?

Pal. Why, strong enough to laugh at misery,
And bear the chance of war yet. We are prisoners
I fear for ever, cousin.

Arc. I believe it;
And to that destiny have patiently
Laid up my hour to come.

Pal. O, cousin Arcite,
Where is Thebes now? where is our noble country?
Where are our friends and kindreds? Never more
Must we behold those comforts; never see
The hardy youths strive for the games of honour,
Hung with the painted favours of their ladies,
Like tall ships under sail; then start amongst 'em,
And, as an east wind, leave 'em all behind us
Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,
Outstripp'd the people's praises, won the garlands,
Ere they have[52] time to wish 'em ours. O, never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of honour,

(51) [Exit with Gaoler and Wooer.] "The following is made a separate scene in the former editions; but it is evident that the Jailer and his Daughter were placed in the same situation as Emilia is afterwards,—a garden overlooked by the prison in which Palamon and Arcite were confined. But there is considerable difficulty how the subsequent conversation with the Jailer is to be carried on. In the ancient theatres this was easily accomplished by the platform of the stage representing the garden, and the permanent gallery at the back the inside of the tower in which Palamon and Arcite were immured." WEBER.—The two prisoners were no doubt *supposed* to appear at the window (Palamon, p. 143, says to Arcite,

"Put but thy head out of *this window* more,
And, as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to't!");

and in all probability they entered on the raised platform or upper-stage: see the Memoir of Shakespeare, p. 62. It is most probable that the Gaoler reëntered there also.

(52) *have*] Qy. "had"?

Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses
Like proud seas under us! Our good swords now,—
Better the red-ey'd god of war ne'er ware,—[53]
Ravish'd[54] our sides, like age, must run to rust,
And deck the temples of those gods that hate us;
These hands shall never draw 'em out like lightning,
To blast whole armies, more!

Arc. No, Palamon,
Those hopes are prisoners with us: here we are,
And here the graces of our youths must wither,
Like a too-timely spring; here age must find us,
And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried;
The sweet embraces of a loving wife,
Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand Cupids,
Shall never clasp our necks; no issue know us,
No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,
To glad our age, and like young eagles teach 'em
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say
"Remember what your fathers were, and conquer!"
The fair-ey'd maids shall weep our banishments,
And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune,
Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
To youth and nature: this is all our world;
We shall know nothing here but one another;
Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes;
The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it;
Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
But dead-cold winter must inhabit here still.

Pal. 'Tis too true, Arcite. To our Theban hounds,
That shook the agèd forest with their echoes,
No more now must we holla; no more shake
Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Stuck[55] with our well-steel'd darts: all valiant uses—

(53) *ware,—*] The old eds. have "were."
(54) *Ravish'd*] The old eds. have "Bravish'd."
(55) *Stuck*] The old eds. have "Strucke" and "Struck;" and so the modern editors.—"To preserve the similitude of the quiver, we must certainly read '*Stuck.*'" HEATH (*Ms. Notes*).

The food and nourishment of noble minds—
In us two here shall perish; we shall die—
Which is the curse of honour—lastly,[56]
Children of grief and ignorance.
Arc. Yet, cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings,
If the gods please to hold here,—a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison!
Pal. Certainly
'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
Were twin'd together:[57] 'tis most true, two souls
Put in two noble bodies, let 'em suffer
The gall of hazard, so they grow together,
Will never sink; they must not; say they could,
A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.
Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this place,
That all men hate so much?
Pal. How, gentle cousin?
Arc. Let's think this prison holy sanctuary,[58]
To keep us from corruption of worse men:
We're young, and yet desire the ways of honour;
That, liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing

(56) *lastly,*] Seward printed "lazily;" and so the editors of 1778.—"The import of the word '*lastly*' is, that which is worst of all." MASON.—The metre of this line, as it now stands, is not objectionable, for "*lastly*" may be read as a trisyllable: compare a line in p. 140,

"For when the west wind courts her *gently*;"

where "*gently*" is evidently used as a trisyllable.

(57) *twin'd together:*] Seward silently printed "twinn'd *together*;" and so his successors, Weber excepted.—This scene is undoubtedly by Fletcher; and compare his *Lovers' Progress*, act ii. sc. 3;

"To see two hearts that have been *twin'd together*,
Married in friendship," &c.

(58) *prison holy sanctuary.*] Seward printed "*prison a holy sanctuary.*"

Can be, but our imaginations
May make it ours? and here being thus together,
We are an endless mine to one another;
We're one another's wife, ever begetting
New births of love; we're father, friends, acquaintance;
We are, in one another, families;
I am your heir, and you are mine; this place
Is our inheritance; no hard oppressor
Dare take this from us: here, with a little patience,
We shall live long, and loving; no surfeits seek us;
The hand of war hurts none here, nor the seas
Swallow their youth. Were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or business;
Quarrels consume us; envy of ill men
Grave[59] our acquaintance; I might sicken, cousin,
Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods: a thousand chances,
Were we from hence, would sever us.
Pal. You've made me—
I thank you, cousin Arcite—almost wanton
With my captivity: what a misery
It is to live abroad, and every where!
'Tis like a beast, methinks: I find the court here,
I'm sure, a more content; and all those pleasures
That woo the wills of men to vanity
I see through now; and am sufficient
To tell the world 'tis but a gaudy shadow,
That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him.
What had we been, old in the court of Creon,
Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
The virtues of the great ones? Cousin Arcite,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us,

[59] *Grave*] *i.e.* Bury.—The old eds. have "Crave;" and so the editors of 1778 (who, without attempting to explain it, call it "easy and intelligible"!), and Weber and Mr. Knight (who each offers a very strange and forced interpretation).—Seward printed "Reave." Theobald proposed "Craze," Sympson "Carve," Mason "Cleave," and Heath (*Ms. Notes*) "Raze."—Strange that not one of them should have hit upon what the poet evidently wrote, "*Grave*."

We had died as they do, ill old men, unwept,
And had their epitaphs, the people's curses.
Shall I say more?
Arc. I'd hear you still.
Pal. Ye shall.
Is there record of any two that lov'd
Better than we do, Arcite?
Arc. Sure, there cannot.
Pal. I do not think it possible our friendship
Should ever leave us.
Arc. Till our deaths it cannot;
And after death our spirits shall be led
To those that love eternally. Speak on, sir.

Enter EMILIA *and* Waiting-woman *below.*

Emi. This garden has a world of pleasures in't.[60]
What flower is this?
Wait.-w. 'Tis call'd narcissus, madam.
Emi. That was a fair boy certain, but a fool
To love himself: were there not maids enough?
Arc. Pray, forward.
Pal. Yes.
Emi. Or were they all hard-hearted?
Wait.-w. They could not be to one so fair.
Emi. Thou wouldst not.
Wait.-w. I think I should not, madam.
Emi. That's a good wench!
But take heed to your kindness though!
Wait.-w. Why, madam?
Emi. Men are mad things.
Arc. Will ye go forward, cousin?
Emi. Canst not thou work such flowers in silk, wench?
Wait.-w. Yes.
Emi. I'll have a gown full of 'em; and of these;
This is a pretty colour: will't not do
Rarely upon a skirt, wench?

(60) *This garden has a world of pleasures in't.*] Stands in the old eds. as a portion of the preceding speech.

Wait.-w. Dainty, madam.
Arc. Cousin, cousin! how do you, sir? why, Palamon!
Pal. Never till now I was in prison, Arcite.
Arc. Why, what's the matter, man?
Pal. Behold, and wonder!
By heaven, she is a goddess!
Arc. Ha!
Pal. Do reverence;
She is a goddess, Arcite!
Emi. Of all flowers,
Methinks, a rose is best.
Wait.-w. Why, gentle madam?
Emi. It is the very emblem of a maid:
For when the west wind courts her gently,
How modestly she blows, and paints the sun
With her chaste blushes! when the north comes near her,
Rude and impatient, then, like chastity,
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base briers.
Wait.-w. Yet, good madam,
Sometimes her modesty will blow so far
She falls for it: a maid,
If she have any honour, would be loath
To take example by her.
Emi. Thou art wanton.
Arc. She's wondrous fair!
Pal. She's all the beauty extant!
Emi. The sun grows high; let's walk in. Keep these flowers;
We'll see how near art can come near their colours.
I'm wondrous merry-hearted; I could laugh now.
Wait.-w. I could lie down, I'm sure.
Emi. And take one with you?
Wait.-w. That's as we bargain, madam.
Emi. Well, agree then.
[*Exit with Waiting-woman.*
Pal. What think you of this beauty?
Arc. 'Tis a rare one.
Pal. Is't but a rare one?

Arc. Yes, a matchless beauty.
Pal. Might not a man well lose himself, and love her?
Arc. I cannot tell what you have done; I have,
Beshrew mine eyes for't! Now I feel my shackles.
Pal. You love her, then?
Arc. Who would not?
Pal. And desire her?
Arc. Before my liberty.
Pal. I saw her first.
Arc. That's nothing.
Pal. But it shall be.
Arc. I saw her too.
Pal. Yes; but you must not love her.
Arc. I will not, as you do, to worship her,
As she is heavenly and a blessèd goddess;
I love her as a woman, to enjoy her:
So both may love.
Pal. You shall not love at all.
Arc. Not love at all! who shall deny me?
Pal. I, that first saw her;[61] I, that took possession
First with mine eye of all those beauties in her
Reveal'd to mankind. If thou lovest her,
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,
Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fellow
False as thy title to her: friendship, blood,
And all the ties between us, I disclaim,
If thou once think upon her!
Arc. Yes, I love her;
And if the lives of all my name lay on it,
I must do so; I love her with my soul.
If that will lose ye, farewell, Palamon!

(61) *who shall deny me?*
Pal. *I, that first saw her;*]

Walker (after observing, "of course, I do not quote this as Shakespeare's") bids us read

"*who shall deny me?*
Pal. I;
I that first saw her."

Crit. Exam., &c., vol. ii. p. 142.

I say again, I love; and, in loving her, maintain[62]
I am as worthy and as free a lover,
And have as just a title to her beauty,
As any Palamon, or any living
That is a man's son.
Pal. Have I call'd thee friend?
Arc. Yes, and have found me so. Why are you mov'd thus?
Let me deal coldly with you: am not I
Part of your blood, part of your soul? you've told me
That I was Palamon, and you were Arcite.
Pal. Yes.
Arc. Am not I liable to those affections,
Those joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend shall suffer?
Pal. Ye may be.
Arc. Why, then, would you deal so cunningly,
So strangely, so unlike a noble kinsman,
To love alone? Speak truly; do you think me
Unworthy of her sight?
Pal. No; but unjust
If thou pursue that sight.
Arc. Because another
First sees the enemy, shall I stand still,
And let mine honour down, and never charge?
Pal. Yes, if he be but one.
Arc. But say that one
Had rather combat me?
Pal. Let that one say so,
And use thy freedom: else, if thou pursu'st her,
Be as that cursèd man that hates his country,
A branded villain!
Arc. You are mad.
Pal. I must be,
Till thou art worthy, Arcite; it concerns me;

[62] *I say again, I love; and, in loving her, maintain*] "Arrange and write;

'I say again
I love *her*; and, in loving,' &c."
Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 343.

And, in this madness, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deal but truly.
Arc. Fie, sir!
You play the child extremely: I will love her,
I must, I ought to do so, and I dare;
And all this justly.
Pal. O, that now, that now
Thy false self and thy friend had but this fortune,
To be one hour at liberty, and grasp
Our good swords in our hands! I'd quickly teach thee
What 'twere to filch affection from another!
Thou art baser in it than a cutpurse:
Put but thy head out of this window more,
And, as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to't!
Arc. Thou dar'st not, fool; thou canst not; thou art feeble:
Put my head out! I'll throw my body out,
And leap the garden, when I see her next,
And pitch between her arms, to anger thee.
Pal. No more! the keeper's coming: I shall live
To knock thy brains out with my shackles.
Arc. Do!

Re-enter Gaoler.(63)

Gaoler. By your leave, gentlemen.
Pal. Now, honest keeper?
Gaoler. Lord Arcite, you must presently to the duke:
The cause I know not yet.
Arc. I'm ready, keeper.
Gaoler. Prince Palamon, I must awhile bereave you
Of your fair cousin's company.
Pal. And me too,
Even when you please, of life. [*Exeunt Gaoler and Arcite.*
Why is he sent for?
It may be, he shall marry her; he's goodly,
And like enough the duke hath taken notice
Both of his blood and body. But his falsehood!
Why should a friend be treacherous? if that

(63) Re-enter *Gaoler.*] See note 51.

Get him a wife so noble and so fair,
Let honest men ne'er love again. Once more
I would but see this fair one.—Blessèd garden,
And fruit and flowers more blessèd, that still blossom
As her bright eyes shine on ye! Would I were,
For all the fortune of my life hereafter,
Yon little tree, yon blooming apricock!
How I would spread, and fling my wanton arms
In at her window! I would bring her fruit
Fit for the gods to feed on; youth and pleasure,
Still as she tasted, should be doubled on her;
And if she be not heavenly, I would make her
So near the gods in nature, they should fear her;
And then I'm sure she would love me.

Re-enter Gaoler.

How now, keeper!
Where's Arcite?

Gaoler. Banish'd. Prince Pirithous
Obtain'd his liberty; but never more,
Upon his oath and life, must he set foot
Upon this kingdom.

Pal. [*aside*] He's a blessèd man!
He shall see Thebes again, and call to arms
The bold young men that, when he bids 'em charge,
Fall on like fire: Arcite shall have a fortune,
If he dare make himself a worthy lover,
Yet in the field to strike a battle for her;
And if he lose her then, he's a cold coward:
How bravely may he bear himself to win her,
If he be noble Arcite, thousand ways!
Were I at liberty, I would do things
Of such a virtuous greatness, that this lady,
This blushing virgin, should take manhood to her,
And seek to ravish me.

Gaoler. My lord, for you
I have this charge too—

Pal. To discharge my life?

Gaoler. No; but from this place to remove your lordship:
The windows are too open.
Pal. Devils take 'em
That are so envious to me! Prithee, kill me.
Gaoler. And hang for't afterward?
Pal. By this good light,
Had I a sword, I'd kill thee.
Gaoler. Why, my lord?
Pal. Thou bring'st such pelting scurvy news continually,
Thou art not worthy life. I will not go.
Gaoler. Indeed, you must, my lord.
Pal. May I see the garden?
Gaoler. No.
Pal. Then I'm resolv'd I will not go.
Gaoler. I must
Constrain you, then; and, for you're dangerous,
I'll clap more irons on you.
Pal. Do, good keeper:
I'll shake 'em so, ye shall not sleep;
I'll make ye a new morris. Must I go?
Gaoler. There is no remedy.
Pal. [*aside*] Farewell, kind window;
May rude wind never hurt thee!—O my lady,
If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,
Dream how I suffer!—Come, now bury me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The country near Athens.*

Enter ARCITE.

Arc. Banish'd the kingdom? 'tis a benefit,
A mercy, I must thank 'em for; but banish'd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
O, 'twas a studied punishment, a death
Beyond imagination! such a vengeance,
That, were I old and wicked, all my sins
Could never pluck upon me. Palamon,
Thou hast the start now; thou shalt stay, and see

Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst thy window,
And let in life into thee; thou shalt feed
Upon the sweetness of a noble beauty,
That nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er shall:
Good gods, what happiness has Palamon!
Twenty to one, he'll come to speak to her;
And, if she be as gentle as she's fair,
I know she's his; he has a tongue will tame
Tempests, and make the wild rocks wanton. Come what can come,
The worst is death; I will not leave the kingdom:
I know mine own is but a heap of ruins,
And no redress there: if I go, he has her.
I am resolv'd: another shape shall make me,
Or end my fortunes; either way, I'm happy:
I'll see her, and be near her, or no more.

Enter four Countrymen; *one with a garland before them.*

First Coun. My masters, I'll be there, that's certain.
Sec. Coun. And I'll be there.
Third Coun. And I.
Fourth Coun. Why, then, have with ye, boys! 'tis but a chiding:
Let the plough play to-day; I'll tickle't out
Of the jades' tails to-morrow.
First Coun. I am sure
To have my wife as jealous as a turkey:
But that's all one: I'll go through, let her mumble.
Sec. Coun. Clap her aboard to-morrow night, and stow her,
And all's made up again.
Third Coun. Ay, do but put
A fescue in her fist, and you shall see her
Take a new lesson out, and be a good wench.
Do we all hold against the Maying?
Fourth Coun. Hold!
What should ail us?
Third Coun. Arcas will be there.
Sec. Coun. And Sennois,

And Rycas; and three better lads ne'er danc'd
Under green tree; and ye[64] know what wenches, ha!
But will the dainty domine, the schoolmaster,
Keep touch, do you think? for he does all, ye know.
Third Coun. He'll eat a hornbook, ere he fail: go to!
The matter is too far driven between
Him and the tanner's daughter, to let slip now;
And she must see the duke, and she must dance too.
Fourth Coun. Shall we be lusty?
Sec. Coun. All the boys in Athens
Blow wind i' the breech on us: and here I'll be,
And there I'll be, for our town, and here again,
And there again: ha, boys, heigh for the weavers!
First Coun. This must be done i' the woods.
Fourth Coun. O, pardon me!
Sec. Coun. By any means: our thing of learning says[65] so;
Where he himself will edify the duke
Most parlously in our behalfs: he's excellent i' the woods;
Bring him to the plains, his learning makes no cry.
Third Coun. We'll see the sports; then every man to's tackle!
And, sweet companions, let's rehearse by any means,
Before the ladies see us, and do sweetly,
And God knows what may come on't.
Fourth Coun. Content: the sports
Once ended, we'll perform. Away, boys, and hold!
Arc. By your leaves, honest friends; pray you, whither go you?
Fourth Coun. Whither! why, what a question's that!
Arc. Yes, 'tis a question
To me that know not.
Third Coun. To the games, my friend.
Sec. Coun. Where were you bred, you know it not?
Arc. Not far, sir.
Are there such games to-day?
First Coun. Yes, marry, are there;

(64) *ye*] The old eds. have "yet."
(65) *says*] The old eds. have "sees."

And such as you never saw: the duke himself
Will be in person there.
Arc. What pastimes are they?
Sec. Coun. Wrestling and running.—'Tis a pretty fellow.
Third Coun. Thou wilt not go along?
Arc. Not yet, sir.
Fourth Coun. Well, sir,
Take your own time.—Come, boys.
First Coun. My mind misgives me
This fellow has a vengeance-trick o' the hip;
Mark how his body's made for't.
Sec. Coun. I'll be hang'd though,
If he dare venture; hang him, plum-porridge!
He wrestle? he roast eggs! Come, let's be gone, lads.
[*Exeunt Countrymen.*
Arc. This is an offer'd opportunity
I durst not wish for.[66] Well I could have wrestled,
The best men call'd it excellent; and run
Swifter than wind upon a field of corn,
Curling the wealthy ears, ever flew.[67] I'll venture,
And in some poor disguise be there: who knows
Whether my brows may not be girt with garlands,
And happiness prefer me to a place
Where I may ever dwell in sight of her? [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Athens. A room in the prison.*

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Daugh. Why should I love this gentleman? 'tis odds
He never will affect me: I am base,

(66) *This is an offer'd opportunity*
I durst not wish for.]

"From *Turne, quod optanti*, &c. [Virgil, *Æn.* ix. 6]."
Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 343.

(67) *Swifter than wind upon a field of corn,*
Curling the wealthy ears, ever flew.]

Mason's correction; and so Mr. Knight.—The old eds. have

My father the mean keeper of his prison,
And he a prince: to marry him is hopeless,
To be his whore is witless. Out upon't!
What pushes are we wenches driven to,
When fifteen once has found us! First, I saw him;
I, seeing,(68) thought he was a goodly man;
He has as much to please a woman in him—
If he please to bestow it so—as ever
These eyes yet look'd on: next I pitied him;
And so would any young wench, o' my conscience,
That ever dream'd, or vow'd her maidenhead
To a young handsome man: then I lov'd him,
Extremely lov'd him, infinitely lov'd him;
And yet he had a cousin, fair as he too;
But in my heart was Palamon, and there,
Lord, what a coil he keeps! To hear him
Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is!
And yet his songs are sad ones. Fairer spoken
Was never gentleman: when I come in
To bring him water in a morning, first
He bows his noble body, then salutes me thus,
"Fair, gentle maid, good morrow: may thy goodness
Get thee a happy husband!" Once he kiss'd me;
I lov'd my lips the better ten days after:
Would he would do so every day! He grieves much,
And me as much to see his misery:
What should I do, to make him know I love him?
For I would fain enjoy him: say I ventur'd
To set him free? what says the law, then?
Thus much for law, or kindred! I will do it;
And this night or to-morrow he shall love me. [*Exit.*

"*Swifter*, then [folio of 1679, *than*] *winde upon a feild of Corne*
(*Curling the wealthy eares*) never *flew.*"

Seward printed

"*Swifter* the *wind upon a field of corn*,
Curling the wealthy ears, ne'er *flew.*"

and so the editors of 1778, and Weber.

(68) *I, seeing,*] "Read '*And*, seeing.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 343.

SCENE IV. *An open place in Athens. A short flourish of cornets, and shouts within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS, EMILIA; ARCITE *disguised, wearing a garland; and* Countrymen.

Thes. You have done worthily; I have not seen,
Since Hercules, a man of tougher sinews:
Whate'er you are, you run the best, and wrestle,
That these times can allow.
Arc. I'm proud to please you.
Thes. What country bred you?
Arc. This; but far off, prince.
Thes. Are you a gentleman?
Arc. My father said so;
And to those gentle uses gave me[69] life.
Thes. Are you his heir?
Arc. His youngest, sir.
Thes. Your father,
Sure, is a happy sire, then. What proves[70] you?
Arc. A little of all noble qualities:
I could have kept a hawk, and well have holla'd
To a deep cry of dogs; I dare not praise
My feat in horsemanship, yet they that knew me
Would say it was my best piece; last and greatest,
I would be thought a soldier.
Thes. You are perfect.
Pir. Upon my soul, a proper man!
Emi. He is so.
Pir. How do you like him, lady?
Hip. I admire him:
I have not seen so young a man so noble,
If he say true, of his sort.
Emi. Believe
His mother was a wondrous handsome woman;
His face methinks goes that way.

([69]) *me*] Seward would read "my."
([70]) *proves*] The modern editors, Weber excepted, print "prove."

Hip. But his body
And fiery mind illustrate a brave father.
Pir. Mark how his virtue, like a hidden sun,
Breaks through his baser garments!
Hip. He's well got, sure.
Thes. What made you seek this place, sir?
Arc. Noble Theseus,
To purchase name, and do my ablest service
To such a well-found wonder as thy worth;
For only in thy court, of all the world,
Dwells fair-ey'd Honour.
Pir. All his words are worthy.
Thes. Sir, we are much indebted to your travel,
Nor shall you lose your wish.—Pirithous,
Dispose of this fair gentleman.
Pir. Thanks, Theseus.—
Whate'er you are, you're mine; and I shall give you
To a most noble service,—to this lady,
This bright young virgin: pray, observe her goodness:
You've honour'd her fair birthday with your virtues,
And, as your due, you're hers; kiss her fair hand, sir.
Arc. Sir, you're a noble giver.—[*To Emilia*] Dearest beauty,
Thus let me seal my vow'd faith [*Kisses her hand*]: when your servant—
Your most unworthy creature—but offends you,
Command him die, he shall.
Emi. That were too cruel.
If you deserve well, sir, I shall soon see't:
You're mine; and somewhat better than your rank
I'll use you.
Pir. I'll see you furnish'd: and because you say
You are a horseman, I must needs entreat you
This afternoon to ride; but 'tis a rough one.
Arc. I like him better, prince; I shall not, then,
Freeze in my saddle.
Thes. Sweet, you must be ready,—
And you, Emilia,—and you, friend,—and all,—
To-morrow, by the sun, to do observance

To flowery May, in Dian's wood.—Wait well, sir,
Upon your mistress.—Emily, I hope
He shall not go a-foot.
Emi. That were a shame, sir,
While I have horses.—Take your choice; and what
You want at any time, let me but know it:
If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you
You'll find a loving mistress.
Arc. If I do not,
Let me find that my father ever hated,—
Disgrace and blows.
Thes. Go, lead the way; you've won it;
It shall be so: you shall receive all dues
Fit for the honour you have won; 'twere wrong else.—
Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a servant,
That, if I were a woman, would be master:
But you are wise.
Emi. I hope too wise for that, sir.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Athens. Before the prison.*

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Daugh. Let all the dukes and all the devils roar,
He is at liberty: I've ventur'd for him;
And out I've brought him to a little wood
A mile hence: I have sent him, where a cedar,
Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane,
Fast by a brook; and there he shall keep close,
Till I provide him files and food; for yet
His iron bracelets are not off. O Love,
What a stout-hearted child thou art! My father
Durst better have endur'd cold iron than done it.
I love him beyond love and beyond reason,
Or wit, or safety; I have made him know it:
I care not; I am desperate: if the law
Find me, and then condemn me for't, some wenches,

Some honest-hearted maids will sing my dirge,
And tell to memory my death was noble,
Dying almost a martyr. That way he takes,
I purpose is my way too: sure he cannot
Be so unmanly as to leave me here:
If he do, maids will not so easily
Trust men again: and yet he has not thank'd me
For what I've done; no, not so much as kiss'd me;
And that, methinks, is not so well; nor scarcely
Could I persuade him to become a freeman,
He made such scruples of the wrong he did
To me and to my father. Yet, I hope,
When he considers more, this love of mine
Will take more root within him: let him do
What he will with me, so he use me kindly;
For use me so he shall, or I'll proclaim him,
And to his face, no man. I'll presently
Provide him necessaries, and pack my clothes up,
And where there is a path of ground I'll venture,
So he be with me: by him, like a shadow,
I'll ever dwell. Within this hour the whoobub
Will be all o'er the prison: I am then
Kissing the man they look for. Farewell, father!
Get many more such prisoners and such daughters,
And shortly you may keep yourself. Now to him! [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A forest near Athens. Cornets in sundry places: noise and hallooing, as of people a-Maying.*

Enter ARCITE.

Arc. The duke has lost Hippolyta; each took
A several land.[71] This is a solemn rite

[71] *land.*] Heath (*Ms. Notes*) conjectures "stand."—I suspect that we ought to read "laund" (an old form of "lawn"), which occurs in *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* act iii. sc. 1, and in *Venus and Adonis.*

They owe bloom'd May, and the Athenians pay it
To th' heart of ceremony. O queen Emilia,
Fresher than May, sweeter
Than her gold buttons on the boughs, or all
Th' enamell'd knacks o' the mead or garden! yea,
We challenge too the bank of any nymph,
That makes the stream seem flowers; thou, O jewel
O' the wood, o' the world, hast likewise bless'd a place[72]
With thy sole presence! In thy rumination
That I, poor man, might eftsoons come between,
And chop on some cold thought! thrice-blessèd chance,
To drop on such a mistress, expectation
Most guiltless on't. Tell me, O Lady Fortune,—
Next after Emily my sovereign,—how far
I may be proud. She takes strong note of me,
Hath made me near her, and this beauteous morn,
The prim'st of all the year, presents me with
A brace of horses; two such steeds might well
Be by a pair of kings back'd, in a field
That their crowns' titles tried. Alas, alas,
Poor cousin Palamon, poor prisoner! thou
So little dream'st upon my fortune, that
Thou think'st thyself the happier thing, to be
So near Emilia; me thou deem'st at Thebes,
And therein wretched, although free: but if
Thou knew'st my mistress breath'd on me, and that
I ear'd her language, liv'd in her eye, O coz,
What passion would enclose thee!

Enter PALAMON *out of a bush, with his shackles: he bends his fist at* ARCITE.

Pal. Traitor kinsman!
Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these signs
Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
But owner of a sword. By all oaths in one,
I, and the justice of my love, would make thee

([72]) *place*] Seward's correction.—The old eds. have "pace."

A confess'd traitor! O thou most perfidious
That ever gently look'd! the void'st[73] of honour
That e'er bore gentle token! falsest cousin
That ever blood made kin! call'st thou her thine?
I'll prove it in my shackles, with these hands
Void of appointment, that thou liest, and art
A very thief in love, a chaffy lord,
Nor worth the name of villain! Had I a sword,
And these house-clogs away,—

Arc. Dear cousin Palamon,—

Pal. Cozener Arcite, give me language such
As thou hast show'd me feat![74]

Arc. Not finding in
The circuit of my breast any gross stuff
To form me like your blazon, holds me to
This gentleness of answer: 'tis your passion
That thus mistakes; the which, to you being enemy,
Cannot to me be kind. Honour and honesty
I cherish and depend on, howsoe'er
You skip them in me; and with them, fair coz,
I'll maintain my proceedings. Pray, be pleas'd
To show in generous terms your griefs, since that
Your question's with your equal, who professes
To clear his own way with the mind and sword
Of a true gentleman.

Pal. That thou durst, Arcite!

Arc. My coz, my coz, you have been well advertis'd
How much I dare: you've seen me use my sword
Against th' advice of fear. Sure, of another
You would not hear me doubted, but your silence
Should break out, though i' the sanctuary.

Pal. Sir,
I've seen you move in such a place, which well

(73) *void'st*] Sympson's correction.—The old eds. have "voydes."

(74) *give me language such*
As thou hast show'd me feat!]

"*i.e.* let your language correspond with the vileness of your actions." MASON.

Might justify your manhood; you were call'd
A good knight and a bold: but the whole week's not fair,
If any day it rain. Their valiant temper
Men lose when they incline to treachery;
And then they fight like compell'd bears, would fly
Were they not tied.

Arc. Kinsman, you might as well
Speak this, and act it in your glass, as to
His ear which now disdains you.

Pal. Come up to me:
Quit me of these cold gyves, give me a sword,
Though it be rusty, and the charity
Of one meal lend me; come before me then,
A good sword in thy hand, and do but say
That Emily is thine, I will forgive
The trespass thou hast done me, yea, my life,
If then thou carry't; and brave souls in shades,
That have died manly, which will seek of me
Some news from earth, they shall get none but this,
That thou art brave and noble.

Arc. Be content,
Again betake you to your hawthorn-house:
With counsel of the night, I will be here
With wholesome viands; these impediments
Will I file off; you shall have garments, and
Perfumes to kill the smell o' the prison; after,
When you shall stretch yourself, and say but, "Arcite,
I am in plight," there shall be at your choice
Both sword and armour.

Pal. O you heavens, dare any
So noble bear a guilty baseness?[75] none
But only Arcite; therefore none but Arcite
In this kind is so bold.

Arc. Sweet Palamon,—

Pal. I do embrace you and your offer: for
Your offer do't I only, sir; your person,
Without hypocrisy, I may not wish

([75]) *baseness?*] The old eds. have "busines."

More than my sword's edge on't. [*Horns winded within.*
Arc. You hear the horns:
Enter your muset,[76] lest this match between's
Be cross'd ere met. Give me your hand; farewell:
I'll bring you every needful thing: I pray you,
Take comfort, and be strong.
Pal. Pray, hold your promise,
And do the deed with a bent brow: most certain
You love me not: be rough with me, and pour
This oil out of your language. By this air,
I could for each word give a cuff; my stomach
Not reconcil'd by reason.[77]
Arc. Plainly spoken!
Yet pardon me hard language: when I spur
My horse, I chide him not; content and anger
In me have but one face. [*Horns winded again.*
Hark, sir! they call
The scatter'd to the banquet: you must guess
I have an office there.
Pal. Sir, your attendance
Cannot please heaven; and I know your office
Unjustly is achiev'd.
Arc. I've[78] a good title,
I am persuaded: this question, sick between's,
By bleeding must be cur'd. I am a suitor
That to your sword you will bequeath this plea,
And talk of it no more.
Pal. But this one word:
You're going now to gaze upon my mistress;
For, note you, mine she is,—
Arc. Nay, then,—
Pal. Nay, pray you,—
You talk of feeding me to breed me strength;

(76) *muset,*] The old eds. have "Musicke" and "Musick."

(77) *my stomach*
Not reconcil'd by reason.]
"i.e. '*if* my stomach *were not*,' &c." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 343.

(78) *I've*] The old eds. have "If."

You're going now to look upon a sun
That strengthens what it looks on; there you have
A vantage o'er me: but enjoy it till
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Daugh. He has mistook the brake[79] I meant; is gone
After his fancy. 'Tis now well-nigh morning;
No matter: would it were perpetual night,
And darkness lord o' the world!—Hark! 'tis a wolf:
In me hath grief slain fear, and, but for one thing,
I care for nothing, and that's Palamon:
I reck not if the wolves would jaw me, so
He had this file. What if I holla'd for him?
I cannot holla: if I whoop'd, what then?
If he not answer'd, I should call a wolf,
And do him but that service. I have heard
Strange howls this live-long night: why may't not be
They have made prey of him? he has no weapons;
He cannot run; the jingling of his gyves
Might call fell things to listen, who have in them
A sense to know a man unarm'd, and can
Smell where resistance is. I'll set it down
He's torn to pieces; they howl'd many together,
And then they fed on him: so much for that:
Be bold to ring the bell; how stand I, then?

(79) *brake*] Theobald's correction, adopted by Weber and Mr. Knight. —The old eds. have "Beake" and "Beak."—Seward printed "beck" (*i.e.* small stream); and so the editors of 1778.—Nares thinks that "beck," in the present passage, is "an excellent and undoubted emendation, because the Jailer's Daughter had appointed Palamon to wait for her at a cedar 'fast by a *brook*.'" *Gloss.* in v. But, as Mason observes, "it is out of a bush or *brake* that Palamon issues when he quarrels with Arcite, p. 154; and in the 6th scene of the present act Arcite says,

'O, retire,
For honour's sake and safety, presently
Into your bush again, sir.'"

All's char'd when he is gone. No, no, I lie;
My father's to be hang'd for his escape;
Myself to beg, if I priz'd life so much
As to deny my act; but that I would not,
Should I try death by dozens.—I am mop'd:
Food took I none these two days; once, indeed,
I sipp'd some water; I've not clos'd mine eyes,
Save when my lids scour'd off their brine.[80] Alas,
Dissolve, my life! let not my sense unsettle,
Lest I should drown, or stab, or hang myself!
O state of nature, fail together in me,
Since thy best props are warp'd!—So, which way now?
The best way is the next way to a grave:
Each errant step beside is torment. Lo,
The moon is down, the crickets chirp, the screech-owl
Calls in the dawn! all offices are done,
Save what I fail in: but the point is this,
An end, and that is all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same part of the forest as in Scene I.*

Enter ARCITE, *with meat, wine, files, &c.*

Arc. I should be near the place.—Ho, cousin Palamon!

[80] *Food took I none these two days; once, indeed,*
I sipp'd some water; I've not clos'd mine eyes,
Save when my lids scour'd off their brine.]

The old eds. have

"*Food tooke I none these two daies.*
Sipt some water. I have *not clos'd mine eyes,*" &c.

Seward printed

"*Food took I none these two days,* only *sipt*
Some water, two nights *I've not clos'd mine eyes,*" &c.

Sympson proposed to read

"*Food took I none these two days,* 'cept *some water;*
I have not clos'd mine eyes,
Save when," &c.;

which Mason thinks right.—The editors of 1778 followed the old eds.; and so Mr. Knight.—Weber violently altered the arrangement of the lines.—That some words have dropt out is quite evident.

Enter PALAMON.

Pal. Arcite?

Arc. The same: I've brought you food and files.
Come forth and fear not: here's no Theseus.

Pal. Nor none so honest, Arcite.[81]

Arc. That's no matter:
We'll argue that hereafter. Come, take courage;
You shall not die thus beastly: here, sir, drink;
I know you're faint; then I'll talk further with you.

Pal. Arcite, thou mightst now poison me.

Arc. I might;
But I must fear you first. Sit down; and, good, now,
No more of these vain parleys: let us not,
Having our ancient reputation with us,
Make talk for fools and cowards. To your health![82]
[*Drinks.*

Pal. Do.

Arc. Pray, sit down, then; and let me entreat you,
By all the honesty and honour in you,
No mention of this woman! 'twill disturb us;
We shall have time enough.

Pal. Well, sir, I'll pledge you. [*Drinks.*

Arc. Drink a good hearty draught; it breeds good blood, man.
Do not you feel it thaw you?

Pal. Stay; I'll tell you
After a draught or two more.

Arc. Spare it not;
The duke has more, coz. Eat now.

(81) *here's no Theseus.*
Pal. *Nor none so honest, Arcite.*]
"Read
'here's no Theseus.
Pal. *No,*
Nor none so honest, Arcite.'
'*Thesēus*' is Shakespeare's pronunciation, not Fletcher's (see *Midsummer-Night's Dream*); besides, the sentence seems to require 'No.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 147.

(82) *health!*] Is followed in the old eds. by "&c."

Pal. Yes. [*Eats.*
Arc. I'm glad
You have so good a stomach.
Pal. I am gladder
I have so good meat to't.
Arc. Is't not mad lodging
Here in the wild woods, cousin?
Pal. Yes, for them
That have wild consciences.
Arc. How tastes your victuals?
Your hunger needs no sauce, I see.
Pal. Not much:
But if it did, yours is too tart, sweet cousin.
What is this?
Arc. Venison.
Pal. 'Tis a lusty meat.
Give me more wine: here, Arcite, to the wenches
We've known in our days! The lord-steward's daughter;
Do you remember her?
Arc. After you, coz.
Pal. She lov'd a black-hair'd man.
Arc. She did so: well, sir?
Pal. And I have heard some call him Arcite; and—
Arc. Out with it, faith!
Pal. She met him in an arbour:
What did she there, coz? play o' the virginals?
Arc. Something she did, sir.
Pal. Made her groan a month for't;
Or two, or three, or ten.
Arc. The marshal's sister
Had her share too, as I remember, cousin,
Else there be tales abroad: you'll pledge her?
Pal. Yes.
Arc. A pretty brown wench 'tis: there was a time
When young men went a-hunting, and a wood,
And a broad beech; and thereby hangs a tale.—
Heigh-ho!
Pal. For Emily, upon my life! Fool,
Away with this strain'd mirth! I say again,

That sigh was breath'd for Emily: base cousin,
Dar'st thou break first?
Arc. You're wide.
Pal. By heaven and earth,
There's nothing in thee honest.
Arc. Then I'll leave you:
You are a beast now.
Pal. As thou mak'st me, traitor.
Arc. There's all things needful,—files, and shirts, and perfumes:
I'll come again some two hours hence, and bring
That that shall quiet all.
Pal. A sword and armour?
Arc. Fear me not. You are now too foul: farewell:
Get off your trinkets; you shall want nought.
Pal. Sirrah,—
Arc. I'll hear no more. [*Exit.*
Pal. If he keep touch, he dies for't.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Daugh. I'm very cold; and all the stars are out too,
The little stars, and all that look like aglets:
The sun has seen my folly. Palamon!
Alas, no! he's in heaven.—Where am I now?—
Yonder's the sea, and there's a ship; how't tumbles!
And there's a rock lies watching under water;
Now, now, it beats upon it; now, now, now,
There's a leak sprung, a sound one; how they cry!
Spoom her[83] before the wind, you'll lose all else;

([83]) *Spoom her*] So Weber (who compares a passage in Fletcher's *Double Marriage*, act ii. sc. 1;

"Down with the foresail too! we'll *spoom* before her").—

The old eds. have "Vpon *her*," with which Mr. Knight is satisfied.—Seward gave Sympson's conjecture, "Up with *her;*" and so the editors of 1778.—Theobald proposed "Spoon *her*."—Nares (*Gloss.* in v.) thinks that in the present passage "*Spoom her*" is not the right reading.

Up with a course or two, and tack about, boys:
Good night, good night; ye're gone.—I'm very hungry:
Would I could find a fine frog! he would tell me
News from all parts o' the world; then would I make
A carack of a cockle-shell, and sail
By east and north-east to the King of Pigmies,
For he tells fortunes rarely. Now, my father,
Twenty to one, is truss'd up in a trice
To-morrow morning: I'll say never a word. [*Sings.*

For I'll cut my green coat a foot above my knee;
And I'll clip my yellow locks an inch below mine e'e:
Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.
He's[84] buy me a white cut, forth for to ride,
And I'll go seek him through the world that is so wide:
Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.

O for a prick now, like a nightingale,
To put my breast against! I shall sleep like a top else. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter GERROLD, *four* Countrymen *as* Morris-dancers, *another as the* Bavian, *five* Wenches, *and a* Taborer.

Ger. Fie, fie!
What tediosity and disensanity
Is here among ye! Have my rudiments
Been labour'd so long with ye, milk'd unto ye,
And, by a figure, even the very plum-broth
And marrow of my understanding laid upon ye,
And do you still cry "Where," and "How," and "Wherefore?"
You most coarse frize capacities, ye jane judgments,[85]

(84) *He's*] "Is an abbreviation of '*he shall*,' still common among the vulgar; and there is no occasion to read with Mason 'he'll.'" WEBER.

(85) *ye jane judgments,*] The old eds. have "*ye* jave *Iudgements;*" and so Weber.—Seward printed "*ye* sleave *judgments;*" and so the editors of 1778.—Heath (*Ms. Notes*) proposes "*ye* jaw *judgments*" (a conjecture

Have I said "Thus let be," and "There let be,"
And "Then let be," and no man understand me?
Proh Deum, medius fidius, ye are all dunces!
For why here stand I; here the duke comes; there are you,
Close in the thicket; the duke appears; I meet him,
And unto him I utter learnèd things
And many figures; he hears, and nods, and hums,
And then cries "Rare!" and I go forward; at length
I fling my cap up; mark there! then do you,
As once did Meleager and the boar,
Break comely out before him, like true lovers,
Cast yourselves in a body decently,
And sweetly, by a figure, trace and turn, boys.

First Coun. And sweetly we will do it, Master Gerrold.

Sec. Coun. Draw up the company. Where's the taborer?

Third Coun. Why, Timothy!

Tab. Here, my mad boys; have at ye!

Ger. But I say where's their women?

Fourth Coun. Here's Friz and Maudlin.

Sec. Coun. And little Luce with the white legs, and bouncing Barbary.

First Coun. And freckled Nell, that never fail'd her master.

Ger. Where be your ribands, maids? swim with your bodies,
And carry it sweetly and deliverly;
And now and then a favour and a frisk.

Nell. Let us alone, sir.

Ger. Where's the rest o' the music?

Third Coun. Dispers'd as you commanded.

which also occurred to Weber).—Mr. Knight gives "*ye* jape *judgments*."—It is really extraordinary that, when Seward got so far as to observe that, "whether 'jave' be some sort of coarse cloth as well as *frieze*, or a mistake of the press, must be uncertain," &c., neither he nor his successors should have discovered the right word: "jave" is undoubtedly a misprint for "*jane*,"—a stuff well known in England long before the present play was written: "Fustian called *Jean*," &c., *The Rates of the Custome-house*, &c., 1582, sig. C 2.—With the present passage we may compare the following lines of Taylor the water-poet;

> "And with *Mockado* mouth, and *judgement Rash*,
> And tongue of *Saye*, thou'lt say all is but trash."
> *A Reply as true as Steele*, &c., 1641, p. 6 [5].

Ger. Couple, then,
And see what's wanting. Where's the Bavian?
My friend, carry your tail without offence
Or scandal to the ladies; and be sure
You tumble with audacity and manhood;
And when you bark, do it with judgment.
Bav. Yes, sir.
Ger. Quo usque tandem? here's a woman wanting.
Fourth Coun. We may go whistle; all the fat's i' the fire.
Ger. We have,
As learnèd authors utter, wash'd a tile;
We have been *fatuus*, and labour'd vainly.
Sec. Coun. This is that scornful piece, that scurvy hilding,
That gave her promise faithfully she would
Be here, Cicely the sempster's daughter:
The next gloves that I give her shall be dog-skin;
Nay, an she fail me once—You can tell, Arcas,
She swore, by wine and bread, she would not break.
Ger. An eel and woman,
A learnèd poet says, unless by the tail
And with thy teeth thou hold, will either fail.
In manners this was false position.
First Coun. A fire ill take her![86] does she flinch now?
Third Coun. What
Shall we determine, sir?
Ger. Nothing;
Our business is become a nullity,
Yea, and a woful and a piteous nullity.
Fourth Coun. Now, when the credit of our town lay on it,
Now to be frampal, now to piss o' the nettle!
Go thy ways; I'll remember thee, I'll fit thee!

([86]) *A fire ill take her!*] Seward printed "*A* feril *take her!*"—"because the dialogue is with a schoolmaster, who says of himself [p. 168] that

'He humbles with a *ferula* the tall ones.'"—

Weber proposes to read "*An* ill fire *take her!*"—Nares (*Gloss.* in v. *Ferril*) says that "'A *fire-ill* take her' is doubtless equivalent to '*p—x* take her.'"—After all, is not the right reading "*A* wildfire *take her*"? That expression is very common: so, in Fletcher's *Mad Lover*, act v. sc. 3, Chilax exclaims to the Priestess, "A wildfire take you!"

Enter Gaoler's Daughter, *and sings.*

The George alow came from the south,
From the coast of Barbary-a;
And there he met with brave gallants of war,
By one, by two, by three-a.

Well hail'd, well hail'd, you jolly gallants!
And whither now are you bound-a?
O, let me have your company
Till I[87] come to the Sound-a!

There was three fools fell out about an howlet:
The one said it was an owl;
The other he said nay;
The third he said it was a hawk,
And her bells were cut away.

Third Coun. There's a dainty mad woman, master,
Come i' the nick; as mad as a March hare:
If we can get her dance, we're made again;
I warrant her she'll do the rarest gambols.
First Coun. A mad woman! we are made, boys.
Ger. And are you mad, good woman?
Daugh. I'd be sorry else.
Give me your hand.
Ger. Why?
Daugh. I can tell your fortune:
You are a fool. Tell ten. I've pos'd him. Buzz!
Friend, you must eat no white bread; if you do,
Your teeth will bleed extremely. Shall we dance, ho?
I know you; you're a tinker; sirrah tinker,
Stop no more holes but what you should.
Ger. *Dii boni!*
A tinker, damsel!
Daugh. Or a conjurer:
Raise me a devil now, and let him play
Qui passa o' the bells and bones.
Ger. Go, take her,

[87] *I*] Added by Seward; and so his successors,—Weber excepted, who inserts "we."

And fluently persuade her to a peace;[88]
Et opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis—*
Strike up, and lead her in.
Sec. Coun. Come, lass, let's trip it.
Daugh. I'll lead.
Third Coun. Do, do. [*Horns winded within.*
Ger. Persuasively and cunningly; away, boys!
I hear the horns: give me some meditation,
And mark your cue. [*Exeunt all except Gerrold.*
Pallas inspire me!

Enter THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, ARCITE, *and Train.*

Thes. This way the stag took.
Ger. Stay and edify.
Thes. What have we here?
Pir. Some country sport, upon my life, sir.
Thes. Well, sir, go forward; we will edify.—
Ladies, sit down: we'll stay it.
Ger. Thou doughty duke, all hail! All hail, sweet ladies!
Thes. This is a cold beginning.[89]
Ger. If you but favour, our country pastime made is.
We are a few of those collected here,
That ruder tongues distinguish villager;

(88) *persuade her to a peace;*] Means simply—persuade her to be quiet.—Reed would alter "*a peace*" to "appease," Mason to "*a* place" (in the dance), and Weber to "*a* pace" (*i.e.* dance).

* *Et opus*, &c.] From Ovid;

"Jamque *opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec* ignes," &c.
Met. XV. 871.

(89) *Thou doughty duke, all hail! All hail, sweet ladies!*
Thes. *This is a cold beginning.*]

"I know not whether it is necessary to observe, that there is a play on '*hail*,' as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2;

'All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.'

Dekker, *Old Fortunatus*, *Old English Drama*, 1831, p. 34, '*Andelocia.* Brother, all hail. *Shadow.* There's a rattling salutation.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 343.

And, to say verity and not to fable,
We are a merry rout, or else a rable,
Or company, or, by a figure, choris,[90]
That 'fore thy dignity will dance a morris.
And I, that am the rectifier of all,
By title *pædagogus*, that let fall
The birch upon the breeches of the small ones,
And humble with a ferula the tall ones,
Do here present this machine, or this frame:
And, dainty duke, whose doughty dismal fame
From Dis to Dædalus, from post to pillar,
Is blown abroad, help me, thy poor well-willer,
And, with thy twinkling eyes, look right and straight
Upon this mighty *morr*—of mickle weight—
Is—now comes in, which being glu'd together
Makes *morris*, and the cause that we came hither,
The body of our sport, of no small study.
I first appear, though rude and raw and muddy,
To speak, before thy noble grace, this tenner;[91]
At whose great feet I offer up my penner:
The next, the Lord of May and Lady bright,
The Chambermaid and Servingman, by night
That seek out silent hanging:[92] then mine Host
And his fat spouse, that welcome to his cost[93]
The gallèd traveller, and with a beck'ning
Inform the tapster to inflame the reck'ning:
Then the beast-eating[94] Clown, and next the Fool,
The Bavian, with long tail and eke long tool;
Cum multis aliis that make a dance:
Say "Ay," and all shall presently advance.

(90) *rable,*
. . . . . *choris,*]

The modern editors print "rabble" and (with the folio of 1679) "chorus."

(91) *tenner;*] So the old eds., for the sake of the rhyme.—The modern editors (Seward excepted) print "tenor."

(92) *hanging:*] Heath (*Ms. Notes*) conjectures "hugging;" not perceiving (what is surely plain enough) that "*hanging*" means tapestry.—Compare, p. 194, "O, that ever I did it *behind the arras!*"

(93) *welcome to his cost*] The old eds. have "welcomes *to* their *cost;*" and, in the next line but one, "Informes."

(94) *beast-eating*] Mason would read "beef-*eating*."

Thes. Ay, ay, by any means, dear domine.
Pir. Produce.
Ger.[95] *Intrate, filii;* come forth, and foot it.

Re-enter the four Countrymen, *the* Bavian, *the five* Wenches, *and the* Taborer, *accompanied by the* Gaoler's Daughter, *and others of both sexes. They dance a morris.*

Ladies, if we have been merry,
And have pleas'd ye[96] with a derry,
And a derry, and a down,
Say the schoolmaster's no clown.
Duke, if we have pleas'd thee too,
And have done as good boys should do,
Give us but a tree or twain
For a Maypole, and again,
Ere another year run out,
We'll make thee laugh, and all this rout.

Thes. Take twenty, domine.—How does my sweetheart?
Hip. Never so pleas'd, sir.
Emi. 'Twas an excellent dance; and for a preface,
I never heard a better.
Thes. Schoolmaster, I thank you.—
One see 'em all rewarded.
Pir. And here's something [*Gives money.*
To paint your pole withal.
Thes. Now to our sports again.
Ger. May the stag thou hunt'st stand long,
And thy dogs be swift and strong!
May they kill him without lets,
And the ladies eat his doucets!

[*Exeunt Theseus, Pirithous, Hippolyta, Emilia, Arcite, and Train. Horns winded as they go out.*

Come, we're all made. *Dii Deæque omnes!*
Ye have danc'd rarely, wenches. [*Exeunt.*

(95) Ger.] This prefix has dropt out from the old eds., which have here a stage-direction, "*Knocke for Schoole.*" (and "*Schoolm.*")
(96) *ye*] The old eds. have "thee."

SCENE VI. *The same part of the forest as in Scene III.*

Enter PALAMON *from the bush.*

Pal. About this hour my cousin gave his faith
To visit me again, and with him bring
Two swords and two good armours: if he fail,
He's neither man nor soldier. When he left me,
I did not think a week could have restor'd
My lost strength to me, I was grown so low
And crest-fall'n with my wants: I thank thee, Arcite,
Thou'rt yet a fair foe; and I feel myself,
With this refreshing, able once again
To outdure danger. To delay it longer
Would make the world think, when it comes to hearing,
That I lay fatting like a swine, to fight,
And not a soldier: therefore, this blest morning
Shall be the last; and that sword he refuses,
If it but hold, I kill him with; 'tis justice:
So, love and fortune for me!

Enter ARCITE *with armours and swords.*

O, good morrow.

Arc. Good morrow, noble kinsman.

Pal. I have put you
To too much pains, sir.

Arc. That too much, fair cousin,
Is but a debt to honour and my duty.

Pal. Would you were so in all, sir! I could wish ye
As kind a kinsman as you force me find
A beneficial foe, that my embraces
Might thank ye, not my blows.

Arc. I shall think either,
Well done, a noble recompense.

Pal. Then I shall quit you.

Arc. Defy me in these fair terms, and you show
More than a mistress to me: no more anger,

As you love any thing that's honourable:
We were not bred to talk, man; when we're arm'd,
And both upon our guards, then let our fury,
Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us;
And then to whom the birthright of this beauty
Truly pertains—without upbraidings, scorns,
Despisings of our persons, and such poutings,
Fitter for girls and schoolboys—will be seen,
And quickly, yours or mine. Wilt please you arm, sir?
Or, if you feel yourself not fitting yet,
And furnish'd with your old strength, I'll stay, cousin,
And every day discourse you into health,
As I am spar'd: your person I am friends with;
And I could wish I had not said I lov'd her,
Though I had died; but, loving such a lady,
And justifying my love, I must not fly from't.

Pal. Arcite, thou art so brave an enemy,
That no man but thy cousin's fit to kill thee:
I'm well and lusty; choose your arms.

Arc. Choose you, sir.

Pal. Wilt thou exceed in all, or dost thou do it
To make me spare thee?

Arc. If you think so, cousin,
You are deceiv'd; for, as I am a soldier,
I will not spare you.

Pal. That's well said.

Arc. You'll find it.

Pal. Then, as I am an honest man, and love
With all the justice of affection,
I'll pay thee soundly. This I'll take.

Arc. That's mine, then.
I'll arm you first. [*Proceeds to put on Palamon's armour.*

Pal. Do. Pray thee, tell me, cousin,
Where gott'st thou this good armour?

Arc. 'Tis the duke's;
And, to say true, I stole't. Do I pinch you?

Pal. No.

Arc. Is't not too heavy?

Pal. I have worn a lighter;

But I shall make it serve.
Arc. I'll buckle't close.
Pal. By any means.
Arc. You care not for a grand-guard?
Pal. No, no; we'll use no horses: I perceive
You'd fain be at that fight.
Arc. I am indifferent.
Pal. Faith, so am I. Good cousin, thrust the buckle
Through far enough.
Arc. I warrant you.
Pal. My casque now.
Arc. Will you fight bare-arm'd?
Pal. We shall be the nimbler.
Arc. But use your gauntlets though: those are o' the least;
Prithee, take mine, good cousin.
Pal. Thank you, Arcite.
How do I look? am I fall'n much away?
Arc. Faith, very little; Love has us'd you kindly.
Pal. I'll warrant thee I'll strike home.
Arc. Do, and spare not.
I'll give you cause, sweet cousin.
Pal. Now to you, sir.
[*Proceeds to put on Arcite's armour.*
Methinks this armour's very like that, Arcite,
Thou wor'st that day the three kings fell, but lighter.
Arc. That was a very good one; and that day,
I well remember, you outdid me, cousin;
I never saw such valour: when you charg'd
Upon the left wing of the enemy,
I spurr'd hard to come up, and under me
I had a right good horse.
Pal. You had indeed;
A bright bay, I remember.
Arc. Yes. But all
Was vainly labour'd in me; you outwent me,
Nor could my wishes reach you: yet a little
I did by imitation.
Pal. More by virtue;
You're modest, cousin.

Arc. When I saw you charge first,
Methought I heard a dreadful clap of thunder
Break from the troop.
Pal. But still before that flew
The lightning of your valour. Stay a little:
Is not this piece too strait?
Arc. No, no; 'tis well.
Pal. I would have nothing hurt thee but my sword;
A bruise would be dishonour.
Arc. Now I'm perfect.
Pal. Stand off, then.
Arc. Take my sword; I hold it better.
Pal. I thank ye, no; keep it; your life lies on it:
Here's one, if it but hold, I ask no more
For all my hopes. My cause and honour guard me!
Arc. And me my love!
[*They bow several ways; then advance and stand.*
Is there aught else to say?
Pal. This only, and no more. Thou art mine aunt's son,
And that blood we desire to shed is mutual;
In me thine, and in thee mine: my sword
Is in my hand, and, if thou killest me,
The gods and I forgive thee: if there be
A place prepar'd for those that sleep in honour,
I wish his weary soul that falls may win it.
Fight bravely, cousin: give me thy noble hand.
Arc. Here, Palamon: this hand shall never more
Come near thee with such friendship.
Pal. I commend thee.
Arc. If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward;
For none but such dare die in these just trials.[97]
Once more, farewell, my cousin.

([97]) *If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward;*
For none but such dare die in these just trials.]

"Mr. Sympson thinks this a strange sentiment; and indeed it must appear so, till we recollect that our scene lies in the land of *knight errantry* rather than in Athens; that our authors follow Chaucer, and dress their heroes after the manners of his age, when trials by the sword were thought just, and the conquered always supposed guilty and held infamous." SEWARD.

Pal. Farewell, Arcite.

[*They fight. Horns winded within: they stand.*

Arc. Lo, cousin, lo! our folly has undone us.

Pal. Why?

Arc. This is the duke, a-hunting as I told you;
If we be found, we're wretched; O, retire,
For honour's sake and safety,[96] presently
Into your bush again, sir; we shall find
Too many hours to die in. Gentle cousin,
If you be seen, you perish instantly
For breaking prison; and I, if you reveal me,
For my contempt: then all the world will scorn us,
And say we had a noble difference,
But base disposers of it.

Pal. No, no, cousin;
I will no more be hidden, nor put off
This great adventure to a second trial:
I know your cunning and I know your cause:
He that faints now, shame take him! Put thyself
Upon thy present guard,—

Arc. You are not mad?

Pal. Or I will make th' advantage of this hour
Mine own; and what to come shall threaten me,
I fear less than my fortune. Know, weak cousin,
I love Emilia; and in that I'll bury
Thee, and all crosses else.

Arc. Then, come what can come,
Thou shalt know, Palamon, I dare as well
Die as discourse or sleep: only this fears me,
The law will have the honour of our ends.
Have at thy life!

Pal. Look to thine own well, Arcite.

[*They fight. Horns winded within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, PIRITHOUS, *and Train.*

Thes. What ignorant and mad-malicious traitors

(96) *safety,*] Theobald and Seward's correction, which is followed by Weber and by Mr. Knight.—The old eds. have "safely;" and so the editors of 1778.

Are you, that, 'gainst the tenour of my laws,
Are making battle, thus like knights appointed,
Without my leave, and officers of arms?
By Castor, both shall die.
Pal. Hold thy word, Theseus:
We're certainly both traitors, both despisers
Of thee and of thy goodness: I am Palamon,
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy prison;
Think well what that deserves: and this is Arcite;
A bolder traitor never trod thy ground,
A falser ne'er seem'd friend: this is the man
Was begg'd and banish'd: this is he contemns thee
And what thou dar'st do; and in this disguise,
Against thy own edict,[99] follows thy sister,
That fortunate bright star, the fair Emilia;
Whose servant—if there be a right in seeing,
And first bequeathing of the soul to—justly
I am; and, which is more, dares think her his.
This treachery, like a most trusty lover,
I call'd him now to answer: if thou be'st,
As thou art spoken, great and virtuous,
The true decider of all injuries,
Say "Fight again!" and thou shalt see me, Theseus,
Do such a justice thou thyself wilt envy:
Then take my life; I'll woo thee to't.
Pir. O heaven,
What more than man is this!
Thes. I've sworn.
Arc. We seek not
Thy breath of mercy, Theseus: 'tis to me
A thing as soon to die as thee to say it,
And no more mov'd. Where this man calls me traitor,
Let me say thus much: if in love be treason,
In service of so excellent a beauty,
As I love most, and in that faith will perish,
As I have brought my life here to confirm it,

[99] *thy own edict,*] The old eds. have "this *owne Edict.*"—Seward silently printed "this known *edict;*" and so his successors.—Compare the fourth line of the next page.

As I have serv'd her truest, worthiest,
As I dare kill this cousin that denies it,
So let me be most traitor, and ye please me.
For scorning thy edict, duke, ask that lady
Why she is fair, and why her eyes command me
Stay here to love her; and, if she say "traitor,"
I am a villain fit to lie unburied.

Pal. Thou shalt have pity of us both, O Theseus,
If unto neither thou show mercy; stop,
As thou art just, thy noble ear against us;
As thou art valiant, for thy cousin's soul,
Whose twelve strong labours crown his memory,
Let's die together, at one instant, duke;
Only a little let him fall before me,
That I may tell my soul he shall not have her.

Thes. I grant your wish; for, to say true, your cousin
Has ten times more offended, for I gave him
More mercy than you found, sir, your offences
Being no more than his.—None here speak for 'em;
For, ere the sun set, both shall sleep for ever.

Hip. Alas, the pity!—Now or never, sister,
Speak, not to be denied: that face of yours
Will bear the curses else of after-ages
For these lost cousins.

Emi. In my face, dear sister,
I find no anger to 'em, nor no ruin;
The misadventure of their own eyes kill 'em:[100]
Yet that I will be woman and have pity,
My knees shall grow to the ground but I'll get mercy.
Help me, dear sister: in a deed so virtuous
The powers of all women will be with us.—
Most royal brother,— [*They kneel.*

Hip. Sir, by our tie of marriage,—

Emi. By your own spotless honour,—

Hip. By that faith,
That fair hand, and that honest heart you gave me,—

[100] *The misadventure of their own eyes kill 'em:*] Seward silently altered "*kill*" to "kills."—But see note 116 on *Love's Labour's Lost.*

Emi. By that you would have pity in another,
By your own virtues infinite,—
Hip. By valour,
By all the chaste nights I have ever pleas'd you,—
Thes. These are strange conjurings.
Pir. Nay, then, I'll in too:— [*Kneels.*
By all our friendship, sir, by all our dangers,
By all you love most, wars, and this sweet lady,—
Emi. By that you would have trembled to deny
A blushing maid,—
Hip. By your own eyes, by strength,
In which you swore I went beyond all women,
Almost all men, and yet I yielded, Theseus,—
Pir. To crown all this, by your most noble soul,
Which cannot want due mercy, I beg first.
Hip. Next, hear my prayers.
Emi. Last, let me entreat, sir.
Pir. For mercy.
Hip. Mercy.
Emi. Mercy on these princes.
Thes. Ye make my faith reel: say I felt
Compassion to 'em both, how would you place it?
Emi. Upon their lives; but with their banishments.
Thes. You're a right woman, sister; you have pity,
But want the understanding where to use it.
If you desire their lives, invent a way
Safer than banishment: can these two live,
And have the agony of love about 'em,
And not kill one another? every day
They'd fight about you; hourly bring your honour
In public question with their swords. Be wise, then,
And here forget 'em; it concerns your credit
And my oath equally; I've said they die:
Better they fall by the law than one another.
Bow not my honour.
Emi. O my noble brother,
That oath was rashly made, and in your anger;
Your reason will not hold it: if such vows
Stand for express will, all the world must perish.

Beside, I have another oath 'gainst yours,
Of more authority, I'm sure more love;
Not made in passion neither, but good heed.
Thes. What is it, sister?
Pir. Urge it home, brave lady.
Emi. That you would ne'er deny me any thing
Fit for my modest suit and your free granting:
I tie you to your word now; if ye fail[101] in't,
Think how you maim your honour,—
For now I'm set a-begging, sir, I'm deaf
To all but your compassion; how their lives
Might breed the ruin of my name's opinion![102]
Shall any thing that loves me perish for me?
That were a cruel wisdom: do men proin[103]
The straight young boughs that blush with thousand blossoms,
Because they may be rotten? O Duke Theseus,
The goodly mothers that have groan'd for these,
And all the longing maids that ever lov'd them,[104]
If your vow stand, shall curse me and my beauty,
And in their funeral songs for these two cousins
Despise my cruelty, and cry woe-worth me,
Till I am nothing but the scorn of women.
For heaven's sake save their lives, and banish 'em.
Thes. On what conditions?
Emi. Swear 'em never more
To make me their contention or to know me,
To tread upon thy dukedom, and to be,
Wherever they shall travel, ever strangers
To one another.
Pal. I'll be cut a-pieces
Before I take this oath: forget I love her?

(101) *fail*] The old eds. have "fall."
(102) *of my name's opinion!*] *i.e.* of the reputation or credit of my name. This is Theobald's correction, which is approved by Mason, and adopted by Mr. Knight.—The old eds. have "*of my* name; *Opinion,*" and so Seward, the editors of 1778, and Weber.
(103) *proin*] Seward silently printed "prune;" and so his successors.
(104) *that ever lov'd them,*] The old eds. have merely "*that ever lov'd.*" —"Both sound (the Fletcherian rhythm especially) and sense require 'that ever lov'd *them.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 344.

O all ye gods, despise me, then. Thy banishment
I not mislike, so we may fairly carry
Our swords and cause along; else, never trifle,
But take our lives, duke: I must love, and will;
And for that love must and dare kill this cousin,
On any piece the earth has.

Thes. Will you, Arcite,
Take these conditions?

Pal. He's a villain, then.

Pir. These are men!

Arc. No, never, duke; 'tis worse to me than begging,
To take my life so basely. Though I think
I never shall enjoy her, yet I'll preserve
The honour of affection, and die for her,
Make death a devil.

Thes. What may be done? for now I feel compassion.

Pir. Let it not fall again, sir.

Thes. Say, Emilia,
If one of them were dead, as one must, are you
Content to take the other to your husband?
They cannot both enjoy you: they are princes
As goodly as your own eyes, and as noble
As ever fame yet spoke of: look upon 'em,
And, if you can love, end this difference;
I give consent.—Are you content too, princes?

Pal. } With all our souls.
Arc. }

Thes. He that she refuses
Must die, then.

Pal. } Any death thou canst invent, duke.
Arc. }

Pal. If I fall from that mouth, I fall with favour,
And lovers yet unborn shall bless my ashes.

Arc. If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed me,
And soldiers sing my epitaph.

Thes. Make choice, then.

Emi. I cannot, sir; they're both too excellent:
For me, a hair shall never fall of these men.

Hip. What will become of 'em?

Thes. Thus I ordain it;
And, by mine honour, once again it stands,
Or both shall die.—You shall both to your country;
And each, within this month, accompanied
With three fair knights, appear again in this place,
In which I'll plant a pyramid; and whether,[105]
Before us that are here, can force his cousin
By fair and knightly strength to touch the pillar,
He shall enjoy her; th' other lose his head,
And all his friends; nor shall he grudge to fall,
Nor think he dies with interest in this lady.
Will this content ye?

Pal. Yes.—Here, cousin Arcite,
I'm friends again till that hour.

Arc. I embrace ye.

Thes. Are you content, sister?

Emi. Yes; I must, sir;
Else both miscarry.

Thes. Come, shake hands again, then;
And take heed, as you're gentlemen, this quarrel
Sleep till the hour prefix'd, and hold your course.

Pal. We dare not fail thee, Theseus.

Thes. Come, I'll give ye
Now usage like to princes and to friends.
When ye return, who wins, I'll settle here;
Who loses, yet I'll weep upon his bier. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Athens. A room in the prison.*

Enter Gaoler *and* First Friend.

Gaoler. Hear you no more? was nothing said of me
Concerning the escape of Palamon?
Good sir, remember.

(105) *whether,*] "Is here used in the sense of whichever, or which of the two." MASON.

First Friend. Nothing that I heard;
For I came home before the business
Was fully ended: yet I might perceive,
Ere I departed, a great likelihood
Of both their pardons; for Hippolyta
And fair-ey'd Emily upon their knees
Begg'd with such handsome pity, that the duke
Methought stood staggering whether he should follow
His rash oath, or the sweet compassion
Of those two ladies; and to second them,
That truly noble prince Pirithous,
Half his own heart, set in too, that I hope
All shall be well: neither heard I one question
Of your name or his scape.
Gaoler. Pray heaven, it hold so!

Enter Second Friend.

Sec. Friend. Be of good comfort, man: I bring you news,
Good news.
Gaoler. They're welcome.
Sec. Friend. Palamon has clear'd you,
And got your pardon, and discover'd how
And by whose means he scap'd, which was your daughter's,
Whose pardon is procur'd too; and the prisoner—
Not to be held ungrateful to her goodness—
Has given a sum of money to her marriage,
A large one, I'll assure you.
Gaoler. Ye're a good man,
And ever bring good news.
First Friend. How was it ended?
Sec. Friend. Why, as it should be; they that never begg'd
But they prevail'd, had their suits fairly granted:
The prisoners have their lives.
First Friend. I knew 'twould be so.
Sec. Friend. But there be new conditions, which you'll hear of
At better time.
Gaoler. I hope they're good.

Sec. Friend. They're honourable:
How good they'll prove, I know not.
First Friend. 'Twill be known.

Enter Wooer.

Wooer. Alas, sir, where's your daughter?
Gaoler. Why do you ask?
Wooer. O, sir, when did you see her?
Sec. Friend. How he looks!
Gaoler. This morning.
Wooer. Was she well? was she in health, sir?
When[106] did she sleep?
First Friend. These are strange questions.
Gaoler. I do not think she was very well; for, now
You make me mind her, but this very day
I ask'd her questions, and she answer'd me
So far from what she was, so childishly,
So sillily, as if she were a fool,
An innocent; and I was very angry.
But what of her, sir?
Wooer. Nothing but my pity:
But you must know it, and as good by me
As by another that less loves her.
Gaoler. Well, sir?
First Friend. Not right?
Sec. Friend. Not well?
Wooer. No, sir; not well:
'Tis too true, she is mad.
First Friend. It cannot be.
Wooer. Believe, you'll find it so.
Gaoler. I half suspected
What you have[107] told me; the gods comfort her!
Either this was her love to Palamon,
Or fear of my miscarrying on his scape,
Or both.
Wooer. 'Tis likely.

[106] *When*] Qy. "Where"?
[107] *have*] Not in the old eds.

Gaoler. But why all this haste, sir?

Wooer. I'll tell you quickly. As I late was angling
In the great lake that lies behind the palace,
From the far' shore, thick set with reeds and sedges,
As patiently I was attending sport,
I heard a voice, a shrill one; and attentive
I gave my ear; when I might well perceive
'Twas one that sung, and, by the smallness of it,
A boy or woman. I then left my angle
To his own skill, came near, but yet perceiv'd not
Who made the sound, the rushes and the reeds
Had so encompass'd it: I laid me down,
And listen'd to the words she sung; for then,
Through a small glade cut by the fishermen,
I saw it was your daughter.

Gaoler. Pray, go on, sir.

Wooer. She sung much, but no sense; only I heard her
Repeat this often, "Palamon is gone,
Is gone to the wood to gather mulberries;
I'll find him out to-morrow."

First Friend. Pretty soul!

Wooer. "His shackles will betray him, he'll be taken;
And what shall I do then? I'll bring a bevy,
A hundred black-ey'd maids that love as I do,
With chaplets on their heads of daffodillies,
With cherry lips, and cheeks of damask roses,
And all we'll dance an antic 'fore the duke,
And beg his pardon." Then she talk'd of you, sir;
That you must lose your head to-morrow morning,
And she must gather flowers to bury you,
And see the house made handsome. Then she sung
Nothing but "Willow, willow, willow;" * and between
Ever was, "Palamon, fair Palamon,"
And "Palamon was a tall young man." The place
Was knee-deep where she sat; her careless tresses
A wreath[108] of bulrush rounded; about her stuck

* "*Willow, willow, willow;*"] See *Othello*, vol. viii. p. 225, and note there.
([108]) *wreath*] The old eds. have "wreake" and "wreak."

Thousand fresh water-flowers of several colours;
That methought she appear'd like the fair nymph
That feeds the lake with waters, or as Iris
Newly dropt down from heaven. Rings she made
Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
The prettiest posies,—"Thus our true love's tied,"
" This you may loose, not me," and many a one;
And then she wept, and sung again, and sigh'd,
And with the same breath smil'd, and kiss'd her hand.

Sec. Friend. Alas, what pity 'tis!

Wooer. I made in to her:
She saw me, and straight sought the flood; I sav'd her,
And set her safe to land: when presently
She slipt away, and to the city made,
With such a cry, and swiftness, that, believe me,
She left me far behind her. Three or four
I saw from far off cross her, one of 'em
I knew to be your brother; where she stay'd,
And fell, scarce to be got away: I left them with her,
And hither came to tell you. Here they are.

Enter Gaoler's Brother, Gaoler's Daughter, *and others.*

Daugh. [*sings*]

May you never more enjoy the light, &c.

Is not this a fine song?

Broth. O, a very fine one!

Daugh. I can sing twenty more.

Broth. I think you can.

Daugh. Yes, truly, can I; I can sing *The Broom**

* *The Broom*] "This very popular song is thus quoted by Moros in the old interlude [comedy], *The longer thou livest, the more fool thou art*, by W. Wager [n. d.];

'Brome, brome on hill,
The gentle brome on hill, hill:
Brome, brome on Hiue hill,
The gentle brome on Hiue hill,
The brome standes on Hiue hills.' [Sig. A 3.]

It is also mentioned by Laneham [*Letter from Kenilworth*, 1575] as one

And *Bonny Robin.** Are not you a tailor?

Broth. Yes.

Daugh. Where's my wedding-gown?

Broth. I'll bring't to-morrow.

Daugh. Do, very rearly;[109] I must be abroad else,
To call the maids and pay the minstrels;
For I must lose my maidenhead by cock-light;
'Twill never thrive else.

O fair, O sweet, &c.† [*Sings.*

Broth. You must even take it patiently.

Gaoler. 'Tis true.

Daugh. Good even, good men. Pray, did you ever hear
Of one young Palamon?

Gaoler. Yes, wench, we know him.

Daugh. Is't not a fine young gentleman?

Gaoler. 'Tis love!

Broth. By no means[110] cross her; she is then distemper'd
Far[111] worse than now she shows.

First Friend. Yes, he's a fine man.

Daugh. O, is he so? You have a sister?

First Friend. Yes.

Daugh. But she shall never have him, tell her so,

of the songs in the possession of Captain Cox, a mason at Coventry." WEBER.—"This repetition [by Moros] does not give the metre or the correct words of the song. The tune, or upper part, was to be sung by one person, while others sang a foot, or burden, to make harmony." Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, &c., vol. ii. p. 459, sec. ed. The song of which Moros sings a scrap is, I presume, the same as the song entitled *The bonny broom*: see *ib.*

* *Bonny Robin*] See foot-note on *Hamlet*, vol. vii. p. 402.

(109) *rearly;*] *i.e.* early.—This is Sympson's correction, adopted by Weber and Mr. Knight.—The old eds. have "rarely."—Seward (rejecting Sympson's reading, because he could find no authority for it) printed "early;" and so the editors of 1778.—Weber observes that Gay, in his *Shepherd's Week*, uses *rear* for early.—Grose gives "*Rear* (corruptly pronounced *Rare*), early, soon." *Prov. Gloss.*

† *O fair, O sweet, &c.*] Is found among *Certaine Sonets* at the end of Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 474, ed. 1598;

"O Faire, o sweet, when I do looke on thee,
In whom all ioyes so well agree," &c.

(110) *means*] The old eds. have "meane."

(111) *Far*] The old eds. have "For."

For a trick that I know: y' had best look to her,
For, if she see him once, she's gone; she's done,
And undone in an hour. All the young maids
Of our town are in love with him: but I laugh at 'em,
And let 'em all alone; is't not a wise course?

First Friend. Yes.

Daugh. There is at least two hundred now with child by him,—
There must be four; yet I keep close for all this,
Close as a cockle; and all these must be boys,—
He has the trick on't; and at ten years old
They must be all gelt for musicians,
And sing the wars of Theseus.

Sec. Friend. This is strange.

Daugh. As ever you heard: but say nothing.

First Friend. No.

Daugh. They come from all parts of the dukedom to him;
I'll warrant ye, he had not so few last night
As twenty to dispatch; he'll tickle't up
In two hours, if his hand be in.

Gaoler. She's lost,
Past all cure.

Broth. Heaven forbid, man!

Daugh. Come hither; you're a wise man.

First Friend. Does she know him?

Sec. Friend. No; would she did!

Daugh. You're master of a ship?

Gaoler. Yes.

Daugh. Where's your compass?

Gaoler. Here.

Daugh. Set it to the north;
And now direct your course to the wood, where Palamon
Lies longing for me; for the tackling
Let me alone: come, weigh, my hearts, cheerly!

All. Owgh, owgh, owgh! 'tis up, the wind is fair:
Top the bowling; out with the main-sail:
Where's your whistle, master?

Broth. Let's get her in.

Gaoler. Up to the top, boy!

Broth. Where's the pilot?
First Friend. Here.
Daugh. What kenn'st thou?
Sec. Friend. A fair wood.
Daugh. Bear for it master;
Tack about! [*Sings.*

When Cynthia with her borrow'd light, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Athens. An apartment in the palace.*

Enter EMILIA *with two pictures.*

Emi. Yet I may bind those wounds up, that must open
And bleed to death for my sake else: I'll choose,
And end their strife: two such young handsome men
Shall never fall for me; their weeping mothers,
Following the dead-cold ashes of their sons,
Shall never curse my cruelty. Good heaven,
What a sweet face has Arcite! If wise Nature,
With all her best endowments, all those beauties
She sows into the births of noble bodies,
Were here a mortal woman, and had in her
The coy denials of young maids, yet doubtless
She would run mad for this man: what an eye,
Of what a fiery sparkle and quick sweetness,
Has this young prince! here Love himself sits smiling;
Just such another wanton Ganymede
Set Jove[112] a-fire with, and enforc'd the god
Snatch up the goodly boy, and set him by him,
A shining constellation: what a brow,
Of what a spacious majesty, he carries,
Arch'd like the great-ey'd Juno's, but far sweeter,
Smoother than Pelops' shoulder! Fame and Honour,
Methinks, from hence, as from a promontory

(112) *Jove*] The old eds. have "Love."—Seward (who proposed in a note various alterations of this passage) printed "*Set Jove a-fire, and enforc'd the god*," &c.; and so Mr. Knight.—The construction and meaning (as Mason saw) are, "With just such another *smile* [which is understood from the preceding "*smiling*"] wanton Ganymede set Jove a-fire."

Pointed in heaven, should clap their wings, and sing,
To all the under-world, the loves and fights
Of gods, and such men near 'em. Palamon
Is but his foil; to him, a mere dull shadow:
He's swarth and meagre, of an eye as heavy
As if he had lost his mother; a still temper,
No stirring in him, no alacrity;
Of all this sprightly sharpness, not a smile;—
Yet these that we count errors, may become him:
Narcissus was a sad boy, but a heavenly.
O, who can find the bent of woman's fancy?
I am a fool, my reason is lost in me;
I have no choice, and I have lied so lewdly
That women ought to beat me. On my knees
I ask pardon, Palamon; thou art alone,
And only beautiful; and these thy eyes,
These[113] the bright lamps of beauty, that command
And threaten Love; and what young maid dare cross 'em?
What a bold gravity, and yet inviting,
Has this brown manly face! O Love, this only
From this hour is complexion. Lie there, Arcite;
Thou art a changeling to him, a mere gipsy,
And this the noble body. I am sotted,
Utterly lost; my virgin[114] faith has fled me,
For, if my brother but even now had ask'd me
Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for Arcite;
Now if my sister, more for Palamon.—
Stand both together.—Now, come, ask me, brother;—
Alas, I know not!—Ask me now, sweet sister;—
I may go look!—What a mere child is fancy,
That, having two fair gauds of equal sweetness,
Cannot distinguish, but must cry for both!

Enter a Gentleman.

How now, sir!

Gent. From the noble duke your brother,

[113] *These*] Mason would read "They're."
[114] *virgin*] The old eds. have "Virgins."

Madam, I bring you news: the knights are come.
Emi. To end the quarrel?
Gent. Yes.
Emi. Would I might end first!
What sins have I committed, chaste Diana,
That my unspotted youth must now be soil'd
With blood of princes, and my chastity
Be made the altar where the lives of lovers—
Two greater and two better never yet
Made mothers joy—[115] must be the sacrifice
To my unhappy beauty?

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS, *and* Attendants.

Thes. Bring 'em in
Quickly by any means; I long to see 'em.—
Your two contending lovers are return'd,
And with them their fair[116] knights: now, my fair sister,
You must love one of them.
Emi. I had rather both,
So neither for my sake should fall untimely.
Thes. Who saw 'em?
Pir. I a while.
Gent. And I.

Enter Messenger.[117]

Thes. From whence come you, sir?
Mess. From the knights.
Thes. Pray, speak,
You that have seen them, what they are.
Mess. I will, sir,
And truly what I think. Six braver spirits

[115] *Made mothers joy—*] The modern editors (with the exception of Seward), not perceiving that "*joy*" is a verb, print "*Made* mothers' *joy*."
[116] *fair*] "For '*faire*' read '*aixe.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 325. But compare, in p. 180, "each . . . . With three *fair* knights."
[117] Enter *Messenger.*] The old eds. have "*Enter Messengers* [and *Messenger*]. Curtis."—"Curtis was probably [certainly] the name of the performer who acted this subordinate part." WEBER.

Than those[118] they've brought—if we judge by th' outside—
I never saw nor read of. He that stands
In the first place with Arcite, by his seeming
Should be a stout man, by his face a prince,—
His very looks so say him; his complexion
Nearer a brown than black; stern, and yet noble,
Which shows him hardy, fearless, proud of dangers;
The circles of his eyes show fire[119] within him,
And as a heated lion so he looks;
His hair hangs long behind him, black and shining
Like ravens' wings; his shoulders broad and strong;
Arm'd long and round;[120] and on his thigh a sword
Hung by a curious baldrick, when he frowns
To seal his will with; better, o' my conscience,
Was never soldier's friend.

Thes. Thou'st well describ'd him.

Pir. Yet a great deal short,
Methinks, of him that's first with Palamon.

Thes. Pray, speak him, friend.

Pir. I guess he is a prince too,
And, if it may be, greater; for his show
Has all the ornament of honour in't:
He's somewhat bigger than the knight he spoke of,
But of a face far sweeter; his complexion
Is, as a ripe grape, ruddy; he has felt,
Without doubt, what he fights for, and so apter
To make this cause his own; in's face appears
All the fair hopes of what he undertakes;
And when he's angry, then a settled valour,

(118) *those*] So the folio of 1679.—The quarto "these;" and so the modern editors, Seward excepted.

(119) *fire*] The old eds. have "faire" and "fair;" and so Mr. Knight. —Seward printed "far;" and so the editors of 1778 and Weber.—Nothing can be plainer than that the right reading is "*fire*,"—a correction which had occurred to me long before I found it in Heath's *Ms. Notes*.—"The description of these attendant knights is closely copied from Chaucer, as well as the orisons to Venus, Mars, and Diana in the next act." WEBER.

(120) *Arm'd long and round,*] "Seward reads, 'Arms *long and round*' [and so the editors of 1778]; but the text has the same meaning." WEBER (from Mason).

Not tainted with extremes, runs through his body,
And guides his arm to brave things; fear he cannot,
He shows no such soft temper; his head's yellow,
Hard-hair'd, and curl'd, thick-twin'd, like ivy-tops,
Not to undo with thunder; in his face
The livery of the warlike maid appears,
Pure red and white, for yet no beard has blest him;
And in his rolling eyes sits Victory,
As if she ever meant to crown[121] his valour;
His nose stands high, a character of honour,
His red lips, after fights, are fit for ladies.

Emi. Must these men die too?

Pir. When he speaks, his tongue
Sounds like a trumpet; all his lineaments
Are as a man would wish 'em, strong and clean;
He wears a well-steel'd axe, the staff of gold;
His age some five-and-twenty.

Mess. There's another,
A little man, but of a tough soul, seeming
As great as any; fairer promises
In such a body yet I never look'd on.

Pir. O, he that's freckle-fac'd?

Mess. The same, my lord:
Are they not sweet ones?

Pir. Yes, they're well.

Mess. Methinks,
Being so few and well-dispos'd, they show
Great and fine art in nature. He's white-hair'd,
Not wanton-white, but such a manly colour
Next to an auburn; tough and nimble-set,
Which shows an active soul; his arms are brawny,
Lin'd with strong sinews; to the shoulder-piece
Gently they swell, like women new-conceiv'd,
Which speaks him prone to labour, never fainting
Under the weight of arms; stout-hearted, still,
But, when he stirs, a tiger; he's gray-ey'd,

(121) *crown*] So Seward; and so his successors.—The old eds. have "corect" and "correct." (We should be nearer to the *ductus literarum* by reading "court:" but it is less appropriate.)

Which yields compassion where he conquers; sharp
To spy advantages, and where he finds 'em,
He's swift to make 'em his; he does no wrongs,
Nor takes none; he's round-fac'd, and when he smiles
He shows a lover, when he frowns, a soldier;
About his head he wears the winner's oak,
And in it stuck the favour of his lady;
His age some six-and-thirty; in his hand
He bears a charging-staff, emboss'd with silver.

Thes. Are they all thus?

Pir. They're all the sons of honour.

Thes. Now, as I have a soul, I long to see 'em.—
Lady; you shall see men fight now.

Hip. I wish it,
But not the cause, my lord: they would show
Bravely about[122] the titles of two kingdoms:
'Tis pity Love should be so tyrannous.—
O my soft-hearted sister, what think you?
Weep not, till they weep blood, wench: it must be.

Thes. You've steel'd 'em with your beauty.—Honour'd friend,
To you I give the field; pray, order it
Fitting the persons that must use it.

Pir. Yes, sir.

Thes. Come, I'll go visit 'em: I cannot stay—
Their fame has fir'd me so—till they appear.
Good friend, be royal.

Pir. There shall want no bravery.

Emi. Poor wench, go weep; for whosoever wins
Loses a noble cousin for thy sins. [*Exeunt.*

(122) *they would show*
Bravely about]

Altered by Seward to

"*they would show bravely*
Fighting *about;*"

and so the editors of 1778.

SCENE III. *Athens. A room in the prison.*

Enter Gaoler, Wooer, *and* Doctor.

Doctor. Her distraction is more at some time of the moon than at other some,[123] is it not?

Gaoler. She is continually in a harmless distemper; sleeps little; altogether without appetite, save often drinking; dreaming of another world and a better; and what broken piece of matter soe'er she's about, the name Palamon lards it; that she farces every business withal, fits it to every question.—Look, where she comes; you shall perceive her behaviour.

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Daugh. I have forgot it quite; the burden on't was *Down-a, down-a;* and penned by no worse man than Geraldo, Emilia's schoolmaster: he's as fantastical, too, as ever he may go upon's legs; for in the next world will Dido see Palamon, and then will she be out of love with Æneas.

Doctor. What stuff's here! poor soul!

Gaoler. Even thus all day long.

Daugh. Now for this charm that I told you of. You must bring a piece of silver on the tip of your tongue, or no ferry: then, if it be your chance to come where the blessed spirits are—there's a sight now![124]—we maids that have our livers perished, cracked to pieces with love, we shall come there, and do nothing all day long but pick flowers with Proserpine; then will I make Palamon a nosegay; then let him—mark me—then—

Doctor. How prettily she's amiss! note her a little further.

Daugh. Faith, I'll tell you; sometime we go to barley-break, we of the blessed. Alas, 'tis a sore life they have i'

(123) *some,*] Mason would read "time;" most unnecessarily.

(124) *spirits are—there's a sight now!*] Mason's correction, adopted by Weber.—The old eds. have "*spirits,* as *the'rs* [and *there's*] *a sight now,*" &c.; and so Seward, the editors of 1778, and Mr. Knight.

th' other place, such burning, frying, boiling, hissing, howling, chattering, cursing! O, they have shrewd measure! Take heed: if one be mad, or hang, or drown themselves, thither they go; Jupiter bless us! and there shall we be put in a caldron of lead and usurers' grease, amongst a whole million of cut-purses, and there boil like a gammon of bacon that will never be enough.

Doctor. How her brain coins!

Daugh. Lords and courtiers that have got maids with child, they are in this place; they shall stand in fire up to the navel, and in ice up to the heart, and there th' offending part burns, and the deceiving part freezes; in troth, a very grievous punishment, as one would think, for such a trifle: believe me, one would marry a leprous witch to be rid on't, I'll assure you.

Doctor. How she continues this fancy! 'Tis not an engraffed madness, but a most thick and profound melancholy.

Daugh. To hear there a proud lady and a proud city-wife howl together! I were a beast, an I'd call it good sport: one cries, "O, this smoke!" th' other,[125] "This fire!" one cries, "O, that ever I did it behind the arras!" and then howls; th' other curses a suing fellow and her garden-house. [*Sings.*

I will be true, my stars, my fate, &c. [*Exit.*

Gaoler. What think you of her, sir?

Doctor. I think she has a perturbed mind which I cannot minister to.

Gaoler. Alas, what then?

Doctor. Understand you she ever affected any man ere she beheld Palamon?

Gaoler. I was once, sir, in great hope she had fixed her liking on this gentleman, my friend.

Wooer. I did think so too; and would account I had a great pen'worth on't, to give half my state, that both she and I at this present stood unfeignedly on the same terms.

(125) *th' other,*] The old eds. have "another."

Doctor. That intemperate surfeit of her eye hath distempered the other senses: they may return and settle again to execute their preordained faculties; but they are now in a most extravagant vagary. This you must do: confine her to a place where the light may rather seem to steal in than be permitted. Take upon you, young sir, her friend, the name of Palamon; say you come to eat with her, and to commune of love; this will catch her attention, for this her mind beats upon; other objects, that are inserted 'tween her mind and eye, become the pranks and friskings of her madness: sing to her such green songs of love as she says Palamon hath sung in prison; come to her, stuck in as sweet flowers as the season is mistress of, and thereto make an addition of some other compounded odours, which are grateful to the sense; all this shall become Palamon, for Palamon can sing, and Palamon is sweet, and every good thing: desire to eat with her, carve her,[126] drink to her, and still among intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance into her favour: learn what maids have been her companions and play-feres; and let them repair to her with Palamon in their mouths, and appear with tokens, as if they suggested for him. It is a falsehood she is in, which is with falsehoods to be combated. This may bring her to eat, to sleep, and reduce what's[127] now out of square in her into their former law and regiment: I have seen it approved, how many times I know not; but to make the number more I have great hope in this. I will, between the passages of this project, come in with my appliance. Let us put it in execution; and hasten the success, which, doubt not, will bring forth comfort. [*Exeunt.*

([126]) *carve her,*] Seward silently printed "*carve* for *her;*" and so Mr. Knight.—See note 11 on *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

([127]) *what's*] Seward silently printed "*what* are;" and so his successors, Weber excepted.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Athens. A court before the temples of Mars, Venus, and Diana.*[128]

A flourish. Enter THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, *and* Attendants.

Thes. Now let 'em enter, and before the gods
Tender their holy prayers: let the temples
Burn bright with sacred fires, and the altars
In hallow'd clouds commend their swelling incense
To those above us; let no due be wanting:
They have a noble work in hand, will honour
The very powers that love 'em.
Pir. Sir, they enter.

A flourish of cornets. Enter PALAMON, ARCITE, *and their* Knights.

Thes. You valiant and strong-hearted enemies,
You royal germane foes, that this day come
To blow that nearness out that flames between ye,
Lay by your anger for an hour, and dove-like
Before the holy altars of your helpers,
The all-fear'd gods, bow down your stubborn bodies:
Your ire is more than mortal; so your help be!
And, as the gods regard ye, fight with justice:

(128) A court before the temples of Mars, Venus, and Diana.] Weber gave here "Before the temple of Mars, which appears in the background;" at p. 199, "Scene ii. The temple of Venus;" and at p. 201, "Scene iii. The temple of Diana." But it is evident (not only from the first speech of Theseus in this page—

> "Now let 'em enter, and before *the gods*
> Tender their holy prayers: let *the temples*
> Burn bright," &c.—

but also from the division of the scenes in the old eds., which have "Scæna 2." before the entrance of the Doctor, Gaoler, &c., at p. 202), that the prayers of Arcite, Palamon, and Emilia to their respective patron deities are comprehended in the same scene,—the temples of Mars, Venus, and Diana, with their altars and statues, being supposed to stand together in the background.

I'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wishes.

Pir. Honour crown the worthiest!

[*Exeunt all except Palamon, Arcite, and their Knights.*

Pal. The glass is running now that cannot finish
Till one of us expire: think you but thus,
That, were there aught in me which strove to show
Mine enemy in this business, were't one eye
Against another, arm oppress'd by arm,
I would destroy th' offender; coz, I would,
Though parcel of myself: then from this gather
How I should tender you.

Arc. I am in labour
To push your name, your ancient love, our kindred,
Out of my memory; and i' the self-same place
To seat something I would confound: so hoist we
The sails, that must these vessels port even where
The heavenly limiter pleases.

Pal. You speak well.
Before I turn, let me embrace thee, cousin:
This I shall never do again.

Arc. One farewell!

Pal. Why, let it be so: farewell, coz!

Arc. Farewell, sir!

[*They embrace.—Exeunt Palamon and his Knights.*

Knights, kinsmen, lovers, yea, my sacrifices,
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you
Expels the seeds of fear, and th' apprehension
Which still is father of it,[129] go with me
Before the god of our profession: there
Require of him the hearts of lions, and

[129] *father of it,*] Theobald's correction; and adopted by Weber.—The old eds. have "farther off *it;*" and so Seward.—The editors of 1778 printed "further off *it;*" and so Mr. Knight.—"I cannot think the old reading right, because it does not appear to me to be sense to say that apprehension is farther off from the spirit of Mars than fear is. I am therefore inclined to adopt Theobald's amendment; for we may fairly say that apprehension—that is, a sensibility of danger—is the parent of fear." MASON.—"I believe Mr. Theobald hath hit upon the true reading." HEATH (*Ms. Notes*).

The breath of tigers, yea, the fierceness too,
Yea, the speed also,—to go on, I mean,
Else wish we to be snails: you know my prize
Must be dragg'd out of blood; force and great feat
Must put my garland on, where she sticks[130]
The queen of flowers; our intercession, then,
Must be to him that makes the camp a cestron
Brimm'd with the blood of men: give me your aid,
And bend your spirits towards him.

[*They advance to the altar of Mars, and fall on their faces; then kneel.*

Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd
Green Neptune into purple; whose approach[131]
Comets prewarn; whose havoc in vast field
Unearthèd skulls proclaim; whose breath blows down
The teeming Ceres' foison; who dost pluck
With hand armipotent[132] from forth blue clouds
The mason'd turrets; that both mak'st and break'st
The stony girths of cities; me thy pupil,
Young'st follower of thy drum, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy laud
I may advance my streamer, and by thee
Be styl'd the lord o' the day;—give me, great Mars,
Some token of thy pleasure.

[*Here they fall on their faces as before, and there is heard clanging of armour, with a short thunder, as the burst of a battle, whereupon they all rise and bow to the altar.*

O great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood
The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world
O' the plurisy of people; I do take

(130) *where she sticks*] Seward silently printed "*where she* will stick;" and so his successors,—silently also.

(131) *whose approach*] Added by Seward; the text being manifestly mutilated.

(132) *armipotent*] The old eds. have "armenypotent" and "armenipotent."

Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
To my design march boldly.—Let us go. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PALAMON *and his* Knights.

Pal. Our stars must glister with new fire, or be
To-day extinct; our argument is love,
Which if the goddess of it grant, she gives
Victory too: then blend your spirits with mine,
You, whose free nobleness do make my cause
Your personal hazard: to the goddess Venus
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
Her power unto our party.

[*They advance to the altar of Venus, and fall on their faces; then kneel.*

Hail, sovereign queen of secrets, who hast power
To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage,
To weep unto a girl; that hast the might
Even with an eye-glance to choke Mars's drum,
And turn th' alarm to whispers; that canst make
A cripple flourish with his crutch, and cure him
Before Apollo; that mayst force the king
To be his subject's vassal, and induce
Stale gravity to dance; the pollèd bachelor—
Whose youth, like wanton boys through bonfires,
Have[133] skipt thy flame—at seventy thou canst catch,
And make him, to the scorn of his hoarse throat,
Abuse young lays of love: what godlike power
Hast thou not power upon? to Phœbus thou
Add'st flames, hotter than his; the heavenly fires
Did scorch his mortal son, thine him: the huntress
All moist and cold, some say, began to throw
Her bow away, and sigh: take to thy grace
Me, thy vow'd soldier, who do bear thy yoke

(133) *Whose youth, like wanton boys through bonfires,*
Have]

Seward printed "*Whose* freaks of *youth*," &c.—Some word has probably dropt out here; but the construction of the passage is such as our early writers frequently employ: the poet wrote "*youth* . . . . HAVE" on account of the intervening "*boys:*" see note 100.

As 'twere a wreath of roses, yet is heavier
Than lead itself, stings more than nettles: I
Have never been foul-mouth'd against thy law;
Ne'er reveal'd secret, for I knew none,—would not,
Had I kenn'd all that were; I never practis'd
Upon man's wife, nor would the libels read
Of liberal wits; I never at great feasts
Sought to betray a beauty, but have blush'd
At simpering sirs that did; I have been harsh
To large confessors, and have hotly ask'd them
If they had mothers? I had one, a woman,
And women 'twere they wrong'd: I knew a man
Of eighty winters,—this I told them,—who
A lass of fourteen brided; 'twas thy power
To put life into dust; the agèd cramp
Had screw'd his square foot round,
The gout had knit his fingers into knots,
Torturing convulsions from his globy eyes
Had almost drawn their spheres, that what was life
In him seem'd torture; this anatomy
Had by his young fair fere a boy, and I
Believ'd it was his, for she swore it was,
And who would not believe her? Brief, I am
To those that prate, and have done, no companion;
To those that boast, and have not, a defier;
To those that would, and cannot, a rejoicer:
Yea, him I do not love, that tells close offices
The foulest way, nor names concealments in
The boldest language; such a one I am,
And vow that lover never yet made sigh
Truer than I. O, then, most soft-sweet goddess,
Give me the victory of this question, which
Is true love's merit, and bless me with a sign
Of thy great pleasure.

[*Here music is heard, and doves are seen to flutter: they fall again upon their faces, then on their knees.*

O thou that from eleven to ninety reign'st
In mortal bosoms, whose chase is this world,

And we in herds thy game, I give thee thanks
For this fair token; which being laid unto
Mine innocent-true heart, arms in assurance
My body to this business.—Let us rise,
And bow before the goddess: time comes on.
[*They bow, and then exeunt.*

Still music of records. Enter EMILIA *in white, her hair about her shoulders, and wearing a wheaten wreath; one in white holding up her train, her hair stuck with flowers; one before her carrying a silver hind, in which is conveyed incense and sweet odours, which being set upon the altar of Diana, her Maids standing aloof, she sets fire to it; then they curtsy and kneel.*

Emi. O sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,
Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fann'd snow, who to thy female knights
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their order's robe; I here, thy priest,
Am humbled 'fore thine altar: O, vouchsafe,
With that thy rare green eye [134]—which never yet
Beheld thing maculate—look on thy virgin;
And, sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear—
Which ne'er heard scurril term, into whose port
Ne'er enter'd wanton sound—to my petition,
Season'd with holy fear. This is my last
Of vestal office; I'm bride-habited,
But maiden-hearted: a husband I have 'pointed,
But do not know him; out of two I should
Choose one, and pray for his success; but I
Am guiltless of election: of mine eyes
Were I to lose one,—they are equal precious,—
I could doom neither; that which perish'd should
Go to't unsentenc'd: therefore, most modest queen,
He, of the two pretenders, that best loves me
And has the truest title in't, let him
Take off my wheaten garland, or else grant

([134]) *green eye*] Seward printed "sheen *eye*."—See Glossary.

The file and quality I hold I may
Continue in thy band.

[*Here the hind vanishes under the altar, and in the place ascends a rose-tree, having one rose upon it.*

See what our general of ebbs and flows
Out from the bowels of her holy altar
With sacred act advances; but one rose!
If well inspir'd, this battle shall confound
Both these brave knights, and I, a virgin flower,
Must grow alone, unpluck'd.

[*Here is heard a sudden twang of instruments, and the rose falls from the tree, which vanishes under the altar.*

The flower is fall'n, the tree descends.—O mistress,
Thou here dischargest me; I shall be gather'd,
I think so; but I know not thine own will:
Unclasp thy mystery.—I hope she's pleas'd;
Her signs were gracious. [*They curtsy, and then exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Athens. A room in the prison.*

Enter Doctor, Gaoler, *and* Wooer *in the habit of* PALAMON.

Doctor. Has this advice I told you done any good upon her?

Wooer. O, very much; the maids that kept her company
Have half persuaded her that I am Palamon;
Within this half-hour she came smiling to me,
And ask'd me what I'd eat, and when I'd kiss her:
I told her presently, and kiss'd her twice.

Doctor. 'Twas well done: twenty times had been far better;
For there the cure lies mainly.

Wooer. Then she told me
She'd watch with me to-night, for well she knew
What hour my fit would take me.

Doctor. Let her do so;
And, when your fit comes, fit her home and presently.

Wooer. She would have me sing.

Doctor. You did so?
Wooer. No.
Doctor. 'Twas very ill done, then;
You should observe her every way.
Wooer. Alas,
I have no voice, sir, to confirm her that way!
Doctor. That's all one, if ye make a noise:
If she entreat again, do any thing;
Lie with her, if she ask you.
Gaoler. Ho, there,[135] doctor!
Doctor. Yes, in the way of cure.
Gaoler. But first, by your leave,
I' the way of honesty.
Doctor. That's but a niceness;
Ne'er cast your child away for honesty:
Cure her first this way; then, if she'll be honest,
She has the path before her.
Gaoler. Thank ye, doctor.
Doctor. Pray, bring her in,
And let's see how she is.
Gaoler. I will, and tell her
Her Palamon stays for her: but, doctor,
Methinks you are i' the wrong still. [*Exit.*
Doctor. Go, go;
You fathers are fine fools: her honesty!
An we should give her physic till we find that—
Wooer. Why, do you think she is not honest, sir?
Doctor. How old is she?
Wooer. She's eighteen.
Doctor. She may be;
But that's all one, 'tis nothing to our purpose:
Whate'er her father says, if you perceive
Her mood inclining that way that I spoke of,
Videlicet, the way of flesh—you have me?
Wooer. Yes, very well, sir.
Doctor. Please her appetite,

(135) *Ho, there,*] *i.e.* stop, hold there.—Mason, not being aware how common this expression is, would read "Hold, *there.*"

And do it home; it cures her, *ipso facto*,
The melancholy humour that infects her.
Wooer. I am of your mind, doctor.
Doctor. You'll find it so. She comes: pray, humour[136] her.

Re-enter Gaoler, *with his* Daughter *and* Maid.

Gaoler. Come; your love Palamon stays for you, child,
And has done this long hour, to visit you.
Daugh. I thank him for his gentle patience;
He's a kind gentleman, and I'm much bound to him.
Did you ne'er see the horse he gave me?
Gaoler. Yes.
Daugh. How do you like him?
Gaoler. He's a very fair one.
Daugh. You never saw him dance?
Gaoler. No.
Daugh. I have often:
He dances very finely, very comely;
And, for a jig, come cut and long tail to him;
He turns ye like a top.
Gaoler. That's fine indeed.
Daugh. He'll dance the morris twenty mile an hour,
And that will founder the best hobby-horse,
If I have any skill, in all the parish;
And gallops to the tune of *Light o' Love*:*
What think you of this horse?
Gaoler. Having these virtues,
I think he might be brought to play at tennis.
Daugh. Alas, that's nothing.
Gaoler. Can he write and read too?
Daugh. A very fair hand; and cast himself th' accounts
Of all his hay and provender; that hostler
Must rise betime that cozens him. You know
The chestnut mare the duke has?
Gaoler. Very well.

(136) *humour*] The old eds. have "honour."
* *Light o' Love*.] See note *, vol. i. p. 289.

Daugh. She's horribly in love with him, poor beast;
But he is like his master, coy and scornful.
Gaoler. What dowry has she?
Daugh. Some two hundred bottles,
And twenty strike of oats; but he'll ne'er have her:
He lisps in's neighing, able to entice
A miller's mare; he'll be the death of her.
Doctor. What stuff she utters!
Gaoler. Make curtsy; here your love comes.
Wooer. Pretty soul,
How do ye? That's a fine maid; there's a curtsy!
Daugh. Yours to command, i' the way of honesty.
How far is't now to th' end o' the world, my masters?
Doctor. Why, a day's journey, wench.
Daugh. Will you go with me?
Wooer. What shall we do there, wench.
Daugh. Why, play at stool-ball:
What is there else to do?
Wooer. I am content,
If we shall keep our wedding there.
Daugh. 'Tis true:
For there, I will assure you, we shall find
Some blind priest for the purpose, that will venture
To marry us, for here they're nice and foolish;
Besides, my father must be hang'd to-morrow,
And that would be a blot i' the business.
Are not you Palamon?
Wooer. Do not you know me?
Daugh. Yes; but you care not for me: I have nothing
But this poor petticoat and two coarse smocks.
Wooer. That's all one; I will have you.
Daugh. Will you surely?
Wooer. Yes, by this fair hand, will I.
Daugh. We'll to bed, then.
Wooer. Even when you will. [*Kisses her.*
Daugh.[137] O, sir, you'd fain be nibbling.
Wooer. Why do you rub my kiss off?

([137]) Daugh.] Altered by Seward to "Jail.;" and so Weber.

Daugh. 'Tis a sweet one,
And will perfume me finely 'gainst the wedding.
Is not this your cousin Arcite?
Doctor. Yes, sweetheart;
And I am glad my cousin Palamon
Has made so fair a choice.
Daugh. Do you think he'll have me?
Doctor. Yes, without doubt.
Daugh. Do you think so too?
Gaoler. Yes.
Daugh. We shall have many children.—Lord, how ye're grown!
My Palamon I hope will grow, too, finely,
Now he's at liberty: alas, poor chicken,
He was kept down with hard meat and ill lodging;
But I'll kiss him up again.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. What do you here? you'll lose the noblest sight
That e'er was seen.
Gaoler. Are they i' the field?
Mess. They are:
You bear a charge there too.
Gaoler. I'll away straight.—
I must even leave you here.
Doctor. Nay, we'll go with you;
I will not lose the sight.
Gaoler. How did you like her?
Doctor. I'll warrant you, within these three or four days
I'll make her right again.—You must not from her,
But still preserve her in this way.
Wooer. I will.
Doctor. Let's get her in.
Wooer. Come, sweet, we'll go to dinner;
And then we'll play at cards.
Daugh. And shall we kiss too?
Wooer. A hundred times.
Daugh. And twenty?
Wooer. Ay, and twenty.

Daugh. And then we'll sleep together?
Doctor. Take her offer.
Wooer. Yes, marry, will we.
Daugh. But you shall not hurt me.
Wooer. I will not, sweet.
Daugh. If you do, love, I'll cry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A part of the forest*[138] *near Athens, and near the place appointed for the combat.*

Flourish. Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, PIRITHOUS, *and* Attendants.[139]

Emi. I'll no step further.
Pir. Will you lose this sight?
Emi. I had rather see a wren hawk at a fly,
Than this decision: every blow that falls
Threats a brave life; each stroke laments
The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like
A bell than blade: I will stay here:
It is enough, my hearing shall be punish'd
With what shall happen,—'gainst the which there is
No deafing,—but to hear, not taint mine eye
With dread sights it may shun.
Pir. Sir, my good lord,
Your sister will no further.
Thes. O, she must:
She shall see deeds of honour in their kind,
Which sometime show well, pencill'd:[140] nature now

(138) A part of the forest, &c.] Weber marked this scene "An Apartment in the Palace." See note 147.

(139) Attendants.] The old eds. have "some *Attendants*, T. Tucke: Curtis." See note 117.

(140) *Which sometime show well, pencill'd:*] The old eds. have no point between "*well*" and "*pencill'd.*"—Seward printed "*Which* Time shall *shew well pencill'd.*"—The editors of 1778, "*Which sometime shew* well-pencill'd;" and so Mr. Knight.—The punctuation which I give (with Weber) was proposed by Mason, who observes, "The meaning is, She shall see deeds of honour actually performed, which shew well, even when represented in painting." I may add that Heath (*Ms. Notes*) had anticipated Mason in this punctuation.

Shall make and act the story, the belief
Both seal'd with eye and ear. You must be present;
You are the victor's meed, the price and garland
To crown the questant's title.[141]

Emi. Pardon me;
If I were there, I'd wink.

Thes. You must be there;
This trial is as 'twere i' the night, and you
The only star to shine.

Emi. I am extinct:
There is but envy in that light, which shows
The one the other. Darkness, which ever was
The dam of Horror, who does stand accurs'd
Of many mortal millions, may even now,
By casting her black mantle over both,
That neither could find other, get herself
Some part of a good name, and many a murder
Set off whereto she's guilty.

Hip. You must go.

Emi. In faith, I will not.

Thes. Why, the knights must kindle
Their valour at your eye: know, of this war
You are the treasure, and must needs be by
To give the service pay.

Emi. Sir, pardon me;
The title of a kingdom may be tried
Out of itself.

Thes. Well, well, then, at your pleasure:
Those that remain with you could wish their office
To any of their enemies.

Hip. Farewell, sister:

(141) *the price and garland*
To crown the questant's title.]

The old eds. instead of "*questant's*" have "Questions;" with which Mr. Collier (note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii. sc. 4,—*Shakespeare*, vol. i. p. 222, sec. ed.) compares the error of the folio *Shakespeare* 1632, where in *All's well that ends well*, act ii. sc. 1, the misprint "question" for "*questant*" occurs. When Mr. Collier (*ibid.*) says that here "*price*" should be "prize," he forgot that "price" is common in the sense of *reward*.

I'm like to know your husband 'fore yourself,
By some small start of time: he whom the gods
Do of the two know best, I pray them he
Be made your lot.

[*Exeunt all except Emilia and some of the Attendants.*

Emi. Arcite is gently visag'd; yet his eye
Is like an engine bent, or a sharp weapon
In a soft sheath; mercy and manly courage
Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon
Has a most menacing aspéct; his brow
Is grav'd, and seems to bury what it frowns on;
Yet sometimes 'tis not só, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts; long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object; melancholy
Becomes him nobly; so does Arcite's mirth;
But Palamon's sadness is a kind of mirth,
So mingled as if mirth did make him sad,
And sadness merry; those darker humours that
Stick misbecomingly on others, on him[142]
Live in fair dwelling.

[*Cornets; and trumpets sound as to a charge, within.*

Hark, how yon spurs to spirit do incite
The princes to their proof! Arcite may win me;
And yet may Palamon wound Arcite to
The spoiling of his figure. O, what pity
Enough for such a chance! If I were by,
I might do hurt; for they would glance their eyes
Toward my seat, and in that motion might
Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence,[143]
Which crav'd that very time: it is much better
I am not there; O, better never born
Than minister to such harm.

[*Cornets; and a great cry of* "A Palamon!" *within.*

[142] *him*] The old eds. have "them."

[143] *Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence,*] "Mr. Sympson would read 'defence;' but '*ward*' and 'defence' is the same thing. '*Offence*' is the reverse to '*ward*,' as weapons of offence and defence. To forfeit an offence, therefore, is to miss the opportunity of striking some advantageous blow, that might give the victory." SEWARD.

What is the chance?[144]

First Serv. The cry's "A Palamon!"

Emi. Then he has won. 'Twas ever likely:
He look'd all grace and success, and he is
Doubtless the prim'st of men. I prithee, run
And tell me how it goes.

[*Shout; cornets; and cry of* "A Palamon!" *within.*

First Serv. Still "Palamon!"

Emi. Run and inquire. [*Exit First Servant.*

Poor servant, thou hast lost:
Upon my right side still I wore thy picture,
Palamon's on the left: why so, I know not;
I had no end in't else;[145] chance would have it so:
On the sinister side the heart lies; Palamon
Had the best-boding chance.

[*Another cry, and shout, and cornets, within.*

This burst of clamour
Is, sure, the end o' the combat.

Re-enter First Servant.

First Serv. They said that Palamon had Arcite's body
Within an inch o' the pyramid, that the cry
Was general "A Palamon!" but anon
Th' assistants made a brave redemption, and
The two bold tilters at this instant are
Hand to hand at it.

Emi. Were they metamorphos'd
Both into one—O, why? there were no woman
Worth so compos'd a man: their single share,
Their nobleness peculiar to them, gives
The prejudice of disparity, value's shortness,
To any lady breathing.

[*Cornets; and cry of* "Arcite, Arcite!" *within.*

(144) *What is the chance?*] These words are followed in the old eds. by "*Enter Servant:*" but it is plain that Emilia was not left unattended; see the speech of Theseus in p. 208.

(145) *else;*] Was omitted by Seward; and so the editors of 1778. "The word '*else*' should not be struck out, as it is frequently introduced in these plays [of Beaumont and Fletcher] in the same manner. It is quite in the style of the authors." MASON.

More exulting?
"Palamon" still?
First Serv. Nay, now the sound is "Arcite."
Emi. I prithee, lay attention to the cry;
Set both thine ears to the business.
[*Cornets; and a great shout, and cry of* "Arcite, victory!" *within.*
First Serv. The cry is
"Arcite, and victory!" Hark: "Arcite, victory!"
The combat's consummation is proclaim'd
By the wind-instruments.
Emi. Half-sights saw
That Arcite was no babe: God's lid, his richness
And costliness of spirit look'd through him; it could
No more be hid in him than fire in flax,
Than humble banks can go to law with waters
That drift-winds force to raging. I did think
Good Palamon would miscarry; yet I knew not
Why I did think so: our reasons are not prophets,
When oft our fancies are. They're coming off:
Alas, poor Palamon! [*Cornets within.*

Re-enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS, *with* ARCITE *as victor*, Attendants, *&c.*

Thes. Lo, where our sister is in expectation,
Yet quaking and unsettled.—Fairest Emily,
The gods, by their divine arbitrement,
Have given you this knight: he is a good one
As ever struck at head. Give me your hands:
Receive you her, you him; be plighted with
A love that grows as you decay.
Arc. Emily,
To buy you I have lost what's dearest to me,
Save what is bought; and yet I purchase cheaply,
As I do rate your value.
Thes. O lov'd sister,
He speaks now of as brave a knight as e'er
Did spur a noble steed: surely, the gods

Would have him die a bachelor, lest his race
Should show i' the world too godlike: his behaviour
So charm'd me, that methought Alcides was
To him a sow of lead: if I could praise
Each part of him to th' all I've spoke, your Arcite
Did not lose by't; for he that was thus good
Encounter'd yet his better.(146) I have heard
Two emulous Philomels beat the ear o' the night
With their contentious throats, now one the higher,
Anon the other, then again the first,
And by and by out-breasted, that the sense
Could not be judge between 'em: so it far'd
Good space between these kinsmen; till heavens did
Make hardly one the winner.—Wear the garland
With joy that you have won.—For the subdu'd,
Give them our present justice, since I know
Their lives but pinch 'em: let it here be done.
The scene's not for our seeing: go we hence,
Right joyful, with some sorrow.—Arm your prize;
I know you will not lose her.—Hippolyta,
I see one eye of yours conceives a tear,
The which it will deliver.

Emi. Is this winning?
O all you heavenly powers, where is your mercy?
But that your wills have said it must be so,
And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,
This miserable prince, that cuts away
A life more worthy from him than all women,
I should and would die too.

Hip. Infinite pity,
That four such eyes should be so fix'd on one,
That two must needs be blind for't!

Thes. So it is. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

(146) *for he that was thus good*
Encounter'd yet his better.]

"One cannot help thinking of

Ἐσθλὸς ἐὼν, ἄλλου κρείττονος ἀντέτυχεν.

Can the circumstance be accidental? I think not." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 346.

SCENE IV. *The same part of the forest*[147] *as in Act III. Scene VI.*

Enter PALAMON *and his* Knights *pinioned*, Gaoler, Executioner, *&c.*, *and* Guard.

Pal. There's many a man alive that hath outliv'd
The love o' the people; yea, i' the self-same state
Stands many a father with his child: some comfort
We have by so considering; we expire,
And not without men's pity; to live still
Have their good wishes; we prevent
The loathsome misery of age, beguile
The gout and rheum, that in lag hours attend
For gray approachers; we come towards the gods,
Young and unwapper'd,[148] not halting under crimes
Many and stale; that, sure, shall please the gods
Sooner than such, to give us nectar with 'em.
For we are more clear spirits. My dear kinsmen,
Whose lives for this poor comfort are laid down,
You've sold 'em too-too cheap.

First Knight. What ending could be
Of more content? O'er us the victors have
Fortune, whose title is as momentary
As to us death is certain; a grain of honour
They not o'er-weigh us.

Sec. Knight. Let us bid farewell;
And with our patience anger tottering Fortune,
Who, at her certain'st, reels.

(147) The same part of the forest, &c.] Weber marked this scene "An open Place in the City with a Scaffold," in spite of what Theseus presently says (p. 217);

> "*In this place first you fought; even very here*
> I sunder'd you."

See too the speech of Theseus, p. 180;

> "You shall both to your country," &c.

(148) *unwapper'd*,] Seward gave, with Theobald, "unwarp'd;" and so the editors of 1778.—Mr. Knight prints "unwappen'd."

Third Knight. Come; who begins?
Pal. Even he that led you to this banquet shall
Taste to you all.—Ah, ha, my friend, my friend!
Your gentle daughter gave me freedom once;
You'll see't done now for ever: pray, how does she?
I heard she was not well; her kind of ill
Gave me some sorrow.
Gaoler. Sir, she's well restor'd,
And to be married shortly.
Pal. By my short life,
I am most glad on't; 'tis the latest thing
I shall be glad of; prithee, tell her so;
Commend me to her, and, to piece her portion,
Tender her this. [*Gives purse.*
First Knight. Nay, let's be offerers all.
Sec. Knight. Is it a maid?
Pal. Verily, I think so;
A right good creature, more to me deserving
That I can quit or speak of.
All the Knights. Commend us to her.
[*Giving their purses.*
Gaoler. The gods requite you all, and make her thankful!
Pal. Adieu; and let my life be now as short
As my leave-taking.
First Knight. Lead, courageous cousin.
All the Knights. We'll follow cheerfully.
[*Palamon lays his head on the block. A great noise, and cry of* "Run, save, hold!" *within.*

Enter Messenger *in haste.*

Mess. Hold, hold! O, hold, hold, hold!

Enter PIRITHOUS *in haste.*

Pir. Hold, ho! it is a cursèd haste you made,
If you have done so quickly.—Noble Palamon,
The gods will show their glory in a life
That thou art yet to lead.

Pal. Can that be, when
Venus I've said is false? How do things fare?
Pir. Arise, great sir, and give the tidings ear
[*Palamon rises.*
That are most dearly[149] sweet and bitter.
Pal. What
Hath wak'd us from our dream?
Pir. List, then. Your cousin,
Mounted upon a steed that Emily
Did first bestow on him,—a black one, owing
Not a hair-worth of white, which some will say
Weakens his price, and many will not buy
His goodness with this note; which superstition
Here finds allowance,—on this horse is Arcite
Trotting the stones of Athens, which the calkins
Did rather tell than trample; for the horse
Would make his length a mile, if't pleas'd his rider
To put pride in him: as he thus went counting
The flinty pavement, dancing as 'twere to the music
His own hoofs made,—for, as they say, from iron
Came music's origin,—what envious flint,
Cold as old Saturn, and like him possess'd
With fire malevolent, darted a spark,
Or what fierce sulphur else, to this end made,
I comment not; the hot horse, hot as fire,
Took toy at this, and fell to what disorder
His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,
Forgets school-doing, being therein train'd,
And of kind manage; pig-like he whines
At the sharp rowel, which he frets at rather
Than any jot obeys; seeks all foul means
Of boisterous and rough jadery, to disseat
His lord that kept it bravely: when naught serv'd,

(149) *dearly*] The correction of Seward, who compares the following passage at p. 217;

"for whom an hour,
But one hour since, I was as *dearly sorry*
As glad of Arcite."—

The old eds. have "early."

When neither curb would crack, girth break, nor differing plunges
Disroot his rider whence he grew, but that
He kept him[150] 'tween his legs, on his hind hoofs
On end he stands,
That Arcite's legs, being higher than his head,
Seem'd with strange art to hang: his victor's wreath
Even then fell off his head; and presently
Backward the jade comes o'er, and his full poise
Becomes the rider's load. Yet is he living;
But such a vessel 'tis that floats but for
The surge that next approaches: he much desires
To have some speech with you. Lo, he appears.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, *and* ARCITE *carried in a chair.*

Pal. O miserable end of our alliance!
The gods are mighty.—Arcite, if thy heart,
Thy worthy, manly heart, be yet unbroken,
Give me thy last words; I am Palamon,
One that yet loves thee dying.
Arc. Take Emilia,
And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy hand:
Farewell; I've told my last hour. I was false,
Yet never treacherous: forgive me, cousin.—
One kiss from fair Emilia. [*Kisses her.*]—'Tis done:
Take her. I die. [*Dies.*
Pal. Thy brave soul seek Elysium!
Emi. I'll close thine eyes, prince; blessèd souls be with thee!
Thou art a right good man; and, while I live,
This day I give to tears.
Pal. And I to honour.

(150) *He kept him*, &c.] "The 4to thus;

'*He kept him tweene his legges, on his hind hoofes*
on end he stands;'

[the folio of 1679 putting a (before the hemistich to connect it immediately with what precedes;] from which it should seem that the first part of the second line was omitted by the compositor, being illegible in the manuscript. The sense is, however, perfect as it stands." WEBER.

Thes. In this place first you fought; even very here
I sunder'd you: acknowledge to the gods
Your[151] thanks that you are living.
His part is play'd, and, though it were too short,
He did it well; your day is lengthen'd, and
The blissful dew of heaven does arrose you:
The powerful Venus well hath grac'd her altar,
And given you your love; our master Mars
Hath vouch'd his oracle, and to Arcite gave
The grace of the contention: so the deities
Have show'd due justice.—Bear this hence.
Pal. O cousin,
That we should things desire, which do cost us
The loss of our desire! that naught could buy
Dear love but loss of dear love!
Thes. Never fortune
Did play a subtler game: the conquer'd triumphs,
The victor has the loss; yet in the passage
The gods have been most equal. Palamon,
Your kinsman hath confess'd the right o' the lady
Did lie in you; for you first saw her, and
Even then proclaim'd your fancy; he restor'd her,
As your stol'n jewel, and desir'd your spirit
To send him hence forgiven: the gods my justice
Take from my hand, and they themselves become
The executioners. Lead your lady off;
And call your lovers from the stage of death,
Whom I adopt my friends. A day or two
Let us look sadly, and give grace unto
The funeral of Arcite; in whose end
The visages of bridegrooms we'll put on,
And smile with Palamon; for whom an hour,
But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry
As glad of Arcite, and am now as glad
As for him sorry.—O you heavenly charmers,
What things you make of us! For what we lack
We laugh, for what we have are sorry; still

(151) *Your*] The old eds. have "Our."

Are children in some kind. Let us be thankful
For that which is, and with you leave dispute
That are above our question.—Let's go off,
And bear us like the time. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

I WOULD now ask ye how ye like the play;
But, as it is with schoolboys, cannot say
I'm cruel-fearful. Pray, yet stay a while,
And let me look upon ye. No man smile?
Then it goes hard, I see. He that has
Lov'd a young handsome wench, then, show his face,—
'Tis strange if none be here,—and, if he will
Against his conscience, let him hiss, and kill
Our market. 'Tis in vain, I see, to stay ye:
Have at the worst can come, then! Now what say ye?
And yet mistake me not; I am not bold;
We have no such cause. If the tale we've told—
For 'tis no other—any way content ye,—
For to that honest purpose it was meant ye,—
We have our end; and ye shall have ere long,
I dare say, many a better, to prolong
Your old loves to us. We and all our might
Rest at your service: gentlemen, good night.

[*Flourish.*

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.
[OVID, I. *Am.* xv. 35.]

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd suitor gins to woo him.

"Thrice-fairer than myself," thus she began,
"The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are;
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

"Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses;

"And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,—
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport."

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a raggèd bough
Nimbly she fastens:—O, how quick is love!—
The steed is stallèd up, and eyen now
To tie the rider she begins to prove:
Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
"If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open."

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:
He saith she is immodest, blames her miss;
What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone;
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheeks, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face;
She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such-distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret.
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
Rain added to a river that is rank
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
And to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale;
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;
  But when her lips were ready for his pay,
  He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:
  "O, pity," gan she cry, "flint-hearted boy!
  'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

"I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar;
  Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
  And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

"Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrollèd crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;
  Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red
  Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

"Thus he that overrul'd I oversway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
  O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
  For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight!

"Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,—
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,—
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine:—
What see'st thou in the ground? hold up thy head:
Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies;
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

"Art thou asham'd to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

"The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted:
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

"Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtur'd, crookèd, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'erworn, despisèd, rheumatic, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

"Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are gray, and bright, and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

"Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

"Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

"Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty;
Thou wast begot,—to get it is thy duty.

"Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive."

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, tirèd in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,—
Souring his cheeks, cries, "Fie, no more of love!
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove."

"Ay me," quoth Venus, "young, and so unkind?
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun:
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

"The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;
And were I not immortal, life were done
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

"Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

"What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

"Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction."

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band:
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

"Fondling," she saith, "since I have hemm'd thee here
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

"Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark."

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why, there Love liv'd, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
"Pity," she cries, "some favour, some remorse!"
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controllèd with.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end;[1]
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send;
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say, "Lo, thus my strength is tried;
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by."

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering "Holla" or his "Stand, I say"?
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons or trapping gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,

(1) *his braided hanging mane*
. . . *stand on end;*]

"Our author uses *mane*, as composed of many hairs, as plural. So *army*, *fleet*, &c." MALONE.

His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whêr he run or fly they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind;
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He vails his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent:
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.
His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,

Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast:
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealèd sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbèd mind;
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;

With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
  His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
  As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
  And all this dumb-play had his acts made plain
  With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
  This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
  Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
"O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
  For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
  Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee."

"Give me my hand," saith he; "why dost thou feel it?"
"Give me my heart," saith she, "and thou shalt have it;
O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
  Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
  Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard."

"For shame," he cries, "let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,

And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so:
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare."

Thus she replies: "Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

"How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

"Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

"Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee:
O, learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again."

"I know not love," quoth he, "nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;

'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

"Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that's back'd and burden'd being young
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

"You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:
Dismiss your vows, your feignèd tears, your flattery;
For where a heart is hard they make no battery."

"What! canst thou talk?" quoth she, "hast thou a tongue?
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

"Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible:
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

"Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,

And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
For from the still'tory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by smelling.

"But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast?"

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A smile recures the wounding of a frown;
But blessèd bankrupt, that by love[2] so thriveth!
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

(2) *love*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 285) would read "loss."

And all-amaz'd brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth:
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine;
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

"O, where am I?" quoth she; "in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

"O, thou didst kill me;—kill me once again:
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

"Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
O, never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

"Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

"A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

"Fair queen," quoth he, "if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years:
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

"Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west;
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

"Now let me say 'Good night,' and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."
"Good night," quoth she; and, ere he says "Adieu,"
The honey-fee of parting tender'd is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face:

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth:
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
Their lips together glu'd, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry:

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tir'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then woos best when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incagèd in his breast.

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?"
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

"The boar!" quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
  She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
  He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
  That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
  To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
  The warm effects which she in him finds missing
  She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd;
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee;
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
  "Fie, fie," he says, "you crush me; let me go;
  You have no reason to withhold me so."

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O, be advis'd! thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
  Whose tushes never-sheath'd he whetteth still,
  Like to a mortal butcher bent to kill.

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay.

"His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

"Alas, he naught esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage,—wondrous dread!—
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

"O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;
Beauty hath naught to do with such foul fiends:
Come not within his danger by thy will;
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

"Didst thou not mark my face? was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

"For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry 'Kill, kill!'
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

"This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

"And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

"What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at th' imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination:
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

"But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

"And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot[3] his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musets through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

"Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

"For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

"By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

"Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay;
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never reliev'd by any.

(3) *overshoot*] Here the old eds. have "ouershut,"—a manifest misprint; which, however, Malone retained, because "to *shut up* in Shakespeare's age signified to *conclude*"!

"Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

"Where did I leave?" "No matter where," quoth he;
"Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent." "Why, what of that?" quoth she.
"I am," quoth he, "expected of my friends;
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall."
"In night," quoth she, "desire sees best of all.

"But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

"Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine;
Wherein she fram'd thee, in high heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

"And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of Nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery;

"As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

"And not the least of all these maladies
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat th' impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,
As mountain snow melts with the midday sun.

"Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

"What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

"So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure frets
But gold that's put to use more gold begets."

"Nay, then," quoth Adon, "you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme:
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For, by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

"If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armèd in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there;

"Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

"What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase: O strange excuse,
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

"Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forgèd lies.

"More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen:
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended."

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark laund runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarkèd friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold-in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
"Ay me!" she cries, and twenty times, "Woe, woe!"
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a woful ditty;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer[4] so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport:
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds resembling parasites;
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?
She says "'Tis so:" they answer all, "'Tis so;"
And would say after her, if she said "No."

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

(4) *the choir of echoes answer*] See note 116 on *Love's Labour's Lost.*

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
"O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn:
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine[5] about her thigh to make her stay:
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay:
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

(5) *twine*] All the old eds. have, I believe, "twin'd."

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more:—
And with that word she spied the hunted boar;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for murther.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of respects, yet naught at all respecting;
In hand with all things, naught at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look how the world's poor people are amaz'd
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

"Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love,"—thus chides she Death,—
"Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

"If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it;—
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

"Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

"Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour."

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,—
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best: then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hollo;
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all to-naught:
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

"No, no," quoth she, "sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear
Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast
Which knows no pity, but is still severe:
Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must confess,—
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

"'Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:
Grief hath two tongues; and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women's wit."

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
  Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories
  His victories,[6] his triumphs, and his glories.

"O Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind
To wail his death who lives, and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
  For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
  And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

"Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles, unwitnessèd with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves."
  Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
  Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure,[7] away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
  Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
  Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew;

(6) *Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories*
His victories, &c.]

"Point

'. . . . . tombs and stories,
His victories,' &c.

'*Stories*,' i.e. *histories*." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 351. Here, surely, Walker is mistaken; "*stories*" being not a substantive, but a verb.

(7) *As falcon to the lure*,] So ed. 1600.—The earlier eds. have "*As* falcons *to*," &c.; which Mr. Collier is singular in preferring.

Or as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up in shade, doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So at his bloody view[8] her eyes are fled
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexèd in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd:
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head:
Dumbly she passions, franticly she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

[8] *at his bloody view,*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 223) says "Read 'at *this* bloody view.'"

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

"My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet," quoth she, "behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

"Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty liv'd and died with him.

"Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you:
But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair:

"And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks: then would Adonis weep;
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

"To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

"When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

"But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:
If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

"'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

"Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his,—the more am I accurst."
With this, she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealèd blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woful words she told;
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
"Wonder of time," quoth she, "this is my spite,
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

"Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low;
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

"It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud;
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

"It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;
It shall be raging-mad and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

"It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

"It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire:
Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy."

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapour from her sight;
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
Which in round drops upom their whiteness stood.

She bows her head the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by Death:
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

"Poor flower," quoth she, "this was thy father's guise,—
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,—
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

"Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower."

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

LUCRECE.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS,—for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus, —after he had caused his own father-in-law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was, according to his estate, royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole

hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state-government changed from kings to consuls.

LUCRECE.

FROM the besiegèd Ardea all in post,[1]
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathèd Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of "chaste" unhappily set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatchèd red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspécts did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent

(1) *From the besiegèd Ardea all in post,*] This line is usually printed

"*From the* besieg'd *Ardea all in post.*"

But Shakespeare was acquainted with the proper quantity of the name, *Ardĕa:* afterwards, p. 311, we find

"At *Ardea* to my lord with more than haste."

In the possession of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espousèd to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun!
An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun:
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth, then, apologies be made,
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt
That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those:
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
O rash-false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old!

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd
Which of them both should underprop her fame:
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame;
  When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
  Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.(2)

But beauty, in that white intitulèd,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field:
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
  Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
  When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argu'd by beauty's red and virtue's white:
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right:
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;
  The sovereignty of either being so great,
  That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquishèd doth yield
  To those two armies that would let him go,
  Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

(2) *Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.*] Mr. Knight prints

"*Virtue would stain that* or *with silver white;*"

and observes, "The original has *ore* [the later old eds. "o're," i.e. *o'er*]. Malone has suggested, but he does not act upon the suggestion, that 'the word intended was perhaps *or*, *i.e.* gold, to which the poet compares the deep colour of a blush.' We have no doubt whatever of the matter."—For my own part, I have the greatest doubt of it. Malone's remark, that with the old reading, "the passage is not reducible to grammar,—Virtue would stain *that*, i.e. *blushes*, o'er with silver white," goes for nothing.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue,—
The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so,—
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adorèd by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;
Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear:
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverent welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books:
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With bruisèd arms and wreaths of victory:
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming hither,
He makes excuses for his being there:
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the Day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy sprite;
For, after supper, long he questionèd
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;
And every one to rest themselves betake,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining:
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;
And when great treasure is the meed propos'd,
Though death be adjunct, there's no death suppos'd.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
That what they have not, that which they possess,[3]
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,

(3) *That what they have not, that which they possess,*] "The ed. of 1616 reads 'That *oft* they have not that which they possess,' &c." MALONE.—Mr. Staunton proposes "For *what they have not,*" &c.; which is given by the Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*).

That one for all, or all for one we gage;
As life for honour in fell battle's rage;
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect;
And this ambitious-foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have; and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And for himself himself he must forsake:
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays,
To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes:
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too-too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly,
"As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire."

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

"Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine:
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine;
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

"O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!
True valour still a true respect should have;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

"Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not bin.

"What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be strucken down?

"If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

"O, what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,
Mine eyes forgo their light, my false heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

"Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
As in revenge or quittal of such strife:
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

"Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving:
I'll beg her love;—but she is not her own:
The worst is but denial and reproving:
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe."

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, "She took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,
Where her belovèd Collatinus lies.
O, how her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

"And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smilèd with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

"Why hunt I, then, for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

"Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
Sad pause and deep regard beseem the sage;
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?"

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.
Alway he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted takes the worser part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward;
But, as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks:
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And griping it, the neeld[4] his finger pricks;
As who should say, "This glove to wanton tricks
Is not inur'd; return again in haste;
Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are chaste."

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
He in the worst sense construes their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

"So, so," quoth he, "these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the sneapèd birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and sands,
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands."

Now is he come unto the chamber-door
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessèd thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited th' eternal power
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,

(4) *neeld*] The old eds. have "needle." See note 59 on *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

And they[5] would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts:—quoth he, "I must deflower:
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
How can they, then, assist me in the act?

"Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried;
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight."

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide.
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch:
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet-unstainèd bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.[6]

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun

(5) *th' eternal power*
. . . . . .
And they]

So we have several times had "*heaven*" used as plural: see note 90 on *Othello*.

(6) *the silver moon.*] Walker "cannot help thinking that Shakespeare must have written '*this* silver moon'" (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 232).

To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame suppos'd;
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclos'd.

O, had they in that darksome prison died!
Then had they seen the period of their ill;
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposèd still:
But they must ope, this blessèd league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head entombèd is:
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, hath sheath'd their light,
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality:
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquerèd,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honourèd.
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted?
What did he note but strongly he desir'd?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.
With more than admiration he admir'd
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her side,
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspéct sets every joint a-shaking;
What terror 'tis! but she, in worser taking,
From sleep disturbèd, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposèd terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,—
Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!—
May feel her heart—poor citizen!—distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe;
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: "The colour in thy face—
That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace—
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale:
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd fort: the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

"Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

"I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting;
All this beforehand counsel comprehends:
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

"I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy."

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
Whose crookèd beak threats if he mount he dies:
So under his insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

"Lucrece," quoth he, "this night I must enjoy thee:
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee:
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

"So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

"But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
A little harm done to a great good end
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
In a pure compound; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

"Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot;
Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's blot:
For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy."

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;
While she, the picture of true piety,
Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp claws,
Pleads, in a wilderness where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But[7] when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist th' aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hindering their present fall by this[8] dividing;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth:
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place;
And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She cónjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet frendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, "Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;

(7) *But*] Malone substitutes "Look."
(8) *this*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 223) would read "his."

Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended;
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

"My husband is thy friend,—for his sake spare me;
Thyself art mighty,—for thine own sake leave me;
Myself a weakling,—do not, then, ensnare me;
Thou look'st not like deceit,—do not deceive me.
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee:
If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
Be movèd with my tears, my sighs, my groans:

"All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

"In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name.
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings like gods should govern every thing.

"How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring!
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king?
O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wip'd away;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

"This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear;
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this, they will remove;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

"And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name?
Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

"Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way?

"Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!

"To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier:
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal;
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
His true respect will prison false desire!
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine."

"Have done," quoth he: "my uncontrollèd tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret:
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste."

"Thou art," quoth she, "a sea, a sovereign king;
And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hears'd,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.

"So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave:
Thou loathèd in their shame, they in thy pride:
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

"So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state"—
"No more," quoth he; "by heaven, I will not hear thee:
Yield to my love; if not, enforcèd hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee;
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom."

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind-concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries;
Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears
He pens her piteous clamours in her head;
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again:
This forcèd league doth force a further strife;
This momentary joy breeds months of pain;
This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorgèd hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight;
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
Till, like a jade, Self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace,
For there it revels; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,—
That through the length of times he stands disgrac'd:
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd;
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death and pain perpetual:
Which in her prescience she controllèd still,
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;
She like a weary lamb lies panting there;
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence;
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;
She there remains a hopeless castaway;
He in his speed looks for the morning light;
She prays she never may behold the day,
"For day," quoth she, "night's scapes doth open lay,
And my true eyes have never practis'd how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

"They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel."

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.
Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
Against the unseen secrecy of night:

"O comfort-killing Night, image of hell!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!
Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator
With close-tongu'd treason and the ravisher!

"O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night!
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time;
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

"With rotten damps ravish the morning air;
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,

Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;
And let thy misty vapours[9] march so thick,
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

"Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's child,
The silver-shining queen he would distain;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,
Through Night's black bosom should not peep again:
So should I have co-partners in my pain;
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

"Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy;
But I alone alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

"O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous Day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak

(9) *thy misty vapours*] "The quarto, by an evident error of the press, reads *musty*. The subsequent copies have *misty*. So, before;

'Muster thy *mists* to meet the eastern light.'

Again;

'*misty* night
Covers the shame that follows such delight.'" MALONE;

who might have cited from *Venus and Adonis*, see p. 229,

"Like *misty vapours* when they blot the sky;"

a line which had escaped Mr. Collier's recollection, when, defending the earliest reading here, he observed, "'Misty vapours' is mere tautology, since vapours are necessarily misty. Of all authors, perhaps, Shakespeare is least guilty of this fault."

Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made
May likewise be sepúlchred in thy shade!

"Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!
The light will show, charácter'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learnèd books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

"The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;
Feast-finding minstrels,[10] tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wrongèd me, I Collatine.

"Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted
That is as clear from this attaint of mine
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

"O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows!

(10) *Feast-finding minstrels*, &c.] Why Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 354) should question the correctness of the text here, I cannot understand.

"If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

"Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack,—
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue:—O unlook'd-for evil,
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

"Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

"The agèd man that coffers-up his gold
Is plagu'd with cramps and gouts and painful fits;
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;
Having no other pleasure of his gain
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

"So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursèd-blessèd fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathèd sours
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

"Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill-annexèd Opportunity
Or kills his life or else his quality.

"O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

"Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

"Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it, then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

"When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

"The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds:
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:
  Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
  Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

"When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid:
They buy thy help; but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appaid
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
  My Collatine would else have come to me
  When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

"Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,
Guilty of perjury and subornation,
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift,
Guilty of incest, that abomination;
An accessary by thine inclination
  To all sins past, and all that are to come,
  From the creation to the general doom.

"Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;
Thou nursest all, and murder'st all that are:
  O, hear me, then, injurious-shifting Time!
  Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

"Why hath thy servant Opportunity
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose,
Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchainèd me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;
  To eat up errors by opinion bred,
  Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

"Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy[11] hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers;

"To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs,
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

"To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle in themselves beguil'd,
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

"Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:
O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wrack!

"Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
Devise extremes beyond extremity,

(11) *thy*] See note 8 on *Cymbeline*.

To make him curse this cursèd crimeful night:
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright;
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

"Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan; but pity not his moans:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

"Let him have time to tear his curlèd hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathèd slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to see one that by alms doth live
Disdain to him disdainèd scraps to give.

"Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort;
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport:
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wail th' abusing of his time.

"O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill;
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave?

"The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate:
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

"The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day:
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

"Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators:
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

"In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good
Is to let forth my foul-defilèd blood.

"Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee;
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame:
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afeard to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so."

This said, from her betumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death:
But this no slaughterhouse no tool imparteth
To make more vent for passage of her breath;
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
Or that which from dischargèd cannon fumes.

"In vain," quoth she, "I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife:
So am I now:—O no, that cannot be;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

"O, that is gone for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery;
A dying life to living infamy:
Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

"Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stainèd taste of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringèd oath;
This bastard graff shall never come to growth:
He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

"Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

"I will not poison thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale."

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended
To ugly hell; when, lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks: "O eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peeping:
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping:
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath naught to do what's done by night."

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with naught agrees:
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenchèd in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody:
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society:
  True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd
  When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
  Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows;
  Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

"You mocking birds," quoth she, "your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb:
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
A woful hostess brooks not merry guests:
  Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
  Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

"Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair:
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear;
  For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
  While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

"And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
  These means, as frets upon an instrument,
  Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

"And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark-deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds:
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds."

As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die which of the twain were better,
When life is sham'd, and death reproach's debtor.

"To kill myself," quoth she, "alack, what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half with greater patience bear it
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

"My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine?
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?
Ay me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

"Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

"Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stainèd blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
And as his due writ in my testament.

"My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonourèd.
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead:
So of shame's ashes shall my frame be bred;
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

"Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou reveng'd mayst be.
How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me:
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

"This brief abridgment of my will I make:—
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do thou take;
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives disbursèd be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

"Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will;
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, 'So be it:'
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee:
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be."

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;
For swift-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
For why her face wore sorrow's livery;
But durst not ask of her audaciously
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsèd so,
Nor why her fair cheeks overwash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;
Even so the maid with swelling drops gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,
Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
The weak oppress'd, th' impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:
  Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
  Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd:
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild[12]
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
  With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame,
  Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong,
  That dying fear through all her body spread;
  And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
"My girl," quoth she, "on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
  Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
  If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

"But tell me, girl, when went"—and there she stay'd
Till after a deep groan—"Tarquin from hence?"
"Madam, ere I was up," replied the maid,

(12) *hild*] *i.e.* held. See *Glossary.*

"The more to blame my sluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense,—
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

"But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness."
"O, peace!" quoth Lucrece: "if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less;
For more it is than I can well express:
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

"Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen,—
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
What should I say?—One of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear:
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ."

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:
Much like a press of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe t' afford—
If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see—
Some present speed to come and visit me.
So, I commend me from our house in grief:
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth bear.
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
"At Ardea to my lord with more than haste."
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast:
Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems:
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain court'sies to her low;
And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
Receives the scroll without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame:

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
Even so this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd;
Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd:
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tirèd moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:
The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's strife;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioner
Begrim'd with sweat, and smearèd all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:
Such sweet observance in this work was had,
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triúmphing in their faces;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight:
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice,
Some high, some low,—the painter was so nice;
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one, being throng'd, bears back, all boll'n and red;
Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Grip'd in an armèd hand; himself, behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imaginèd.

And from the walls of strong-besiegèd Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That through their light joy seemèd to appear,
Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,
To Simoïs' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the gallèd shore, and than
Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,
They join, and shoot their foam at Simoïs' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.
Many she sees where cares have carvèd some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign:
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd;
Of what she was no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no god to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

"Poor instrument," quoth she, "without a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue;
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong;
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

"Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear:
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here;
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

"Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many mo?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressèd so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

"Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds,
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvisèd wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire."

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;
She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament.
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent:
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content;
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmèd devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconc'd his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words, like wildfire, burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixèd places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perus'd,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd;
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill:
And still on him she gaz'd; and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
That she concludes the picture was belied.

"It cannot be," quoth she, "that so much guile"—
She would have said "can lurk in such a look;"
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue "can lurk" from "cannot" took:
"It cannot be" she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus, "It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

"For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
As if with grief or travail he had fainted,
To me came Tarquin armèd; so beguil'd[13]
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

"Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds!
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?

(13) *so beguil'd*] Malone's alteration; which the context seems to confirm.—The old eds. have "to *beguild*."

For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds:
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;
Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

"Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold:
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water."

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
"Fool, fool!" quoth she, "his wounds will not be sore."

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining:
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining:
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
It easeth some, though none it ever cur'd,
To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;
And round about her tear-distainèd eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky:
These water-galls in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares:
But stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance,

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: "What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress."

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:
"Few words," quoth she, "shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
In me more woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tirèd tongue.

"Then be this all the task it hath to say:
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imaginèd
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

"For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried, 'Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

"'For some hard-favour'd groom of thine,' quoth he,
'Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.'

"With this, I did begin to start and cry;
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word;
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome,
Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

"Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

"O, teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find,—
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd
To accessary yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure."

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe,
With sad-set eyes, and wreathèd arms across,[14]
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away that stops his answer so:
But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent-roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast;
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

(14) *With . . . . wreathèd arms across,*] The old eds. have "*With* . . . . wretched *arms across.*"—"Read 'With *wreathed* arms across' (*i.e.* 'with arms wreathed across,' the Latinized construction so frequent in our old poets). Compare *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3;

'You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his *wreathed arms* athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart!'

Peele, *David and Bethsabe*, Dyce, second ed., vol. ii. p. 29 [p. 470, ed. 1861];

'And, in the gates and entrance of my heart,
Sadness, *with wreathed arms*, hangs her complaint.'

Fletcher, *Faithful Shepherdess*, iii. 1, Moxon, vol. i. p. 273, col. 2;

'An hour together under yonder tree
He sat *with wreathed arms* and call'd on thee.'"

Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 292.—It has been already shown that in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, p. 183 of the present volume, instead of "*wreath*" the old eds. have "wreake" and "wreak."

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
"Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
More feeling-painful: let it, then, suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

"And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me:
Be suddenly revengèd on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

"But ere I name him, you fair lords," quoth she,
Speaking to those that came with Collatine,
"Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 'tis a meritorious fair design
To chase injustice with revengeful arms:
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms."

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. "O, speak," quoth she,
"How may this forcèd stain be wip'd from me?

"What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declinèd honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compellèd stain?"

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The[15] face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.
"No, no," quoth she, "no dame, hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving."

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: "He, he," she says,
But more than "he" her poor tongue could not speak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this, "He, he, fair lords, 'tis he
That guides this hand to give this wound to me."

Even here she sheathèd in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd:
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breath'd:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd
Her wingèd sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,

(15) *The*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 232) would read "Her."

Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealèd face
Of that black blood a watery rigol[16] goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrefied.

"Daughter, dear daughter," old Lucretius cries,
"That life was mine which thou hast here depriv'd.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.
If children pre-decease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

([16]) *rigol*] In a note on *The Sec. Part of King Henry IV.* act iv. sc. 4, where the word occurs, Mr. Collier, in the second edition of his *Shakespeare*, writes as follows; "'Rigol' means *a circle*. I know not (observes Steevens) that it is used by any author but Shakespeare, who introduces it likewise in his 'Lucrece' [in the present passage]. . . . We also find in Middleton (Works, by Dyce, v. 536) the expression '*wriggle*-eyed damosel,' as the editor spells it (it is *rigle*-eyde in the original), and as if he meant that the girl's eyes wandered, or wriggled, to and fro, when all that is intended is to call her *round*-eyed. The Rev. Mr. Dyce must have certainly forgotten the 'golden rigol' of 'Henry IV. Pt. ii.,' as well as the 'watery rigol' of our poet's 'Lucrece.' We are confident that he has too much taste and judgment ever to repeat the error."

Sure enough Mr. Collier's "taste and judgment" were in abeyance when he penned the above note.

The passage of Middleton, which occurs in a prose piece entitled *The Black Book*, is this; "Let no young *wriggle*-eyed damosel, if her years have struck twelve once, be left unassaulted, but it must be thy office to lay hard siege to her honesty, and to try if the walls of her maidenhead may be scaled with a ladder of angels; for one acre of such wenches will bring in more at year's end than a hundred acres of the best harrowed land between Deptford and Dover;"—where "*rigle*-eyde (*wriggle*-eyed) damosel" evidently means "damsel with rolling or roving eyes."

That such a compound as "*rigol-eyed*" = *circle-eyed*, *round-eyed*, would suggest itself to any writer, is the height of improbability; and, even supposing that there was such a word, who ever heard of a "*round-eyed* damosel"?

"Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
But now that fresh fair mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time outworn:
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was.

"O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,
If they surcease to be that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee."

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space;
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
And live to be revengèd on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid,
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime "Tarquin" was pronouncèd plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
Then son and father weep with equal strife
Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says "She's mine." "O, mine she is,"
Replies her husband: "do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine."

"O," quoth Lucretius, "I did give that life
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd."
"Woe, woe," quoth Collatine, "she was my wife,
I ow'd her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd."
"My daughter" and "my wife" with clamours fill'd
The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucrece' life,
Answer'd their cries, "my daughter" and "my wife."

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemèd so
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
"Thou wrongèd lord of Rome," quoth he, "arise:
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

"Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?[17]
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow

[17] *Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 278) would read "*Do wounds* heal *wounds*," &c.

For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds:
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

"Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations;
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations,
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgrac'd,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chas'd.

"Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complain'd
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife."

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow;
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow:
And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advisèd doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

SONNETS.

TO THE ONLY BEGETTER

OF THESE ENSUING SONNETS,

MR. W. H.

ALL HAPPINESS,

AND THAT ETERNITY PROMISED

BY OUR EVER-LIVING POET,

WISHETH

THE WELL-WISHING ADVENTURER

IN SETTING FORTH,

T. T.[1]

(1) T. T.] *i.e.* Thomas Thorpe, the bookseller, who prefixed this dedication to the original edition of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, 1609, 4to. See the *Memoir of Shakespeare*.

SONNETS.

I.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
  Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
  To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,—

To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer—"This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,"—
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend
And, being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.

Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, usèd, lives th' executor to be.[2]

V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair which fairly doth excel;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:

(2) *Which, usèd, lives th' executor to be.*] Has been altered to "*Which*, us'd, *lives* thy *executor to be.*"

Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tunèd sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove none."

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
The world will be thy widow, and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;

And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore year would make the world away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the[3] more;
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish:
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all[4] silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green, all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.

(3) *the*] Malone substitutes "thee."
(4) *all*] The quarto has "or." (Tyrwhitt would read "are.")

So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination; then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O, none but unthrifts:—dear my love, you know
You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,—
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth naught but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheerèd and check'd even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;

Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And, all in war with Time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessèd than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours;
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear your[5] living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, "This poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces."
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;

(5) *your*] Has been altered to "you."

And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretchèd metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice,—in it, and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour[6] her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phœnix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:

(6) *Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,*
And make the earth devour]

"Perhaps '*Destroying* Time.'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 289. —In the fifth line the quarto has, against the rhyme, "fleet'st:" but compare, in Sonnet VIII., "They do but sweetly chide thee, who *confounds*," &c.

O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI.

So is it not with me as with that Muse
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a couplement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as far
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:
How can I, then, be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharg'd with burden of mine own love's might.
O, let my books be, then, the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;

My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And pérspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies;
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazèd with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies burièd,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famousèd for fight,(7)
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razèd quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and am belov'd
Where I may not remove nor be remov'd.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,

(7) *famousèd for fight,*] "The old copy reads 'famosed for *worth;*' which not rhyming with the concluding word of the corresponding line ('*quite*'), either one or the other must be corrupt. The emendation was suggested by Mr. Theobald, who likewise proposed, if '*worth*' was retained, to read 'razèd *forth.*'" MALONE.

To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit:
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy[8] sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expir'd:
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy[9] shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I, then, return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?

(8) *thy*] The quarto has "their."
(9) *thy*] The quarto has "their."

And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.[10]

XXIX.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,

[10] *But day doth daily draw my sorrowe longer,*
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.]

The quarto has "—— *make greefes* length *seeme stronger;*" from which Malone forced out an explanation to his own satisfaction.—The error here—whether the transcriber's or compositor's—was evidently caused by the word "longer" in the first line.—(Compare *The Sec. Part of Henry IV.* act ii. sc. 3, "To *make strength stronger.*")

I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endearèd with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposèd dead;
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought burièd.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear-religious love[11] stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee[12] lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

(11) *dear-religious love*] *i.e.* "love *making a religion of its affections*," says Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 36), at whose suggestion I have inserted the hyphen. He compares our author's *Lover's Complaint;*

> "The accident which brought me to her eye
> Upon the moment did her force subdue,
> And now she would the cagèd cloister fly:
> Religious love put out Religion's eye." p. 423.

(12) *thee*] The quarto has "there."

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceasèd lover,—
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought,—
"Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love."

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the fórlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:[13]
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

(13) *with this disgrace:*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 223) bids us read "*with* his *disgrace;*" and compares, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iii. sc. 13, "Hence with thy stripes, begone!" But qy.?

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.[14]
Ah, but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authórizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;[15]
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,—
Thy adverse party is thy advocate,—
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessary needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

(14) *cross.*] The quarto has "losse."
(15) *Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;*] The quarto has "*Excusing* their *sins more then* their *sins are.*"

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailèd guilt should do thee shame;
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy[16] parts do crownèd sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee:
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

([16]) *thy*] The quarto has "their."

XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is't but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,—
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth[17] deceive,—
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here who doth hence remain!

([17]) *doth*] The quarto has "dost."

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself[18] deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she[19] have prevail'd?
Ay me! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,[20]
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold truth,—
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

(18) *thyself*] The quarto has "this *selfe*."
(19) *she*] The quarto has "he."
(20) *my seat forbear,*] Altered by Malone to "*my* sweet, *forbear*." But Boaden well supports the original reading on the strength of a passage in *Othello*, act ii. sc. 1,

"For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into *my seat*."

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here's the joy,—my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery!—then she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessèd made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy[21] fair-imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!
All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.[22]

([21]) *thy*] The quarto has "their."

([22]) *All days are nights to see till I see thee,*
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.]

In opposition to Malone's conjecture that "we should perhaps read 'All

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But, ah, thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving naught by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe:

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;[23]
Until life's composition be recur'd
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,

days are nights to *me*,' &c.," Steevens observes that "'All days *are nights to see*' means, all days *are gloomy to behold*, i.e. *look like nights*."—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes

"*All days are nights to* me *till* thee I see,
And nights bright days when dreams do show me thee."

[23] *melancholy*:] To be pronounced *mélanch'ly*: see Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 114.

Who even but now come back again, assur'd
Of thy[24] fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy[25] picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,—
A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,—
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To cide this title is impannelèd
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determinèd
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part:
As thus,—mine eye's due is thy outward part,
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;

(24) *thy*] The quarto has "their."
(25) *thy*] The quarto has "their." Again, in the present Sonnet, it has, v. 8, "their *faire*," v. 13, "their *outward*;" and v. 14, "their *inward*."

For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them, and they with thee;
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unusèd stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity,—
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek—my weary travel's end—
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
"Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!"
The beast that bears me, tirèd with my woe,
Plods dully[26] on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide;
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,—
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind,
In wingèd speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, of perfect'st[27] love being made,
Shall neigh—no dull flesh—in his fiery race;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade,—
Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

[26] *dully*] The quarto has "duly."
[27] *perfect'st*] The quarto has "perfects;" which is merely an old spelling of the superlative.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessèd key
Can bring him to his sweet up-lockèd treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placèd are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special-blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessèd are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring, and foison of the year;
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessèd shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumèd tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their maskèd buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall vade, by verse[28] distills your truth.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:

(28) *by verse*] Altered by Malone to "my *verse*."

So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fulness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;
Or[29] call it winter, which, being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love, that in your will,
Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That god forbid that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand th' account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
Th' imprison'd absence of your liberty;

[29] *Or*] Tyrwhitt's correction.—The quarto has "As."

And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong,
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.[30]
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burden of a former child!
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done!
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composèd wonder of your frame;
Whether we're mended, or whêr better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O, sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;

(30) *Be where you list, your charter is so strong,*
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.]

Altered by Malone to

"*Be where you list; your charter is so strong,*
That you yourself may privilege your time:
Do *what you will, to you it doth belong*
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime."

Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crookèd eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet, to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great:
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;

And for myself mine own worth do define,[31]
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated[32] and chapp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity,
'Tis thee myself that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;

(31) *And for myself mine own worth do define,*] "Qy. '—— *so* define'?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 359; where his editor (Mr. W. N. Lettsom) observes in a note, "Something seems amiss; but I doubt the correction. Qu.

'And *so* myself mine own worth do,' &c.?"

(32) *Beated*] "Undoubtedly '*Bated*,' as some commentator [Malone] suggests; unless some third word be the true one." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 360.

When sometime lofty towers I see down-raz'd,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,—
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage[33] shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey-breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of[34] beauty can forbid?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,

(33) *with this rage*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 224) would read "*with* his *rage*."
(34) *of*] The quarto has "or."

And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:—
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah, wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,[35]
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;

(35) *Before these bastard signs of fair were born,*] In this line the modern editors usually follow the spelling of the quarto, "borne" (the

Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,[36]
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy[37] outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues, that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The solve[38] is this,—that thou dost common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;

usual old spelling of the word whatever be its signification): but surely the meaning is—Before these bastard signs of fair were produced—came into fashion.

(36) *due,*] Tyrwhitt's correction.—The quarto has "end."
(37) *Thy*] The quarto has "Their."
(38) *solve*] So Malone.—The quarto has "solye."

The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy[39] worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstainèd prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd;
Yet this thy praise can not be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarg'd:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;

[39] *Thy*] The quarto has "Their."

Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceasèd I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd[40] choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long:

LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee:

([40]) *ruin'd*] So ed. 1640.—The quarto has "rn'wd."

The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So, then, thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell[41] my name,
Showing their birth, and where[42] they did proceed?

([41]) *tell*] The quarto has "fel."
([42]) *where*] Mr. Grant White conjectures "whence."

O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show.
Of mouthèd graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory can not contain,
Commit to these waste blanks,[43] and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my Muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,[44]
And given grace a double majesty.

(43) *blanks,*] The quarto has "blacks" (the Ms. having had "blăcks").
(44) *the learned's wing,*] In Sonnet LI. the quarto has "perfects" for "*perfect'st*" (see note 27): but here the "*learneds*" of the quarto is not the old spelling of "*learned'st.*" Compare Spenser's *Teares of the Muses;*

"Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
And doth *the learneds* taske upon him take."

Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces gracèd be;
  But thou art all my art, and dost advance
  As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
  Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
  Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
While he upon your soundless deep doth ride;

Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this,—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombèd in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;(45)
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live,—such virtue hath my pen,—
Where breath most breathes—even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;

(45) *shall o'er-read*, &c.] "Point, I think,

'shall, o'er-read,
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse;
When all the breathers of this world are dead,
You still shall live,' &c."

Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 361.

And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
What strainèd touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
In true-plain words by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better us'd
Where cheeks need blood,—in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty, being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise—that you alone are you?
In whose cónfine immurèd is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story:

Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admirèd every where.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd.
I think good thoughts, whilst other write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry "Amen"
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refinèd pen.
Hearing you prais'd, I say "'Tis so, 'tis true,"
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,—
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonishèd.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,

As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
But when your countenance fil'd up his line,[46]
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,

[46] *fil'd up his line,*] "*i.e.* polished it. So in Ben Jonson's Verses on Shakespeare;

'In his well-torned and true-*filed lines.*'" STEEVENS.—

Here Mr. Collier prints "fill'd *up his line,*" &c., urging, against Steevens's reading, that, "in the first place, the word is spelt *fild* (as 'fill'd' was usually spelt), and not *fil'd* (as in Sonnet LXXXV.), in the quarto 1609; and in the next, the preposition 'up' shows that what the poet meant was 'fill'd up' or *occupied*, and not *polished.*" But the variety of spelling in the quarto goes for nothing: and Mr. Collier's remark about 'up' carries no weight; for even if we choose to consider that preposition as redundant here (which is not necessary,—*filed up* or *polished up* being legitimate English), its redundancy is unobjectionable according to the phraseology of Shakespeare and his contemporaries: see note 145, vol. vii. p. 420. The strongest point in favour of the reading "fill'd *up his line*" is perhaps to be found in the words which immediately follow, "Then *lack'd* I matter."

Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desirèd change,
As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange;
Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy sweet-belovèd name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:

Ah, do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come: so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies' force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure;
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assurèd mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend:

Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O, what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what's so blessèd-fair that fears no blot?
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not:

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceivèd husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange;
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmovèd, cold, and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;

But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:[47]
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less:
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a thronèd queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.

(47) *But if that flower with base infection meet,*
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:]

"Is it *base* that is wrong? or can Shakespeare have written *barest*, in the sense of *poorest, most meagre, scantiest in flowers and leaves?*" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 279.

How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time remov'd was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;

They were but sweet, but figures of delight,[48]
Drawn after you,—you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play:

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide:—
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
The lily I condemnèd for thy hand;
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One[49] blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.[50]

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forgett'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?

(48) *They were but sweet, but figures of delight,*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 297) justly remarks that this is "suspicious;" and his editor—always ingenious—proposes, in a note, to read "*They were but* fleeting *figures of delight.*"

(49) *One*] The quarto has "Our."

(50) *But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.*] Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 297) would read "*But* scent *or colour*," &c.; observing that "*sweet* occurs in line 2 of this Sonnet twice." Now its occurrence *as a substantive in that line* ("thy *sweet*") is a proof to me that no alteration should be made in the present line.

Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despisèd every where.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crookèd knife.

CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
"Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd"?
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so: for't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandiz'd whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;

As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe[51] in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burdens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside!
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That overgoes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful, then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I ey'd,

(51) *her pipe*] The quarto has "his *pipe*" (the Ms. perhaps having had "hir"); and the modern editors retain it, in spite of what follows, —"*her* mournful hymns"—"like *her*."—1865. This correction was made in my former edition, and before the appearance of Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., where (vol. i. p. 321) mention is made of "the *he* Philomel, who has chanted in Shakespeare's CII[d] Sonnet from the first edition down to the present time."

Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,[52]
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,—
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my belovèd as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,—
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
Which three till now never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,

(52) *Three winters' cold*
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,]

So the passage stood in my former edition; but I may now add, from Walker's work just cited (vol. ii. p. 100), that "the syntax, though ungrammatical according to our present notions, is perfectly Elizabethan."

And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill[53] enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd a forfeit to a cónfin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain, that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?

([53]) *skill*] The quarto has "still."

What's new to speak, what new to register,[54]
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels, I return again;
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,

(54) *What's new to speak, what new to register,*] The quarto has "—— *what* now *to register.*"—Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 215) "rather thinks" that we ought to read "*What's* now *to speak, what* now *to register.*"

Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely: but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have[55] what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI.

O, for my sake do you with[56] Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth th' impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'ergreen my bad, my good allow?

(55) *have*] Tyrwhitt's emendation is "save."
(56) *with*] The quarto has "wish."

You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense' or changes right or wrong.[57]
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense'
To critic and to flatterer stoppèd are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:—
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks they're[58] dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch:[59]
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.[60]

(57) *None else to me, nor I to none alive,*
That my steel'd sense' or changes right or wrong.]

"The meaning seems to be—You are the only person who has power to change my stubborn resolution, *either* to what is right or to what is wrong." STEEVENS.—Here the "*sense*" of the quarto is evidently a plural, as in the next line but one. (So too in *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 1, "Ay, but their *sense*' are shut.")

(58) *they're*] The quarto has "y'are."

(59) *latch:*] The quarto has "lack."

(60) *My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.*] "I once suspected that Shakespeare wrote

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer:
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;

'My most true mind thus *makes* mine *eye* untrue,'

Or

'*Thy* most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.'

But the text is undoubtedly right [?]. The word *untrue* is used as a substantive. 'The sincerity of my affection is the cause of my untruth,' *i.e.* of my not seeing objects truly, such as they appear to the rest of mankind. So, in *Measure for Measure;*

'Say what you can, my false outweighs your *true.*'" MALONE.—

"Possibly for 'mine' we ought to read *my eyne.*" COLLIER.—"Read," says Mr. W. N. Lettsom (in one of his obliging letters to me),

"'*My most true mind thus mak'th mine* eye *untrue.*'"

Alas, why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, "Now I love you best,"
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.[61]
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus:—that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right;

(61) *It is the star to every wandering bark,*
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.]

"What *can* '*worth*' mean? Qu. '*north*'? As, by following the guidance of the northern star, a ship may sail an immense way, yet never reach the true north; so the limit of love is unknown. Or can any other good sense be made of '*north*'? *Judicent rei astronomicæ periti.*" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 364.

That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate;
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate;
  Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
  The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, t' anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assur'd,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cur'd:
  But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
  Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessèd never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,[61]
In the distraction of this madding fever!

[61] *How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,*] *i.e.*, says Malone, "How have mine eyes been convulsed during the frantic *fits* of my feverous love!"—Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read "*been* flitted."

O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ill[63] thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind befriends me now,
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O, that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me then, tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile than vile-esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being;
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing:
For why should others' false-adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?

(63) *ill*] The quarto has "ills:" but compare what precedes.

No,—I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,—
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity:
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past;

For thy records and what we see do lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrallèd discontent,
Whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

CXXV.

Were't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet forgoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;[64]
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st;
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes[65] kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false-borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black;
Her eyes so suited, as they mourners seem[66]

(64) *his sickle, hour;*] "Write 'his *sickle-hour;*' his hour represented poetically as a sickle." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 36.

(65) *minutes*] The quarto has "mynuit."

(66) *Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black;*
Her eyes so suited, as they mourners seem]

The quarto has "*Her eyes so suted,* and *they mourners seeme;*" which the modern editors retain, pointing the lines thus;

"*Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,*
Her eyes so suited; and *they mourners seem,*" &c.—

1865. "We should read, I imagine, 'my mistress' *hairs.*'" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 277.—Mr. Staunton conjectures, and the Cambridge Editors (*Globe Shakespeare*) print, "*my mistress'* brows."

At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessèd wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envý those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers[67] walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner but despisèd straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;

[67] *thy fingers*] The quarto has "their *fingers;*" as it has again in the last line of this Sonnet.

A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;[68]
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear-doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say they err I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,

(68) *and prov'd, a very woe;*] The quarto has "*and proud* and *very woe.*"

One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments[69] me with disdain,
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O, let it, then, as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd:
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;

(69) *torments*] The quarto has "torment."

Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being bent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will,
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,
And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in overplus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in *Will*, add to thy *Will*
One will of mine, to make thy large *Will* more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove
Among a number one is reckon'd none:
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something, sweet, to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is *Will*.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forgèd hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right-true my heart and eyes have err'd,
And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,

That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearnèd in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah, my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.

If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;—
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know;—
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believèd be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

CXLI.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who, in despite of view, is pleas'd to dote;
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.

Be't lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine impórtune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example mayst thou be denied!

CXLIII.

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
In púrsuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent:
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy *Will*,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,[70]
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.

([70]) *from my side,*] "The quarto has 'from my *sight*.' The true reading is found in *The Passionate Pilgrim*." MALONE.

And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make
Breath'd forth the sound that said "I hate"
To me that languish'd for her sake:
But when she saw my woful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
Was us'd in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus anew to greet;
"I hate" she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
From heaven to hell is flown away;
"I hate" from hate away she threw,
And sav'd my life, saying—"Not you."

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by these rebel powers that thee array,[71]
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?

(71) *Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,*
Fool'd by these rebel powers that thee array,]

The quarto gives the second line thus, "My sinfull earth *these rebbell powres that thee array;*" the transcriber or printer having by mistake repeated the three last words of the preceding line.—"*Fool'd by*" is the conjectural reading of Malone (who also, perhaps without due allowance for the old phraseology, altered "*these*" to "those").

Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
Th' uncertain-sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random[72] from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?

[72] *At random*] The quarto has "*At* random." See note 143 on *The First Part of King Henry VI.*

If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's no.
How can it?[73] O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel, then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

(73) *If it be not, then love doth well denote*
Love's eye is not so true as all men's no.
How can it?]

The quarto has

"*If it be not, then loue doth well denote,*
Loues eye is not so true as all mens: no,
How can it?"

Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 368), after quoting the lines as they stand in the quarto, remarks; "Ought we not to affix a longer stop to '*no*'? otherwise the flow seems not to be Shakesperian; compare the context."—"Read," says Mr. Lettsom, "altering the punctuation,

'*If it be not, then* that *doth well denote*
Love's eye [I = ay] *is not so true as all men's no.*
How can it?'"

CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:
If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;
But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this[74] pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her "love" for whose dear love I rise and fall.

[74] *this*] Here Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 224) would read "his."

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair,—more perjur'd I,[75]
To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
A dateless-lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fir'd,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire,—my mistress' eyes.[76]

(75) *I,*] The quarto has "eye."
(76) *eyes.*] The quarto has "eye."

CLIV.

The little Love-god lying once asleep
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenchèd in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
My spirits t' attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale;
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcass of a beauty spent and done:
Time had not scythèd all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laundering the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometimes[1] diverted their poor balls are tied
To th' orbèd earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and, nowhere fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd hat,
Hanging her pale and pinèd cheek beside;
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,[2]
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarch's hands that let not bounty fall
Where want cries some,[3] but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,

(1) *Sometimes*] Here the quarto has "Sometime;" which the poet would hardly have written, as "*Sometimes*" occurs both before and after in the present stanza.

(2) *beaded jet,*] The quarto has "bedded *Iet.*"—In the next line but one "Perhaps we should read 'margent weeping.' The words might have been accidentally transposed at the press. '*Weeping margent,*' however, is, I believe, right, being much in our author's manner." MALONE.

(3) *cries some,*] *i.e.* cries for some (which I notice, because the words have been misunderstood).

Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often gan[4] to tear;
Cried, "O false blood, thou register of lies,
What unapprovèd witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damnèd here!"
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh—
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observèd as they flew—
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew,
And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grainèd bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught applied
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

"Father," she says, "though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;

(4) *gan*] The quarto has "gaue;" which I suspect was an error occasioned by "and *gave* the flood" in the preceding stanza.—Mr. Knight, however, adheres to the quarto, explaining "gave" to mean "contemplated, made a movement towards, inclined to."

Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

"But, woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit—it was to gain my grace—
Of one[5] by nature's outwards so commended,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

"His browny locks did hang in crookèd curls;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind;
For on his visage was in little drawn
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.[6]

"Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phœnix down began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear:
Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

(5) *Of one*] The quarto has "O *one;*" which could hardly have been intended for "O' *one*," and assuredly was not meant for "Oh! *one*" (which Mr. Collier prints).

(6) *For on his visage was in little drawn*
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.]

Mr. W. N. Lettsom would read (by an alteration in which I cannot concur),

"*For on his visage was in little* sawn
What large, methinks, *in Paradise was* drawn."

"His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeness so with his authóriz'd youth
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

"Well could he ride, and often men would say,
'That horse his mettle from his rider takes:
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he makes!'
And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

"But quickly on this side the verdict went:
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came[7] for additions; yet their purpos'd trim
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

"So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will:

"That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain

(7) *Came*] The quarto has "Can."

In personal duty, following where he haunted:
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

"Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in th' imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd;
And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them:

"So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress' of his heart.
My woful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, not in part,
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmèd power,
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

"Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desir'd yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

"Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof;
To be forbod the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though Reason weep, and cry, 'It is thy last.'

"For further I could say, 'This man's untrue,'
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
Thought characters and words merely but art,
And bastards of his foul-adulterate heart.

"And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he gan besiege me: 'Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That's to ye sworn to none was ever said;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo.[5]

"'All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not: with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They sought their shame that so their shame did find;
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

"'Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,

(5) *woo.*] The quarto has "vow."—(Mr. Collier, after suggesting that perhaps the poet wrote "*woo*," adds,—what greatly surprises me,—that "'vow' seems preferable for the sense.")

Or any of my leisures ever charm'd:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

"'Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of palèd pearls and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

"'And, lo, behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,—
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,—
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

"'The diamond,—why, 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invis'd properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hu'd sapphire, and the opal blend
With objects manifold:[9] each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some moan.

"'Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiv'd[10] and subdu'd desires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,

(9) *The heaven-hu'd sapphire, and the opal blend*
With objects manifold:]

'So point, and so construe the passage, as the context requires ['*blend*' being for 'blended' or 'blent'].' Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. ii. p. 332. "The expression is perhaps somewhat confused, but it refers to the ever-varying hue of the opal." *Id.*, vol. iii. p. 370.

(10) *pensiv'd*] Here Mr. W. N. Lettsom considers "*pensiv'd*" to be a

But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender;
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

"'O, then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combinèd sums.

"'Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,
A sister[11] sanctified, of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

"'But, O my sweet, what labour is't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives,—
Paling the place which did no form receive,[12]
Playing patient sports in unconstrainèd gyves?
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

mistake for "pensive."—Dr. Richardson, on the contrary, cites, in his *Dict.*, the present passage for an example of the word "*Pensived.*"

[11] *A sister*] Malone's proposed correction.—The quarto has "Or *sister.*"

[12] *Paling the place which did no form receive,*] So Malone; and ingeniously enough, though perhaps the poet's word was a very different one.—The quarto has "Playing *the Place,*" &c.; an error occasioned by the "*Playing*" of the next line.—Mr. W. N. Lettsom proposes "Salving *the place which did no* harm *receive:*" but that "*form*" is the genuine reading I agree with Malone and Steevens.

"'O, pardon me, in that my boast is true:
The accident which brought me to her eye
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the cagèd cloister fly:
Religious love put out Religion's eye:[13]
Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.[14]

"'How mighty, then, you are, O, hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

"'My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
Who, disciplin'd, ay, dieted in grace,
Believ'd her eyes when they t' assail begun,[15]

(13) *brought me to her eye*
. . . . . .
put out Religion's eye:]

"In this an erratum, or an oversight of Shakespeare's?" Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. i. p. 303.

(14) —— *be immur'd,*
—— *liberty procur'd.*]

The quarto has

"—— *be* enur'd,
—— *liberty* procure."

(The second of these errors is corrected in ed. 1640.)

(15) *a sacred nun,*
Who, disciplin'd, ay, dieted in grace,
Believ'd her eyes when they t' assail begun,]

The quarto has "*a sacred* Sunne," &c.; the compositor's eye having perhaps caught the initial letter of the preceding word; and though shown to be an error, not only by the context, but by the fourth stanza above,—

"Lo, this device was sent me from *a nun,*
A sister sanctified, of holiest note,"—

it has been defended by Malone on the strength of an expression in

All vows and consecrations giving place:
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

"'When thou impressest, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame;
And sweetens,[16] in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

"'Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine;
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.'

"This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount

Henry VIII. act i. sc. 1, "When these *suns*," &c.; and by Steevens, who observes that in *Coriolanus*, act v. sc. 3, the chaste Valeria is called "*the moon* of Rome,"—passages not at all parallel to the present one.—As to the third line, "*Believ'd her eyes when they t' assail begun*," its correctness need not be questioned: compare, p. 416,

"Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind."

[16] *Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame; And sweetens*, &c.]

Manifestly corrupted: but the right reading is not so easily determined —Malone proposes "*Love's arms are* proof *'gainst rule*," &c.; Steevens,

"Love aims at *peace* . . . . . .
Yet *sweetens*," &c.;

Mr. W. N. Lettsom, "Love charms our *peace*," &c.; and my own conjecture is "Love *arms* our *peace*," &c.

With brinish current downward flow'd apace:
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who glaz'd with crystal gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses.[17]

"O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmèd here?
O[18] cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath.

"For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

"In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,

(17) *Who glaz'd with crystal gate the glowing roses*
That flame through water which their hue encloses.]

So the lines are pointed in the quarto, except that it has a comma after "*roses:*" and I now regret that, not having collated the quarto when I first published *Shakespeare's Poems*, I allowed this passage to stand with the punctuation of Malone;

"Who, glaz'd with crystal, gate the glowing roses
That flame," &c.—

(There is something like the above in Byron's *Childe Harold*, c. iv. 28;

"gently flows
The deep-dy'd Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it glows," &c.)—

1865. I now find that Walker (*Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 371) points out the proper punctuation of this passage.

(18) *O*] The quarto has "Or."

Or swooning[19] paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows:

"That not a heart which in his level came
Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim:
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity.

"Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealèd fiend he cover'd;
That th' unexperient gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?
Ay me! I fell; and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.

"O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrow'd motion seeming ow'd,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconcilèd maid!"

(19) *swooning*] Here the quarto has "sounding;" and in the last line of this stanza "sound." See note 93 on *The Winter's Tale.*

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.[1]

I.

SWEET Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,—
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there,—
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
  Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward:
  He rose and ran away,—ah, fool too froward!

II.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made

(1) In *The Passionate Pilgrim* I have omitted the pieces already given and with a better text),—three of them in our author's *Love's Labour's Lost* ("If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?" &c.; "Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye," &c.; and "On a day—alack the day!" &c.,—see vol. ii. pp. 201, 206, 207), and two others among his *Sonnets* (Sonnet CXXXVIII. and Sonnet CXLIV.).

Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook where Adon us'd to cool his spleen:
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim:
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him.
He, spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he stood:
"O Jove," quoth she, "why was not I a flood!"

III.

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,
* * * * * * * (2)
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds:
"Once," quoth she, "did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See, in my thigh," quoth she, "here was the sore."
She showèd hers: he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

IV.(3)

Venus, with young(4) Adonis sitting by her
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:

(2) * * * * * * * *] A line is wanting here.

(3) IV.] This sonnet occurs, and with very considerable variations, in Griffin's *Fidessa*, &c., 1596, standing as the third sonnet of that collection. Whether it was composed by Shakespeare or by Griffin has not been determined. Mr. Collier mentions having had before him an old Ms. copy of it, with "the initials W. S. at the end:" but that Ms. would seem to have been transcribed from *The Passionate Pilgrim*, since it agrees with it in its erroneous readings of the first and fourth lines.

(4) *young*] So Griffin's *Fidessa*.—Omitted by mistake in *The Pass. Pilgrim*.

She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.[5]
"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god embrac'd me,"
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms;
"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god unlac'd me,"
As if the boy should use like loving charms;
"Even thus," quoth she, "he seizèd on my lips,"
And with her lips on his did act the seizure:
But as she fetchèd breath, away he skips,
And would not[6] take her meaning nor her pleasure.
Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away!

V.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle;
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

(5) *so fell she to him.*] So Griffin's *Fidessa.*—*The Pass. Pilgrim* has "she fell *to him*" (wrongly,—forming an imperfect rhyme to "*began to woo him*").

(6) *And with her lips . . . .*
But as she . . . . . .
And would not.]

In the second of these lines *The Pass. Pilgrim* has "And *as she;*" an error evidently occasioned by the "*And*" above and below. (The text of this part of the sonnet in Griffin's *Fidessa* is quite different.)

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth;
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VI.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

VII.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will:
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why I cravèd nothing of thee still:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,—
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

VIII.

Crabbèd age and youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee:—
O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

IX.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it gins to bud;
A brittle glass that's broken presently:
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found,
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,—
So beauty blemish'd once for ever's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

X.

Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share:
She bade good night that kept my rest away;
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
"Farewell," quoth she, "and come again to-morrow:"
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'T may be, again to make me wander thither:
"Wander," a word for shadows like myself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XI.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tunèd like the lark;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wishèd sight;
Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;
For why she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;

To spite me now, each minute seems a moon ;[7]
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers !
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow :
Show, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

XII.

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That likèd of her master[8] as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that eye could see,
Her fancy fell a-turning.
Long was the combat doubtful that love with love did fight,
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight :
To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel !
But one must be refusèd; more mickle was the pain
That nothing could be usèd to turn them both to gain,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain :
Alas, she could not help it !
Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away :
Then, lullaby, the learnèd man hath got the lady gay ;
For now my song is ended.

XIII.[9]

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amiss :

(7) *a moon ;*] So Steevens.—*The Pass. Pilgrim* has "an hour."

(8) *her master*] "Qu. '*a* master,'—a scholar by profession, a master of arts ; if the word, *ita nude positum*, was ever used in this sense. See the context." Walker's *Crit. Exam.*, &c., vol. iii. p. 371. An unnecessary conjecture.

(9) XIII.] This poem is printed anonymously, with the music, in Weelkes's *Madrigals*, 1597 ; and, with the signature *Ignoto*, in *England's Helicon*, 1600.—Not without reason does Boswell ask, "Is it possible that Shakespeare could have written this strange farrago ; or what is, if possible, still worse—'It was a lording's daughter'?"

Love's denying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,[10]
  Causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is plac'd without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss;
  O frowning Fortune, cursèd, fickle dame!
For now I see
Inconstancy
  More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
  Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,—
O cruel speeding,
  Fraughted with gall!
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal;
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtal dog, that wont t' have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
My[11] sighs so deep
Procure to weep,
  In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.

(10) *Love's denying,*
. . . .
Heart's renying, &c.]

"*The Pass. Pilgrim* and Weelkes's *Madrigals* have 'Love is dying' and '*Heart's* denying.' The reading of the text is found in *England's Helicon*, except that it has '*Love* is' and '*Faith* is.'" MALONE.

(11) *My*] So Weelkes's *Madrigals*. — The other old eds. have "With."

How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
  Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
  Forth their dye;
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
  Fearfully:
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
Farewell, sweet lass,[12]
Thy like ne'er was
  For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan:[13]
Poor Corydon
Must live alone:
  Other help for him I see that there is none.

XIV.

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as partial fancy like:[14]
  Take counsel of some wiser head,
  Neither too young nor yet unwed.

(12) *lass,*] So Weelkes's *Madrigals.*—The other old eds. have "loue."
(13) *the cause of all my moan:*] So Weelkes's *Madrigals* and *England's Hel.*—*The Pass. Pilgrim* has "—— *all my* woe."—"Perhaps we ought to read 'thou *cause,*' &c." MALONE.—Qy. "though *cause,*" &c.?
(14) *As well as partial fancy like:*] So a Ms. of this poem in Mr. Collier's possession.—*The Pass. Pilgrim* has "*As well as* fancy party all might."

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filèd talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell,—
A cripple soon can find a halt;—
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set thy person forth to sell.[15]

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will clear[16] ere night:
And then too late she will repent
That thus dissembled her delight;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say,—
"Had women been so strong as men,
In faith, you had not had it then."

And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assurèd trust,
And in thy suit be humble-true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew:
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

(15) *And set thy person forth to sell.*] So a Ms. used by Malone, and so too Mr. Collier's Ms. of this poem.—*The Pass. Pilgrim* has "*And set* her *person forth to* sale" (which Mr. Grant White understands to mean "Praise her person highly, as a salesman praises his wares").

(16) *clear*] So the Ms. used by Malone.—*The Pass. Pilgrim* has "calm."

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for naught?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin, and never for to saint:
Here is no heaven: they[17] holy then
When time with age shall them attaint.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But, soft! enough,—too much, I fear;
For if[18] my mistress hear my song,
She will not stick to warm my ear,[19]
To teach my tongue to be so long;
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

XV.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:

(17) *Here . . . . . they*] So the Ms. used by Malone.—*The Pass. Pilgrim* has "There . . . . . by."

(18) *For if*] So the Ms. used by Malone.—*The Pass. Pilgrim* has "Lest *that*," which does not suit the context.

(19) *She will not stick to warm my ear,*] So Mr. Collier's Ms.—*The Pass. Pilgrim* has "*She will not sticke to* round me on th' *ear*," &c.—The Ms. used by Malone had "*She will not stick to* ring mine *ear*."

She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
"Fie, fie, fie," now would she cry;
"Tereu, tereu," by and by;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts[20] they will not cheer thee:
King Pandion, he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.[21]
Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,

([20]) *beasts,*] So the copy of this poem (or rather, of part of this poem) in *England's Helicon*, 1600.—*The Pass. Pilgrim* has "bears,"—wrongly: see the fifth line.

([21]) *Even so, poor bird, like thee,*
None alive will pity me.]

With this couplet, which is wanting in *The Pass. Pilgrim*, the poem ends in *England's Helicon*.

And with such-like flattering,
" Pity but he were a king ; "
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice ;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandment :[22]
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown ;
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need :
If thou sorrow, he will weep ;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep ;
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

(22) *commandment :*] To be read as a quadrisyllable : see note 78 on *The Merchant of Venice.*

THE PHŒNIX AND TURTLE.

THE PHŒNIX AND TURTLE.

(From the additional poems to Chester's *Love's Martyr, or Rosalin's Complaint*, 1601.)

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precurrer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:—
Love and constancy is dead;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt this turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phœnix' sight;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded;

That it cried, How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclos'd in cinders lie,

Death is now the phœnix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest.

Leaving no posterity:—
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

END OF VOLUME NINTH.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON